

Grab

N. S. E.

DECEMBER 1926

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers

Mary Jane goes to Jell-O-Land



GTHE SANDMAN was surprised to find Mary-Jane crying herself to sleep—because she couldn't have pie for supper. He put up his umbrella to keep the tear-drops off . . . a small green umbrella, just the right size for the Sandman.

"I say, Mary-Jane," said the Sandman, "dry your eyes and come with me to Jell-O-Land. You'll get something there that's better than pie for dessert."

So Mary-Jane and the Sandman sailed to Jell-O-Land, with the umbrella for a ship.

There they saw lovely mountains—all lemon and orange and strawberry-color.

"Oh-h!" cried Mary-Jane. "They

look good enough to eat. And there is snow on top of them, too!"

"Stupid!" said the Sandman. "That's whipped cream. Of course, the mountains are good to eat—they're made of Jell-O. I say, Mary-Jane, would you like to taste the mountains?"

"Oh yes, if you please," answered Mary-Jane. "I'll take a little of each, I think."

The umbrella floated slowly down and Mary-Jane went 'round the mountains, tasting here and there.

"Um-m," she said to the Sandman, "They're all so good, I don't know which is best. And they're all much better than pie."

"Well," said the Sandman, "eat just as much as you like . . . Jell-O's good for boys and girls. It makes them big and strong."

A word to you, mother: So many desserts are too rich and indigestible for children's diet. Jell-O is different. —Jell-O requires very little digestive effort. Jell-O is a delicious, tempting morsel that you can let your child enjoy—safely! And Jell-O is more than that. It is a body-building, energizing food—ideal for growing children.

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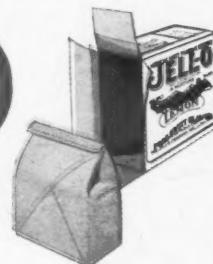
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A wonderful Christmas that will last all year!

Always something new and interesting to do when you have Buildoblox. 107 many-shaped blox—bright yellow, green, red, and natural wood—packed in a sturdy box, ready to make scores of things.

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You'll also want to know about Diamoblox and Hexoblox—be sure to read about them in the column to the right.

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Hexoblox

Hexoblox, similar to Diamoblox, but six-sided of course. Each set includes sheets of designs and ruled sheets for making your own designs. \$1.00.

*Gee Dad!
I'm Glad
it's an*

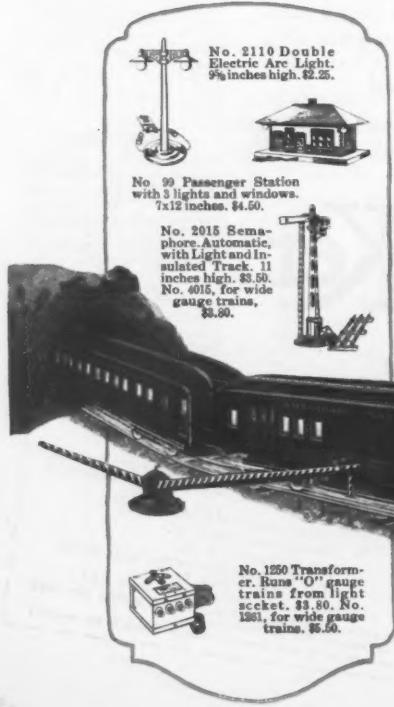


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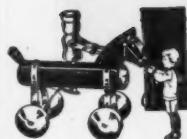
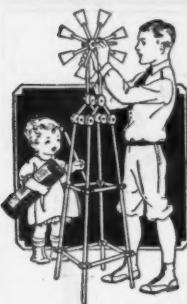
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MARY is so proud of her plaid dress with its white linen collar and cuffs, silk tie and narrow belt. It has four box pleats in front and one down the back. In dark green, red or marine blue.

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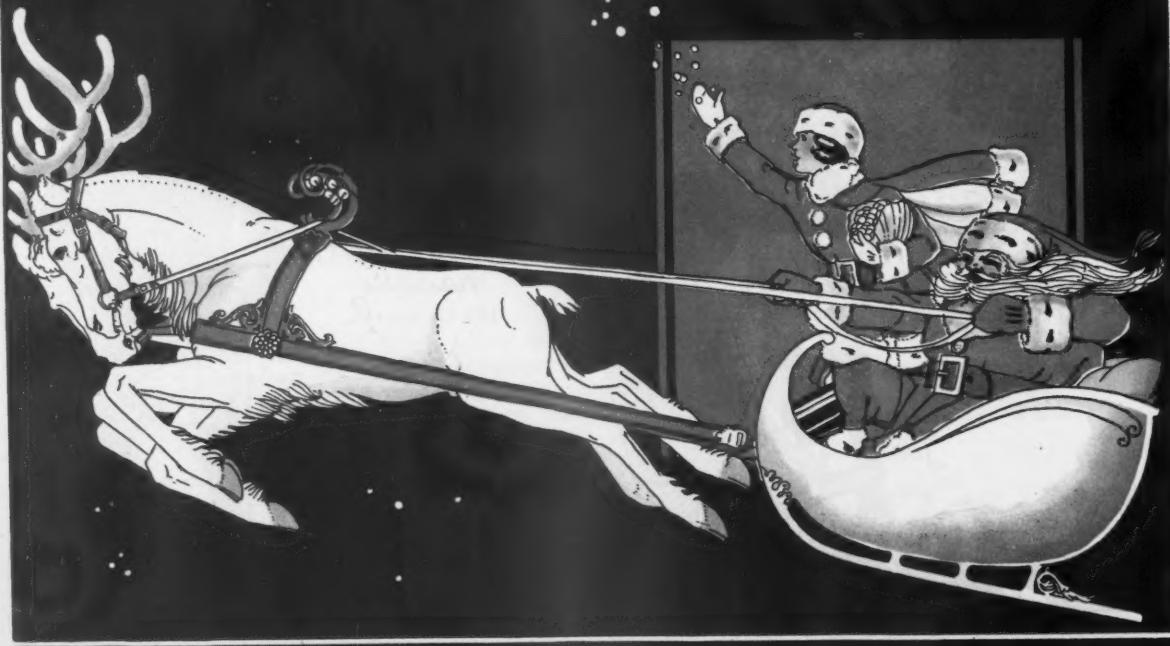
*This Christmas—
start an
Add-a-pearl
necklace for her*

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PICTURE your little girl's delight this Christmas when you present her with a small strand of beautiful genuine pearls on a tiny gold chain. Then look ahead and see her in young womanhood—the proud possessor of an exquisite necklace of real pearls. This is the Add-a-Pearl idea. Each year, on gift occasions, you, or others, add new pearls to the string. It grows more precious with time. Make your little girl happy—*this Christmas.*

Ask your Jeweler

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
Chicago





CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume V

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MADE IN U. S. A.



Peter-Boy's Christmas Eve

ON the night before Christmas, Peter-Boy went to bed very, very early. At first his eyes just wouldn't shut, so he began to count the sheep going over the fence . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . all the way up to twenty. Just as the last sheep disappeared, Peter-Boy's eyes closed tightly, and he was off and away to Rock-a-Bye Land.

Soon after Peter-Boy fell asleep, who should step into the room but old Santa, with a great, bulging pack on his back!

"Well, well," he said to himself very softly, putting the pack down and peering into it. "I have just what Peter-Boy asked me to bring him—a sled—and a scooter—and a pair of shiny skates."

And he was drawing them out of his bag when the sheep spoke up—the last sheep that went over the fence, you know. . . .

"Please, dear Santa, I don't think you'd better give Peter-Boy anything like that, this year. He's not at all strong and well, and he can't play outdoors very much."

"My goodness me," exclaimed Santa, quite shocked as he looked at Peter-Boy and saw how very pale and thin he was. "What is the matter with Peter-Boy?"

"Well," said the sheep, sadly, "I'll tell you what's the matter with him. He just won't drink his milk."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Santa, surprised. "Now, we shall certainly have to do something about that, for I want Peter-Boy to have these gifts."

He thought hard for several minutes. Then he chuckled and said:

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

"Ho-ho, I have it—just the thing for Peter-Boy. Postum-made-with-hot-milk, of course. He'll love to drink that, for it tastes so good." And he dove deep down in his bag and drew out some Postum for Peter-Boy.

"Now he'll be able to play with his sled and his scooter and his shiny skates, for he'll drink his milk, and he'll soon grow strong and well. Merry Christmas, Peter-Boy," said Santa, as he softly stole away. "And—
Good Health and a Happy New Year!"

Mother's! The child who won't drink milk presents a difficult problem . . . "A quart of milk a day" is one of the most important laws laid down by child-specialists.

Postum-made-with-hot-milk is the delicious, nourishing answer. Give it to your child, as a mealtime drink, and see for yourself what a difference it will make. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted, with a little sweetening added. It is a matter of only a moment to prepare this delicious drink: just add a teaspoon of Instant Postum to a cup of hot (not boiled) milk. Milk and Postum! The wholesome nourishment of milk added to the healthful elements of nature's grain!

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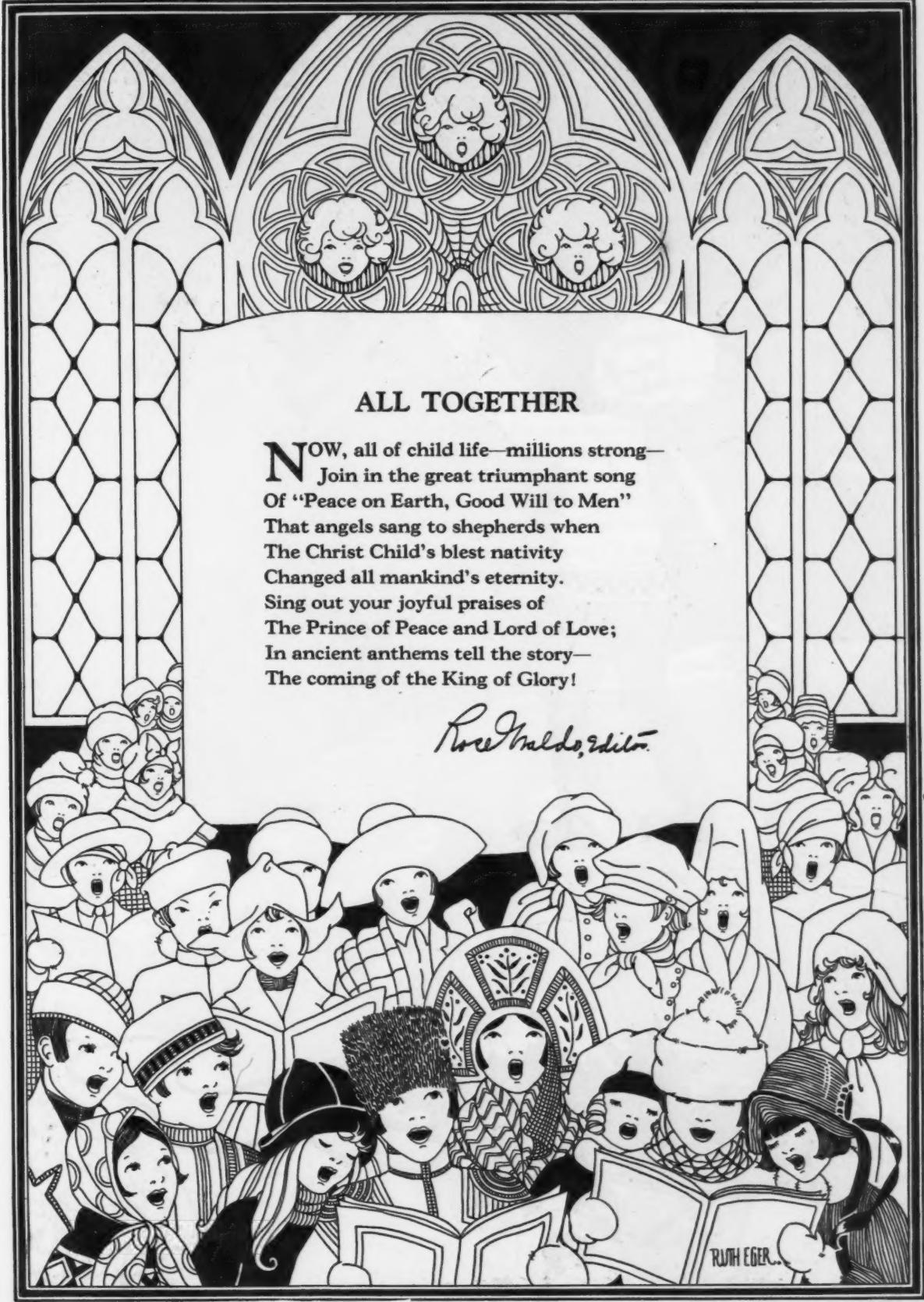
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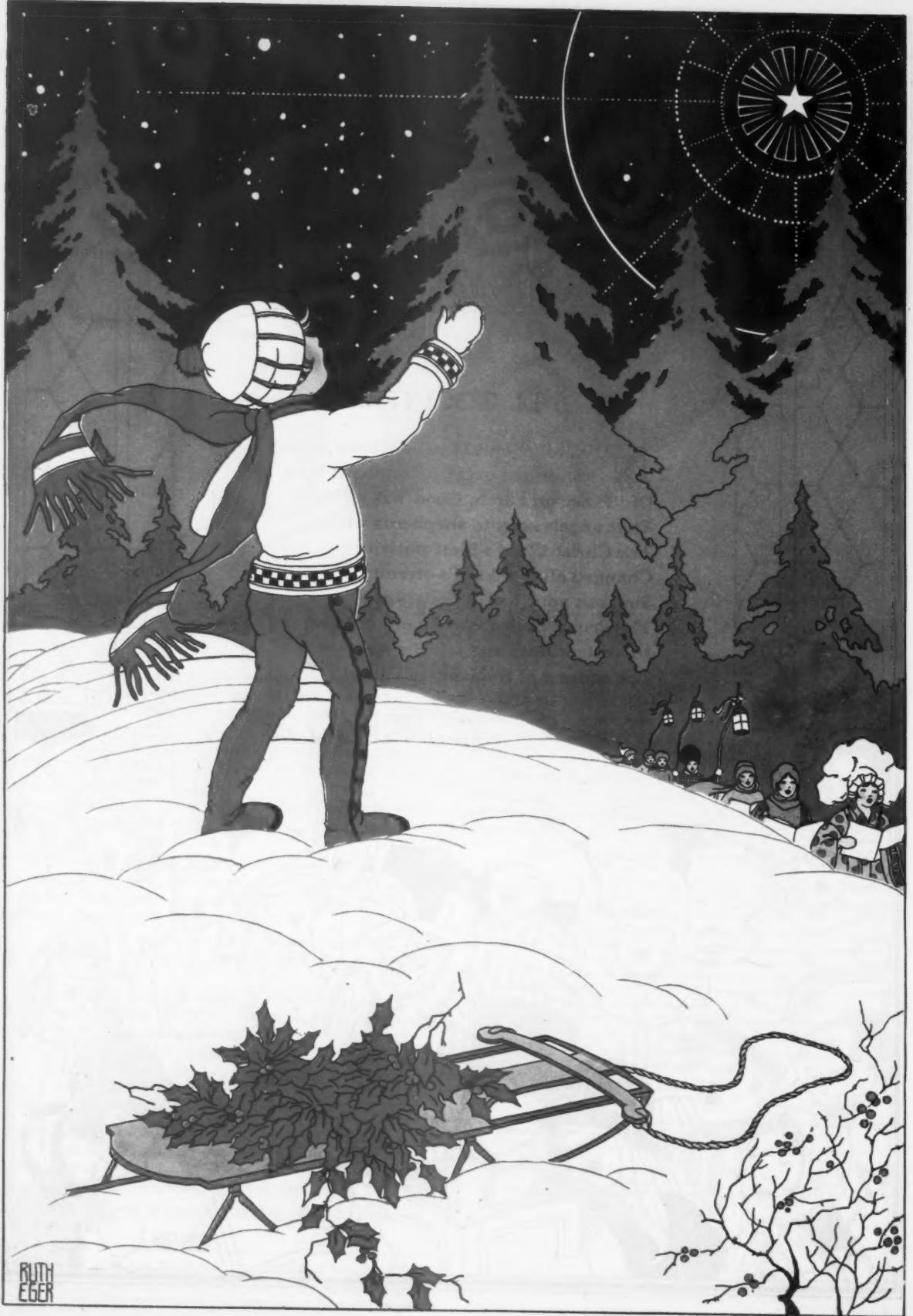


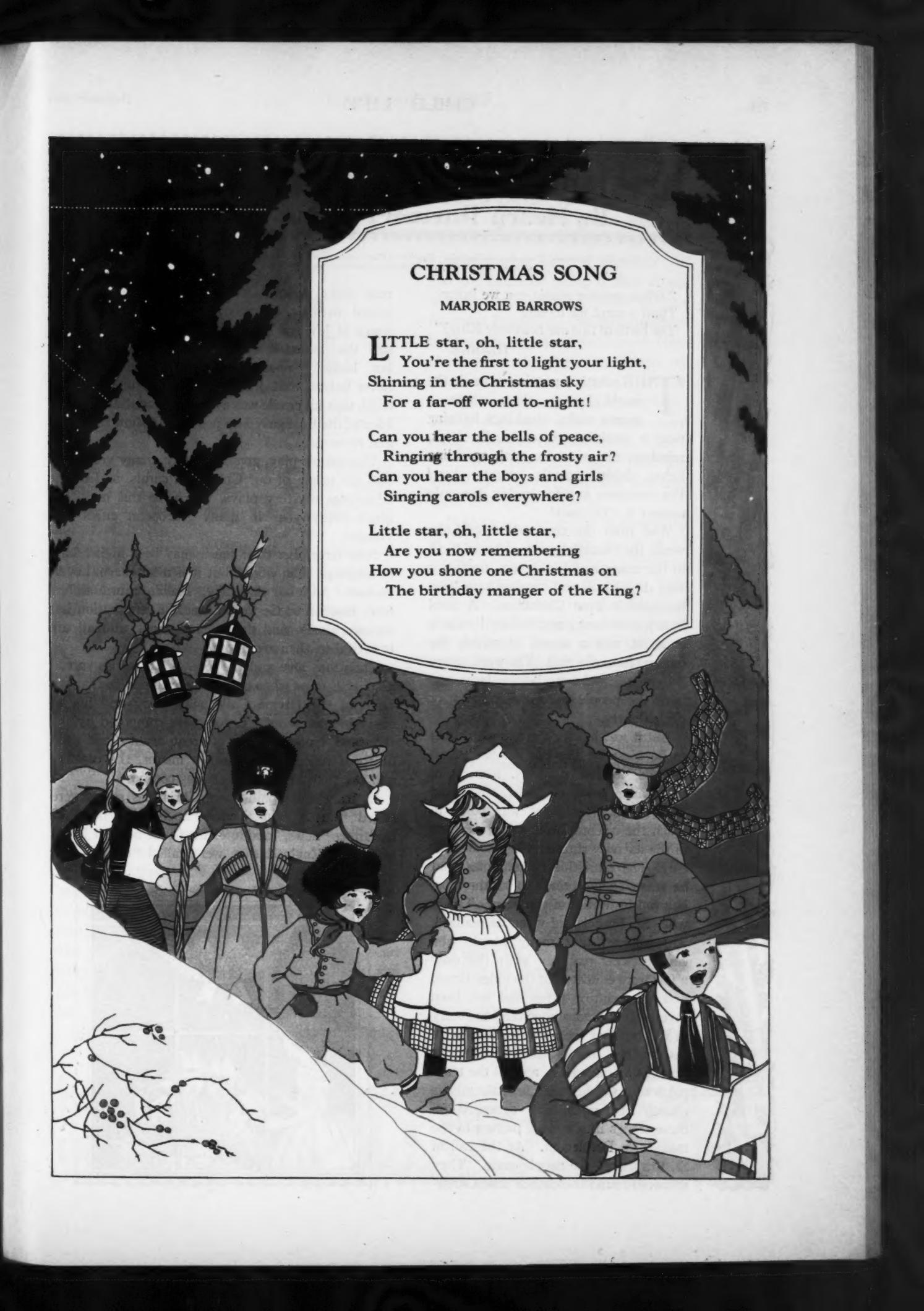
ALL TOGETHER

NOW, all of child life—millions strong—
Join in the great triumphant song
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"
That angels sang to shepherds when
The Christ Child's blest nativity
Changed all mankind's eternity.
Sing out your joyful praises of
The Prince of Peace and Lord of Love;
In ancient anthems tell the story—
The coming of the King of Glory!

Rose Mabel, editor.

RUTH EGER.





CHRISTMAS SONG

MARJORIE BARROWS

LITTLE star, oh, little star,
You're the first to light your light,
Shining in the Christmas sky
For a far-off world to-night!

Can you hear the bells of peace,
Ringing through the frosty air?
Can you hear the boys and girls
Singing carols everywhere?

Little star, oh, little star,
Are you now remembering
How you shone one Christmas on
The birthday manger of the King?

Christmas Carols and Caroling

By Henry Purmort Eames LL.B.

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago; President of the Society of American Musicians

"What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?"

HERRICK

THE prettiest puzzle-picture in the world lies in these words—a snowy night, stockings hanging near a crackling grate fire, St. Nick, reindeer, an evergreen with sparkling lights, children, carols, laughter, love! For centuries and for to-day, the only answer is *Christmas!*

And from the time when St. Luke wrote the beautiful story of Jesus' birth in the manger at Bethlehem, until this very day, carols and caroling have been inseparable from Christmas. A carol is a joyous song, and before it was a song, it was a dance in which the dancers formed a ring. The word means "a circle," and long before Jesus was born the people were dancing ring or circle dances.

But it was left for the age which was to be blest by the life of that great-hearted, lovable man, St. Francis, of the Italian town of Assisi, who lived 1200 years after Jesus was born, to teach the celebration and the meaning of the nativity through the eye and the ear. The Christmas ceremonies that he started have grown to be the most beloved festivities of the year. This is what St. Francis did when he realized, with sorrow, that many people who could neither read nor write (for only a few were educated in the olden times, and the printing press had not been invented), did not understand the story of the birth of the Holy Child. With his brother monks to help him, he brought an ox, an ass, and all the trappings of a stable into the little village church of Grecia, and arranged all these things into a stage picture of the manger in Bethlehem. At the call of St. Francis all the people came. They gathered round the church that Christ-

mas night in 1223, with tapers and torches, and joined with St. Francis and the friars in singing songs of joy and praise. Within the church they saw the sacred drama of Jesus' coming, crudely but lovingly re-enacted. They understood, as never before, that Jesus was once, actually, a little child, that his cradle was a manger, and that the Wise Men of the East gave him presents to show their love and reverence.

This simple play, given so many, many years ago, was the origin of our Christmas carols, and of the Christmas mystery plays, which, to this hour, are given every year in many European cities and villages.

Now remember this: music may be a higher kind of language than words, but it is a language, nevertheless. And so, naturally, Italian music differs from English or German music. Every nation has its own stories and dances and songs, and all are beautiful in their own way.

Christmas love and the love of Christmas spread all over Europe when people came to realize that the birth of the Divine Child meant joy and life to every human being. Carols were composed by the thousand, many of them of great beauty, and each of them reflecting, as does a mirror, the country and the time in which each was composed.

In Italy and Spain these Christmas songs were called "carola"; in France "noels" or "nowells" (meaning "news," and referring to the news of Jesus' birth); in England they were called "carols" and





sometimes "yule songs"; in Germany "Weinacht chorale" and "Marienlieder" (songs of Mary, because the songs spoke in praise of Mary, the mother of Jesus).

I know of no greater thrill than to hear a huge congregation in Germany sing that grand hymn of Martin Luther, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our Lord," or the inspiring "Golberg Chorale" on Christmas Eve.

It is from Germany that we get our Christmas tree as a symbol. England gives us her custom of hanging mistletoe and burning the yule log, and she is to be thanked, too, for "Yule-tide Mince-pye and plum-porridge." (You may not like the spelling, but I know you'll like the taste.)

England has made more of carols and of caroling than has any other country. Each Christmas, cities and country towns, churches and homes resound to joyous songs of young and old. Perhaps the most interesting persons connected with the old-time Christmas caroling in England were the "waits." At first, the waits were merely night watchmen, but later they became known as singers of carols, going from house to house on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, singing many songs that we are still singing, such as "God Rest Ye Merrie, Gentlemen," "Good King Wenceslaus," "The First Nowell," "O, Come All Ye Faithful," and "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

No, Christmas would not be a really, truly Christ-

mas without these songs, or without the beloved "Silent Night," which Germany gave us.

Isn't it splendid that caroling on the eve and day of Christmas is being revived all over our country? Are you a member of a band of carolers? If you are not, then get up a little group of your own to-day. Send to the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, at 105 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., for their free booklet on "Christmas Eve Caroling." It will tell you how to make the quaint and fascinating costumes, how to buy very cheap copies of the best carols. Let's start something right now that will kindle the fires of Christmas love and cheer in a hundred homes.

Nothing so inspires the true meaning of Christmas within the hearts of all people, as does the singing of Christmas carols. From Nome to Rome, from Bohemia to Boston, the glad tidings of the birth of Jesus will be told in songs, old and new. Let us join in this great circle and give to each other and to ourselves the real gift of Christmas—a grateful, happy heart.

Get the girls and boys in your neighborhood together right off, make your own costumes, learn some good simple carols (and be sure to memorize the words), and on Christmas Eve march around, carrying your lanterns as the old waits used to do. Go to the homes of those who need your cheer, and to the homes of your friends, singing with all your hearts the message of Christmas.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"





A CHRISTMAS PONY

By LENA B. ELLINGWOOD

HURRY, Charlie, hurry—or he may be gone before we get there!"

"I'm a-hurrying!" answered the little brother, clinging to John's hand and making his feet go as fast as he could through the snow.

Some of the neighborhood children ran past them. Others were already far down the hill. Their excited shouts and laughter came floating back on the chilly air. Somehow, quite mysteriously, the news had spread over the hill that Santa Claus was coming, with a white pony and a little sleigh. Of course, perhaps it wasn't really Santa Claus, as John explained to Charlie. Still, on Christmas Eve, all sorts of delightful things might be happening, and John did not mean to let any fun pass him by.

"I hear sleigh bells!" panted Charlie, doing his best to keep up.

Just then a turn in the village street brought into view a crowd of boys and girls, and in their midst, having some difficulty in moving, because of the children in his way, a white pony, drawing behind him a small sleigh.

John and Charlie quickly joined the group.

"Oh, pretty pony!" cried Charlie eagerly. "See his red tassels and silver bells!"

"And his long white mane and tail!" added John. "Oh, what a beauty!"

A short, fat man, dressed all in red, with a long white beard, was standing up in the sleigh, holding the shiny new reins. He seemed to be looking for someone. People passing on the sidewalk, laden with Christmas parcels, stopped to watch the fun.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Santa Claus!" called Charlie, waving a little red-mitten hand.

"Merry Christmas!" answered the little man in the sleigh, his eye falling upon Charlie and John. "I want a boy to help me for a little while," he went on.

"I will! I will!" offered a dozen boys, John among the rest.

Santa motioned to John. "You'll do!" he said. "Hop in!"

With a pang of disappointment, John remembered that he was not free; he must look after his little brother.

"That's all right!" said Santa, seeming to understand why he hesitated. "There's someone over there on the sidewalk who'll take the little fellow. Here, give him this first!" And he tossed out a pop corn bag.

John followed Santa's glance.

"Why, Charlie, there's Father!" he exclaimed; and called to Santa, "I'll be right back!"

Charlie would have preferred to go with John, but he grasped his father's hand and did not cry.

"I should think he'd take some other boy instead of waiting for me!" John thought, as he scampered back and climbed into the little sleigh.

"Here," said Santa, "open this pack and toss out the pop corn bags. Step right this way, boys and girls! Everybody gets a pop corn bag."

What fun it was to sit there in the little sleigh, with the eager, shouting children crowding around, hands outstretched; what fun to toss out the corn bags, while Santa kept up a rapid-fire of funny jokes, to keep them all laughing!

The beautiful pony stood tossing his long mane and daintily pawing the snow





how you can climb the hill."

The load was not very heavy, for Santa himself was small, and away the pony stepped briskly. The children ran along, too, keeping them company.

They were nearing Grandpa's house. John hoped he would be seen, going past in such grandeur.

Yes, yes! There was Grandpa, opening the door, and Grandma standing by a window, both of them smiling at him and waving a greeting.

From several houses little children ran out to the sleigh, or were carried in their fathers' arms, and to each of them John gave a bag of corn. It was almost like being Santa Claus himself. He wished he might hold those shiny new reins and drive the pony, but he dared not ask.

They were nearing the top of the hill. John's home was just ahead. He hoped Mother would see him.

Suddenly he gave a happy little bounce on the sleigh seat. Santa Claus was guiding the pony into the driveway that led to the house. Along between the snow-covered shrubs they passed, up to the front door.

"I live here!" said John joyously. "Did you know it?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Santa. "I've been here lots of times."

John stared.

"You mean—Christmas times?" he hesitated. He didn't exactly understand. Santa's face didn't look like a mask, but then, the whiskers were so

with slender hoofs, impatient to be on his way.

"Now, then—we must be moving!" said Santa Claus. "You girls and boys, stand out of the way, please! Go on, there, pony! Show them

big, and the fur-trimmed cap was pulled so low, there wasn't much face to be seen. It was growing dark, too. The lights in the house were turned on.

Mother, wearing hat and coat, was on the piazza. Had she known they were coming?

"Pop corn bag, Madam?" asked Santa politely, and sprang out of the sleigh very nimbly, passing the reins to John.

"Look, Mother, look!" cried John. "Come down and pat the pony. Isn't he a beauty?"

"Beauty would be a good name for him," said Mother, quite as much interested as John could have wished.

"Well, we've come to the end of our ride," said Santa, "and I'm wondering what I'd better do. I shan't have any particular need for this pony for some time, and I'd like to find some good, trusty boy to look after him—one who would be sure to feed him all right, keep him clean, and exercise him properly. Don't know of one, do you?"

"O-o-oh! I'd—I'd love to, if you think I could do it all right!" John told him eagerly.

"But you don't seem to have any stable," said Santa. "Or is there one, back of the house?"

John's heart sank.

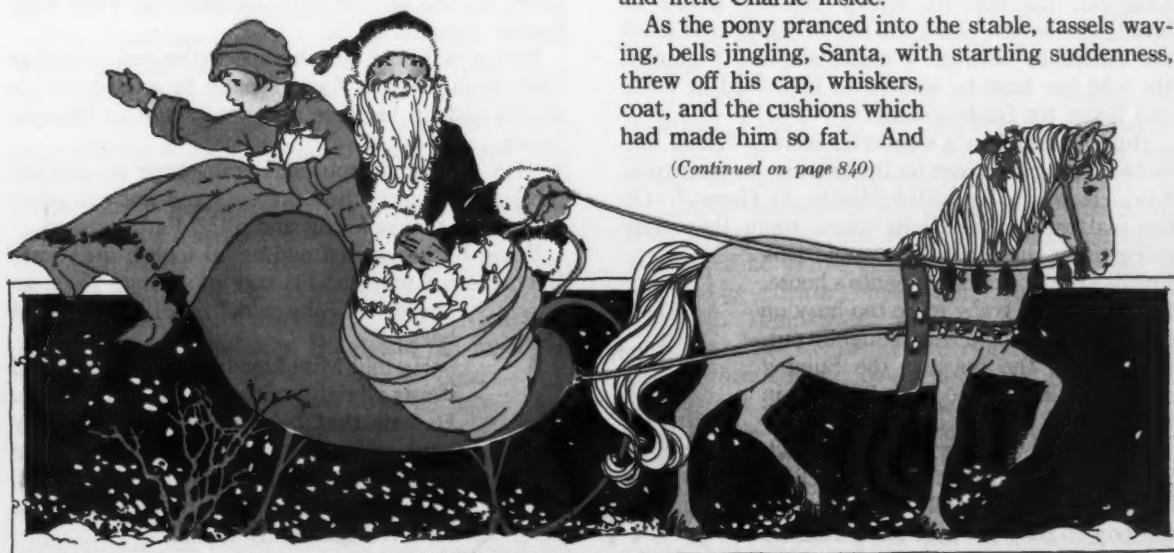
"Why—no!" he faltered. Then brightening up as a happy thought came, he added, "I know! There's lots of room in Grandpa's stable—he'd let me keep the pony there!"

"Then we'll go back there!" said Santa. "I'll walk, by the pony's head, while you try driving, and if your mother will ride with you, the pony will feel honored, I'm sure."

At Grandpa's place they found the stable lighted up, the door open, and Grandma, Grandpa, Father and little Charlie inside.

As the pony pranced into the stable, tassels waving, bells jingling, Santa, with startling suddenness, threw off his cap, whiskers, coat, and the cushions which had made him so fat. And

(Continued on page 840)





BILLY COLES PLAYS SANTA CLAUS

BILLY COLES didn't want to "speak a piece" in school on Christmas Eve. He wanted to stay at home, hanging up his stocking and waiting for the crunch of Santa's sleigh on their roof. Mother had told him that some time during the night Santa would probably fly over from Ralph Well's roof. But she hadn't said that the runners on Santa's sleigh make no noise. Very few people really know this, and usually they don't share their secret.

Billy told his mother and father that he didn't want to speak "a piece." He even said so to Miss Laughlin, his favorite school teacher, whom he loved because she had a fox terrier puppy and knew the difference between a chipmunk and a gopher. He told her that he wanted to lie in bed at home and listen for Santa's sleigh.

But she told him a wonderful secret. There was to be a little play given by the children on Christmas Eve. It was to be called "Santa At Home." On the platform in the Stolp school room they were going to fix things up so it would look just like the workroom in Santa's house. But Santa was going to be too busy on that evening to help Miss Laughlin out, and one of the boys in the Sunday school would have to take his part in the play.

Then came the biggest secret of all; Santa had written Miss Laughlin, telling her that he thought Billy Coles was just the boy to play his part on Christmas

By STANLEY S. SCHNETZLER

Eve, and that if Billy Coles would do that, Santa would

see that he'd get just the finest stockingful of toys he had ever had in all his life. Billy was almost ready to say that he'd do it. But he began to wonder whether Miss Laughlin or Santa or somebody would think maybe he was doing it just to get more presents in his stocking. Of course, he'd be glad to have the presents, but really and truly the reason he wanted to do it most was because his teacher had told him all these secrets and had been so good to him all year. The least he could do would be to help out, especially since Santa had asked it. So he told Miss Laughlin he'd see what Father thought of it.

Father squinted over his spectacles and looked at Billy from head to toe. Finally he smiled till his glasses slid up his nose and got caught in his eyebrows.

"Do you think you could remember to give all the boys and girls their presents and not run away with them yourself, bag and all?" Father asked.

When Father smiled and asked foolish questions, Billy knew it was just his way of saying, "Yes, go ahead," so Billy said, "Sure!" and grinned back.

He told Miss Laughlin that Father said it was all right, and she gave him his part. He saw that he'd have to study pretty hard to learn it all, so he went walking around the house, saying to himself, "Lo-o-o, I am the Spirit of Christmas. Kris Kringle is my name."



For a time he thought someone had made a mistake and that the words should be, "Santa Claus is my name." Father told him, though, that Kris Kringle was what the girls and boys in Germany had called Santa Claus when he had first come to them, years ago. Billy saw that they had a right to call Santa what they pleased, just the way the fellow who yells, "Let's play ball" first can say whether he wants "one ol' cat" or "choose up."

Every afternoon after school, for a week before Christmas, every one had to go down to the church and practice the play. Billy liked most of the boys and girls pretty well, but Ralph Wells always seemed to take particular delight in teasing him. Ralph had red hair and was going to be one of the three Wise Men of Gotham.

One afternoon during practice, just as Billy was saying, "Lo-o-o," Ralph whispered, "High," and snickered. Of course, Billy forgot his part and had to be prompted. He was very embarrassed but said nothing. On the way home, though, Santa Claus pulled the Wise Man's ear till the Wise Man's face got as red as his hair. After that, you can bet, Ralph never whispered, "High" when he shouldn't.

One evening, Father asked how things were going. Billy told him, "Fine." Father took his glasses off and laid them on the table as though he were getting ready to laugh and didn't want to get them all fogged up. He scratched the little red mark they left on the bridge of his nose and said, very solemnly, "I hear Elizabeth Tompkins is going to be little Red Riding Hood and that you're going to give her a jackknife as a present out of the bag."

Billy knew his cheeks were getting hot. "Aw, who was tellin' you that?" he asked. "Anyhow, it isn't a jackknife I give her. It's a pink hair ribbon."

"It's too bad you have to give her anything, isn't it? Because I understand you don't like her very well."

Billy knew he was getting redder, and all he could say was "Aw, shucks!"

Mother looked up from the stocking she was darning and shook her needle at Father. "Will," she said, "can't you leave that child alone? Always teasing him! Come here, Billy, and tell me about it. Father's just a big tease-cat, anyhow."

Father laughed till tears ran down his face. Billy went and pretended he was very interested in the way Mother darned stockings. But Mother and he had a great joke on Father. Father thought they were darning stockings. All the while, Mother was just moving the needle through the air, while she



patted his fingers with her other hand.

When Father caught his breath, he pretended he was going to behave. He put on his glasses and began reading the paper. He didn't even look at Billy, but started asking Mother questions. At first, Billy was glad. He thought Father was going to leave him alone. He found, though, that he was as bad off as ever, for Father was just asking these questions to tease him.

"Mother, don't you think this Elizabeth Tompkins is over playing with Ralph Wells a lot? I wonder why she never comes over to play with Billy."

Mother just said, "Hush, Will. Won't you ever grow up?"

Father went back to his reading. In a few minutes he asked again, "I understand the reason Billy likes to go to practice so well is that he can walk home with this Tompkins girl every evening. Do you believe that, Mother?"

"Why, I think she's a very nice little girl," Mother said, not at all answering Father's question.

Billy couldn't keep quiet any longer. "I don't walk home with her every night. Ralph Wells walked home with her last night. And—and—and lots of times other people go with her."

"Of course, Billy, that's all right," Mother told him. "Elizabeth is a very nice little girl. Don't mind Father. He's just sorry he isn't a little boy and can't walk home with nice girls."

Father looked up. "Why—why, I thought you'd gone to bed a long while ago," he said, though he knew very well Billy was over there watching Mother darn a stocking.

"I haven't gone—but I'm going!" Seeing how surprised Father was at Billy's going to bed so promptly, he added, "Got to build a snow fort to-morrow, and believe me, that's no cinch."

"Right you are," Father agreed, as he kissed him good night. Billy was glad Father had said that. It showed he didn't guess that Billy was going to bed so he couldn't tease him any more about Elizabeth Tompkins.

When he got to his room, he started thinking how pretty Elizabeth had looked in her Red Riding Hood suit. That afternoon, for the first time, they had all worn the clothes they were going to wear in the play. Elizabeth's were by far the prettiest—prettier than Abbie Smith's angel clothes, or even Betty Ward's. Betty was the Sleeping Beauty. The red of Elizabeth's suit and the red of her cheeks

looked so pretty together—at least, Billy thought so.

As for his own clothes, they were too warm and the whiskers tickled his nose till he sneezed. Of course, the first time he did this, Ralph had to whisper pretty loud, "Look out, Santa Claus! Don't sneeze your whiskers off!" which made Billy's face even redder than the sneezing had. But he made the best of the whiskers and whistled through them, "Lo-o-o, I am Kris Kringle!"

Everyone was excited on Christmas Eve. Miss Laughlin hurried back and forth, seeing that everyone was dressed right and knew his part. Abbie Smith, the angel, sat in a corner, saying hers over to herself. Of course, Ralph Wells stamped back and forth and made all sorts of noise. Elizabeth looked a little pinker than usual and couldn't smile quite so easily. Billy went to the peep hole in the curtain at least a dozen times to look out and see who had come to watch the play. At last he found Father and Mother right down in the front row. Father was looking over his shoulder and talking with Mr. Wells.

After he had seen Father and Mother, he felt better and then he went over his part again—"Lo, I am Kris Kringle," and all that. "Come hither, little Red Riding-Hood," he mumbled and thought of how Elizabeth would come out to get her pink hair ribbon. After that, came Wise Men of Gotham, one after another; and Little Jack Horner; and so on—twelve of them. Finally, just before the ending, when it was all over and he could go home with Father and Mother, at the very end, he was to say, "And finally, Guardian Angel, give us thy watchful care." Then they'd draw the curtain.

He heard Miss Laughlin's voice in the hallway, calling him. She fixed the end of his whiskers, tucking them in his coat so they'd not curl up and tickle his nose. She told him that he was a fine boy, that his father and mother would be, oh, so proud of him, and that the play was going to begin.

He went out and stood in the center of the platform where he could see the door through which all the children were to come. He told himself that there were twelve of them; he ran over them in his mind—Red Riding-Hood, Three Wise Men of Gotham, and the others—and the curtains were

drawn aside. It was time for him to begin.

He heard people settling in their seats and glanced toward them. He saw Mother and Father and Mr. Wells looking up and waiting for him to say something. His hands and feet grew cold and he had to swallow the lump in his throat three times before it stayed out of the way.

"Lo-o-o, I am Kris Kringle—the Spirit of Christmas," he started, and was well on his way, when he looked through the door and saw Ralph saying, "Lo-o-o, high!" before Miss Laughlin could pull him out of the way.

He knew his voice didn't sound as though it belonged to him. He knew that he wasn't thinking of what he was saying, that the words just came somehow, but that they seemed to be the right words after all.

"Come hither, Little Red Riding Hood," and he looked toward the door. Elizabeth, very pink and trying hard to smile, came on and said her part. He gave her

the pink hair ribbon. Then he looked toward the door, where the First Wise Man, Ralph, was standing.

He started to say, "Who is this whom I see?" when Ralph did a terrible thing. He pointed from Elizabeth to Billy, and said, "Yah, yah, yah," three times like that. Billy looked at Elizabeth and saw she was ready to cry. He glanced back at the First Wise Man and saw him grinning from ear to ear. He tried to think what to say next. "Who is this—," he began, but he couldn't remember another word of it. He waited for Miss Laughlin to prompt him. She was in another part of the room, pinning on a wing which had fallen from the Guardian Angel's shoulder. Elizabeth still was almost crying. Ralph was grinning. So Billy just started talking. Mother told him afterwards that he said Santa would not be able to be there and had asked Billy to take his part. All the good children were to have their stockings filled and Santa had promised to be especially good to Billy for helping out this way.

"And finally—" he said because he could think of nothing else to say, "and finally—"

That started him off.

"And finally, Guardian Angel, give us thy watchful care!"

He saw Miss Laughlin look around quickly from pinning the wing on Abbie Smith's shoulder, and



glance at the ten little children waiting to be called on the platform. She shook her head and looked worried.

"And finally, Guardian Angel, give us thy watchful care!" he repeated.

Teacher hurried Abbie Smith up the steps. Abbie sang her closing song to Elizabeth Tompkins and Billy Coles all alone on the platform. The curtain was drawn in front of the stage.

How he ever got out of there he never knew. He heard chairs scraping and people talking out in front; he saw Miss Laughlin motion to him. When the people in front pushed through the door, he managed to sneak out. He ran as fast as he could. The cold air felt good on his cheeks, and he got home in no time at all.

Clara, the maid, let him in and wanted to know what it was all about, but he just asked her whether Santa had been there and rushed into the front room where the stockings were hung.

Santa had surely been there and crammed one pair of Billy's stockings to the brim and then filled a pair of Father's woolen golf stockings for good measure. Billy had some trouble getting them down, as Clara wasn't helping a bit. She just asked over and over again what it was all about. He was afraid he'd spill things out, so he took off his Santa Claus coat and wrapped the four lumpy stockings in it. Holding it under his arm, like a football, he started back to the schoolhouse.

Father and Mother were hunting for him. Mr. Wells was wiping Ralph's eyes. Ralph was crying because he hadn't had a chance to speak his piece. One or two other children were crying, too, but Billy didn't pay any attention to them. He ran right up to where Father and Mother were standing. Mother opened her eyes wide when she saw him in his shirt sleeves and suspenders. Father took off

his glasses and grinned. He said that Billy had surely proved that he was his mother's son. Even though he had forgotten his piece, he hadn't run out of something to talk about.

They noticed the bundle under his arm and, like Clara, they asked, what it was all about. He tried to explain, but he was a little out of breath.

"You see, Santa Claus and I—had things all fixed up. I—was to do a good job—for him—here and—he was to do—a good job—for me at home. Look at this!"

He spread out the red coat with the white cotton batting trimmings. There were the four stockings crammed to the tops.

"You see, he did! But—I forgot an' everything—an' Betty an' Abbie—an' all the rest—never got their presents. So I want them—to have some of mine."

Miss Laughlin leaned over and told him that all the children had been given their presents after the play was over.

"But it isn't fair to Santa Claus—to go and mess up his part here—that way—and then expect him to give me all these presents at home—and you, Miss Laughlin—you—you know him—personally."

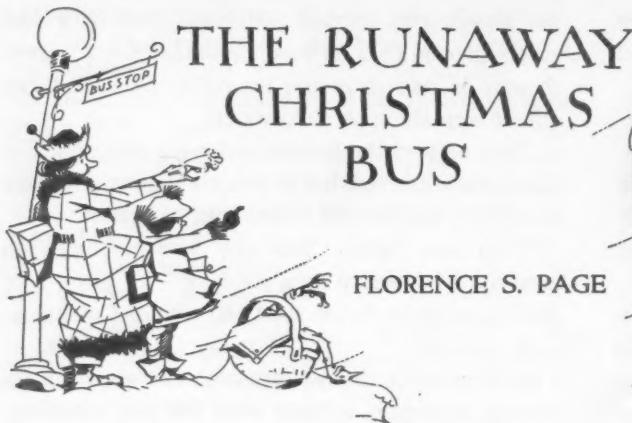
Everyone laughed when he said "personally," but he didn't care because Elizabeth had come over and was standing near him and he handed her the biggest bag of candy in the four stockings.

Mother smiled. Father grinned and said he took after his dad, being generous like that.

All the children stopped crying when they saw presents being handed out—even Ralph Wells.

But Ralph was a little disappointed when Billy handed him a Line-A-Day book. He had had his eye all the while on a dandy new baseball, but Billy handed that to Wee-wee Jones, who was to have been Old Father Time.





THE RUNAWAY CHRISTMAS BUS

FLORENCE S. PAGE

HE WAS such a funny, sweet-tempered, jolly old motor bus, Number 999 was. He was so very wide and so very steady, and his bright paint always looked so fresh and shiny that you loved the first glimpse you had of him.

He never pretended not to see people when they wanted him to stop at a corner. He wouldn't have dreamed of such a thing! He always stopped and waited patiently till they got on with both feet. He never skidded sideways on slippery days, as some of the younger busses liked to do. He went rumbling straight along and never broke down.



Everybody liked Number 999; and Number 999 liked everybody, from the tiny little babies who looked so surprised to be there, to the old, old men who always carried their canes and their white whiskers with them.

But one morning Number 999 started out, and he didn't feel like himself at all!

It was a lovely, cold, snowy morning, with great white snowflakes like butterflies in the air, and a soft gray sky. And everybody seemed so happy, with bundles and holly and twinkles in their arms and buttonholes and faces.

There were round green wreaths and bright red ribbons on doors and bells jingling down the streets. The shop windows were packed with scarlet and green and gold, and there was a smell of pine trees in the air which made Number 999 feel like a little play bus again, somehow. "Why do I feel like that?" he wondered. "It smells like—like Christmas trees!" And just then a gay little boy's voice said, "It will be a snowy Christmas to-morrow, Daddy!"

"Why," said Number 999 to himself, "it's the day before Christmas!"

Now, Number 999 always worked harder at Christmas time than any other time. Everybody in the world was scurrying around then, shopping



at the last minute, and losing their packages, and having to go back again, and going to see their grandmothers and cousins and children and aunts and mothers and fathers, (according to their age, you know), and carrying big parcels with exciting ends sticking out, a doll's foot or a velocipede handle or a long scarlet candle. Number 999 had very heavy loads.

But he adored Christmas time just the same. And best of all he liked the day before Christmas. It seemed the gayest and the most adventurous, and the fullest of delightful secrets of all the days!

But this particular day before Christmas, as I said, Number 999 felt very odd. He had never felt just this way before in his whole life! Somehow he didn't want to carry everybody back and forth to their merry Christmases. He wanted to have a day before Christmas himself!

All at once, there in the middle of the street, he gave a jump, up in the air, with all four wheels. "I'm going to have a Christmas myself," he said. "I'm going to run away!"

And without even thinking another minute about it, he started off! He ran down the snowy street just as fast as he could, and though there was a nice old lady waiting for him on the very first corner, he didn't even wink! He just tossed his head, and laughed deep down in his radiator, and ran on faster than ever.

He had never done that before! He had always stopped for everybody.

He was as bad as he could be, that day before Christmas. He ran all over town, and nobody could stop him! He didn't pay the least attention to the traffic cops—he ran around just as he liked!

He got the street cars and trucks all mixed up by running down the wrong side of the street.





fat young man ran and lost his flower *and* his hat. And Number 999 laughed till he choked. Yes, he did—good old Number 999, who had always been so kind!

He picked up a holly wreath with a bright red ribbon bow, and stuck it over one ear. Then he looked at himself in a big store window and pranced in the street, because he was so proud. Then he started off to run faster than ever! Nobody could do one thing with him!

The Policeman tried to stop him; so did the Chief of Police; so did the Mayor. But Number 999 just laughed and blew his horn and ran around the corner.

At last the Mayor ordered *all* the police, especially the two on horseback, and *all* the fire departments, especially the hook and ladder, and the band, and the patrol wagon, to assemble in the square, by the big outdoor Christmas tree.

"We'll have to catch Number 999, and put him in jail," the Mayor said sternly.

Number 999 decided, suddenly, that he had played long enough in the city. So he ran away, out into the country.

Oh, what a good time he had out there! For he was a city bus—he had never been in the country before—and he *liked* running along a country road in the snow, with no one else in sight, and his horn sounding so loudly in the still blue air. He felt more and more excited!

Then he found a steep hill, and he lay down on his back with his wheels in the air, and slid down it! Then he rolled over and over in the fluffy snowdrifts, first taking off his holly wreath and hanging it up on a tree.

Then he found a little river all covered with ice, and he slid up and down it for a long time. Then he went back to find his holly wreath, and he put it on, and started down the winding road again. He skipped.

After a while he saw the high and mighty walls of a castle, up on a hilltop. He stopped a green wagon which was ambling slowly by.

"What is that, on that hill, over there?" he asked.

"What?" said the wagon.

"That castle on the hill—what is it?" Number

He tooted his horn unexpectedly at people and made them jump out of their rubbers. He stood up on his back wheels and *lunged* at a very fat young man, with a flower in his coat and a beautiful new hat. And the very

999 asked the green wagon a second time.

"It's a castle," said the wagon.

"Of course it is, old slab sides," said Number 999, laughing. "But who lives there?"

"The Lord of the Castle lives there," said the wagon slowly, after a long silence. "All alone he lives, since his daughter married the piper, and he sent them away."

"I believe I'll just run up and see him," said the motor bus.

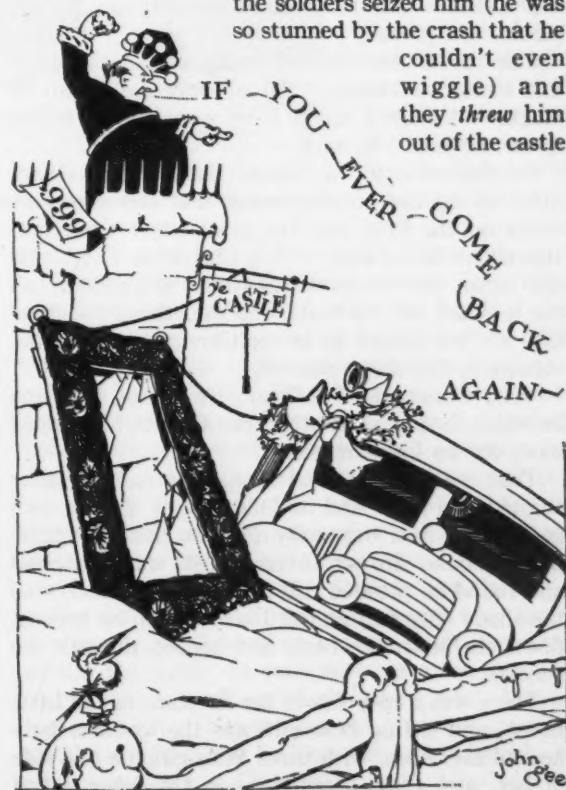
"I'll watch for you to come down," said the green wagon. It gave a low, deep chuckle, and started slowly on again.

Number 999 ran up the steep hill to the castle gates. He had to go so fast to get up the hill at all that, when he ran inside the castle gates, he couldn't stop. He ran on, through the castle door, and—*bang!*—into the great crystal mirror in the Hall of State, and he shattered it to bits. Nothing was left but the gold frame, and it was hanging around Number 999's neck!

The Lord of the Castle came rushing out from lunch with a blueberry muffin in his hand. Oh, how angry he was! He threw the muffin violently at Number 999, and he called to all his soldiers, "Arrest that motor bus!"

Number 999 ran round and round the Hall of State, and the soldiers ran after him, tripping on the crimson cord that hung from the mirror frame.

But at last Number 999 crashed into a marble column accidentally—a muffin crumb had gone in his eye—and he sat down with a thump. Then all the soldiers seized him (he was so stunned by the crash that he couldn't even wiggle) and they *threw* him out of the castle



john g. see.



gates and he rolled down the steep castle hill.

Number 999 heard a faint giggle as the green wagon passed slowly behind a hill in the distance.

The soldiers had barred the gates, and the Lord of the Castle stood on the gray wall in his purple cloak and shook his fist at Number 999, who sat in the ditch and rubbed his forehead and straightened his holly wreath.

"If you ever come back again," said the Lord of the Castle, "I'll have you chopped up in little pieces. In pieces!"

The motor bus climbed stiffly out of the ditch and started off again. All at once he began to laugh. "I wish I could have seen myself falling down the hill!" he said.

By this time it was almost dark. It was very quiet along the country road, and the snow lay white on the hills, and the great silver Christmas star shone in the sky. "It's Christmas Eve," said the motor bus to himself softly, and suddenly all the mischief left his heart, and something else came into it. He looked up at the Christmas star again, shining in the dark, clear sky.

"It's Christmas Eve," said the motor bus, and he began to sing a Christmas carol. But he stopped soon, for he loved music.

Then he heard a real Christmas carol coming through the air. And he followed the singing, and at last, just as it was really dark, he came to a little brown house, almost covered with snow. Round and round he prowled, till he found a window with the shade only half pulled down. Then he kneeled down on his front wheels and peeped through the window.

There was a rosy fire in the fireplace of the little house, and sitting before it was the loveliest lady he had ever seen, with three little girls on one side of her, and three little boys on the other. And

they were all singing Christmas carols. The motor bus liked listening to their songs.

At last the lovely lady said, "Now, darlings, you must run away to bed. And remember, though to-morrow is Christmas Day, there won't be any Christmas presents. Are you *sure* you won't mind?"

"Of course, we won't mind, Mother," said the oldest little boy sturdily. "We think you're wonderful. You've made enough money sewing to get our bread and milk, even though you do have to work all the time." Number 999 looked, and indeed the lovely lady was sewing even then.

"We all think the Christmas carols are a lovely Christmas present," said the middle little boy.

"Are you *sure* the Lord of the Castle won't send Christmas presents?" said the littlest little boy wistfully.

"Of course, he won't," said the oldest little girl. "He doesn't know that Daddy had to go way off to the other side of the world to get money enough for us."

"I know," said the littlest girl, "how you can give us a Christmas present to-morrow, Mother. You can tell us about the wonderful Christmases you had when you were the Lord of the Castle's little girl!"

"That's what I'll do," said the lovely lady, laughing. But when all the children were asleep in bed, she sat by the fire and cried because there were no Christmas presents for them.

Oh, the motor bus simply couldn't bear to see the lady crying! It hurt him somewhere inside. And when he thought of all the things the Lord of the Castle had, it made him so mad that his engine whirred faster and faster. Then, all at once, he had a wonderful idea!

It was such a good idea that Number 999 could hardly keep from sounding his horn. He could hardly keep his wheels still. But he waited patiently till the lady went to sleep, there by the fire.

Then—he slipped around to the front of the house, and he pulled a strong rope out of the tool box, and he tied one end of it around the little brown house, and the other around his waist, and he began to



pull the little brown house down the snowy road!

Down the road they went and through the snow, till they came to the Castle hill. The bus had a dreadful time pulling the little brown house up that steep hill! But at last he did.

Then he opened the castle gates gently, and he left the little brown house in the courtyard. He went on into the castle—only carefully this time, so that he wouldn't break anything—and into the banquet hall where the Lord of the Castle and all the soldiers were having a feast.

"There's that ridiculous motor bus," shouted the Lord of the Castle angrily. "Didn't I tell him I'd have him chopped up in little pieces if he ever came back?"

"Well, you can have me chopped up in little pieces," said the motor bus bravely, though his windows shook at the thought. "But first I have something to show you."

So he led the Lord of the Castle out into the courtyard and showed him the little brown house, and the three little girls and the three little boys

asleep in their beds, and their mother asleep by the fire, and not a single Christmas present in the house.

The Lord of the Castle wanted to cry, but he couldn't, because he was Lord of the Castle. So he walked up and down the courtyard very fast, stamping his feet. Then he slapped the motor bus on the side.

"You're a good old bus, after all," he said. "Thank you for bringing them up."

Then he called to his soldiers, and everyone hurried.

In the morning, when the lady and the children woke up, it seemed unusually warm in the little brown house, which was most frightfully cold on winter mornings. And when they looked out a window, they seemed to see walls and banners instead of snow and fields! It seemed queer. So as soon as they were dressed they opened their door.

The little brown house had been moved again in the night. It was inside the Hall of State, which

was big enough to hold ten little brown houses!

When the lady and the children walked out of the front door, there was a great fireplace with a huge fire roaring in it, and a stocking apiece hanging, crammed full! In one corner was an enormous Christmas tree, green and silver and sparkling, with playthings, and candy and nuts, and every single thing a Christmas tree should have, hanging on it.

And in the other corner was the motor bus, still with his holly wreath on, and Christmas tree ornaments all over him to make him look gay, and the biggest smile on his face that you ever did see! And there was a lovely turkey-cranberry-ice cream plum pudding smell coming around the corner!

And best of all, there was the Lord of the Castle, with open arms, in front of the fireplace!

The lovely lady laughed and cried and laughed again, and the Lord of the Castle hugged her and each little girl and each little boy. And then they had the stockings and then breakfast, and then the tree, and then dinner, and

everybody said it was the nicest Christmas ever!

Forever after the lady and her three little boys and three little girls lived with the Lord of the Castle, and when her husband, the piper, came back from the other side of the world, he lived there, too.

And Number 999? Why, of course, he stayed! They all loved him as hard as they could. He had a green wreath to wear every day, and a gold one for Sundays. And he asked them if they would call him Jimmy once in a while, and they did! And he never had to carry anyone around unless he wanted to, except the Lord of the Castle when he went into town to call on the Mayor. And he liked that.

The motor bus has been very happy ever since. But once in a while when he gets tired of playing around the castle, he goes down into the city and pretends to be a regular hard-working bus. Maybe you've ridden on him sometimes! He likes specially to take children and he likes the most specially of all to take them at Christmas time!



HE WANTED TO CRY, BUT HE COULDN'T



THE HOLLY GOBLIN

By CORNELIA CHANNING ALDRIDGE

NOW there was once a little gnome named Twinkle, because his eyes were almost as bright and twinkly as twin stars on a clear, frosty night; but he was known as the Holly Goblin in Fairyland, as his chief duty in life, outside of his play time, was to guard the holly trees in the Hill Forest. He was a funny looking little fellow, with a nose as red and round as a holly berry, and he always wore a scarlet cap and jacket, tiny bright green tights, and a striped muffler about his throat. His ears were very pointed and so were his toes, and he always danced along on the tips of them without seeming to touch the ground.

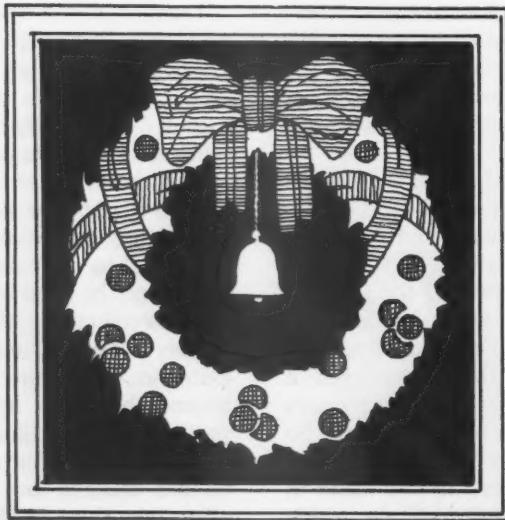
Now the Hill Forest was just outside of a big, noisy city, and every spring its pretty wild flowers were picked or torn up by their roots by the children of the town to sell on street corners. They did not know that the fairies had planted them with love and care to help make the world more beautiful. The poor fairies were in despair, for it was even worse in the winter, when the pines, cedars, and holly trees were stripped of their branches for evergreens. Something had to be done about it, so after a serious conference, following the complete destruction of three beautiful trees, the King of the Frost Fairies sent Twinkle to guard the holly trees by frightening away the destroyers who were not always children, but grown-up men and women who should have known better than to ruin a lovely forest, even when there was no sign up to forbid trespassing.

Twinkle enjoyed his new duty immensely, for the Hill Forest was such a beautiful place, and the squirrels and other little wild creatures were so very friendly. They had their own grievances against the town boys, and told the Holly Goblin about it with much indignant chattering, switching of tails, and flapping of wings. "We will help you," they said.

It was easiest when the snow was on the ground, for then Twinkle could sometimes drag an axe away and hide it in a big drift where it would not be found until the following spring. Being invisible, he had no fear of being seen, and as soon as anyone started to break a holly branch, he would dash icy sprays into their eyes and prick their hands and noses so hard with the sharp thorns of the holly leaves, that they would sometimes give up and go away. Then the Holly Goblin and his little forest friends would form a ring and dance and caper in the snow for joy!

But sometimes he could not do a thing; and once three strong men came and cut down a wagon load of holly trees and carried them off.

The little Holly Goblin sat down on a log and cried because he was so helpless. He had annoyed the men all he could and one of them had declared that it was the last time he ever intended to bother with holly. There was not enough money in it to pay him for the scratches. This did not cheer Twinkle very much, however, for he knew that there was only one holly left in the heart of



the Hill Forest, a perfect glistening pyramid of green with gems of red.

"I will guard it with my life!" said little Twinkle, which was something of a joke, you know, for fairies are immortal.

Just at dusk, two days before Christmas, he was guarding it by sitting on one of its branches like a funny tree ornament, when suddenly down below there were shouts of joy and a clapping of hands. Peering through the green leaves, Twinkle saw three ragged little children standing in the snow, looking up with eyes in which relief and delight were mingled.

The tallest of the three, a thin and pale-faced boy, spoke, and the words poured forth eagerly.

Twinkle caught them all and gathered that for days these little ones had been searching for those happy spots where holly berries grow, but at last had almost given up in weariness and despair.

"Oh, children, see, our dream has come true!" the little fellow said.

Then Twinkle heard that, with the wreaths they hoped to make and sell, they would buy a warm quilt for their mother's bed, a pair of spectacles for Grandmother, new slippers for Grandfather, and some toys and candy for their baby brother. Not for several years had Santa Claus seemed to be able to find their home. They had bravely pretended that they did not mind very much, but each year when Christmas came around and merry sleighs went by, and the great store windows were full of wonderful things, they had grieved secretly, so that they would not distress their mother.

"To-morrow we shall come at dawn and cut it down. It is too late for making wreaths to-night," sighed the oldest boy. "We must go home. Mother will be worried. If we only could have found it yesterday."

"But how wonderful to have found it at all, Brother!" said the little girl cheerfully. "If we come early perhaps we can get our wreaths to the market by noon."

"Perhaps," said the boy wearily, as they went off hand in hand. From his bent shoulders, the Holly Goblin could see that he was very, very tired.

As soon as they were out of sight he jumped lightly from the tree and blew a tiny whistle. Almost instantly the woods were full of fairies, and all the little wild folks came also, running, jumping and flying.

"What is it? What is it?" they cried.

Twinkle sprang upon a stump and addressed them all. "Shall we?" he asked when he had finished. "Do you think the King would approve? They are going to cut it down anyway."

"Yes, yes!" cried all the little fairies. "We will help you."

It was the night before Christmas Eve and a big, full moon rose over the Hill Forest, making it as bright as day. It looked down in wonderment at a group of very busy little fairies.

"What can they be doing? I am surprised," thought the Full Moon. "I have never seen fairies destroying anything before."

When morning dawned there stood the beautiful holly tree with branches gray and bare, except that each one was hung with holly wreaths from top to bottom; and on the highest tip of all, shading his eyes from the rising sun, waiting and watching, sat the Holly Goblin.

Presently there was a great shout, and then an astonished stillness. There stood the three little children with open mouths and almost frightened faces. They could not believe their eyes. Then the oldest boy spoke, choking a little over his words.

"Some one—has found our tree," he said, and looked as though he would burst into tears. "They have made all those wreaths and presently they will come and get them." He sat down and rubbed his ragged sleeve across his eyes.

"But," said his little brother eagerly, "they have not come yet and we could take them."

"Yes," cried the little girl, "let's hurry. We

(Continued on page 810)



THE SMALL FIR TREE

By CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

THE Small Fir Tree stood on a grassy knoll in an old, unused pasture. It was the prettiest tree in the pasture, for it stood a little out from the edge of the wood, where the sun and air touched it on all sides, and made it grow in a lovely cone shape. It had always been content with the colored stars that bloomed in the grass around it, the fairy stars that played hide-and-seek in the snow, and the high, yellow stars that shone over it at night. But one day in autumn, two little children came to play on the knoll, and the Small Fir Tree heard them talking of what Santa Claus had brought them the year before and what they hoped he would bring this year.

"Who is Santa Claus?" asked the Small Fir of the other trees.

The trees shook their heads.

"Where did you hear

of him?" they asked

"The children were telling of the beautiful presents

he brings them each year," said the Small Fir Tree.

"That is like Spring," said the Birch. "She brings us new green each year."

"And little fairy catkins," said the Pussy Willow.

"And rosy blossoms," added the old gnarly Apple Tree.

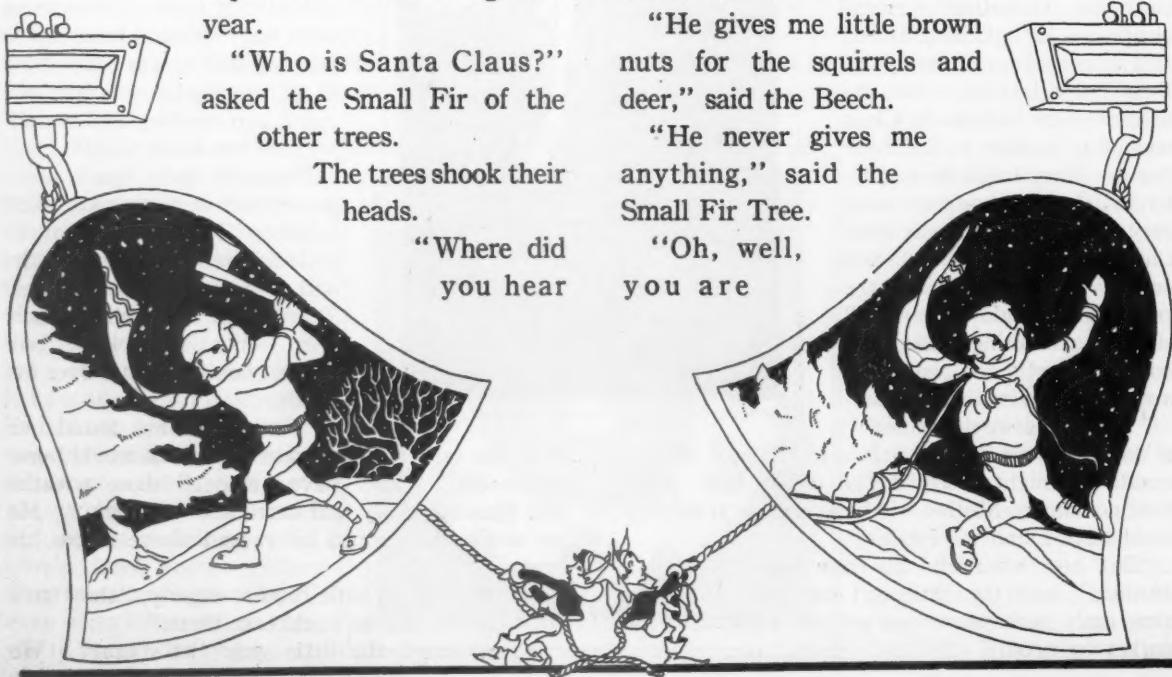
"She never brings me anything new," said the Small Fir Tree.

"Santa Claus!" said the Red Maple thoughtfully. "He must be something like Jack Frost who gives me these beautiful crimson leaves in the fall."

"He gives me little brown nuts for the squirrels and deer," said the Beech.

"He never gives me anything," said the Small Fir Tree.

"Oh, well, you are



young yet," said the old Apple Tree. "And you never know what may happen in the woods."

So the Small Fir Tree waited while the winds swept down the pasture and the snow spread white beneath the trees. It had seen winters before, but this time it was all expectancy, waiting for something to happen. But the days went by, and it had no visitors except the little snowbirds that came to pick at its cones.

At last, a tall man in a red sweater came up through the snow, drawing a sled behind him and carrying an ax over his shoulder.

"It may be Santa Claus," thought the Small Fir Tree. "Perhaps he is going to give me that shiny thing in his hand."

The man in the red sweater pushed the snow away from the slender trunk of the Small Fir Tree, and then stepped back and looked at it.

"It's the prettiest tree in the pasture," he said.

Then with a few swift strokes of the ax, he severed the trunk

of the Small Fir Tree near the ground, and it dropped into the soft snow.

"That was fun!" cried the Small Fir Tree.

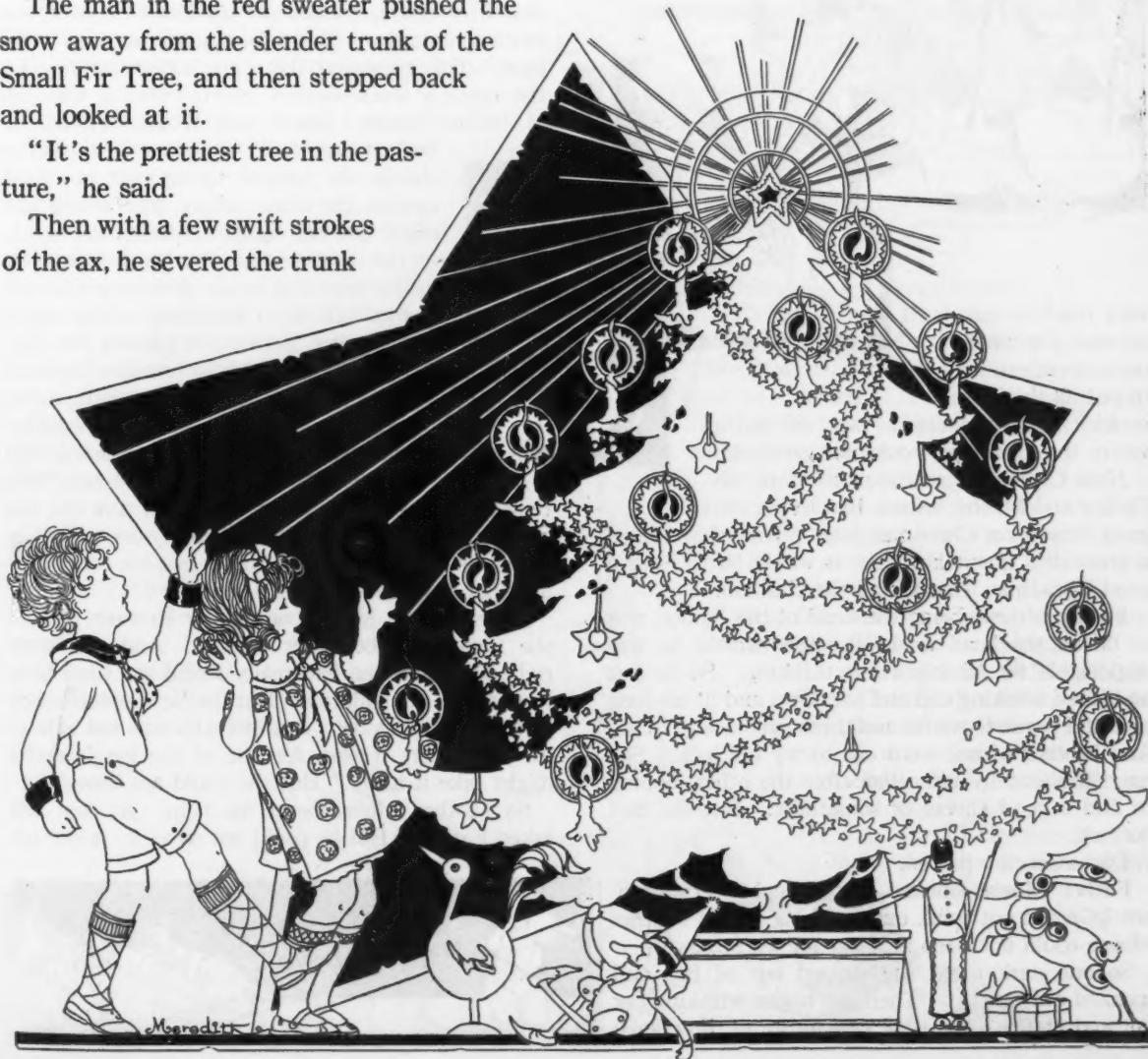
The man in the red sweater lifted the fir gently and laid it on his sled. Then he started down the hill.

"Good-by, friends!" called the Small Fir Tree. "I am going for a ride."

The little tree had kept awake so long, hoping for something to happen, that it was now quite drowsy, and the motion of the sled soon lulled it to sleep.

Hours later, the Small Fir Tree awakened with a start. How warm and bright it was! Surely Spring had come, and the sun was like July! The fir looked around in bewilderment.

(Continued on page 812)



THE TALE OF TOPOFF

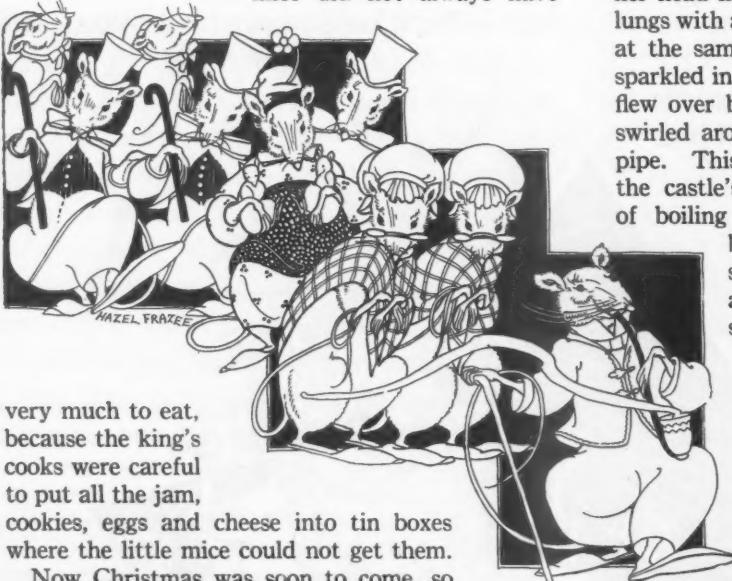
BY ELSE FAGRELL



ONCE there was an awfully big family of mice! They were Father, Mother, Grandfather, a grandmother (from both sides), several uncles, many aunts (from all sides), and—fifty children!

This awfully big family had its home in the cellar of a king's castle. It was right under the kitchen where the king's dinner was always cooked—a cozy and snug corner.

But, strange to say, these mice did not always have



very much to eat, because the king's cooks were careful to put all the jam, cookies, eggs and cheese into tin boxes where the little mice could not get them.

Now Christmas was soon to come, so Father and Mother Mouse had to plan in good time for a Christmas feast. And they talked a great deal about how nice it would be to have a good Christmas feast for all the children.

Father Mouse, being the head of the family, was to do all the head work—in other words, he was responsible for all important thinking. So he put on his red smoking cap and sat down and lit his long pipe and began to smoke and think, smoke and think. And Mother Mouse went out to try her luck. She hurried about in one cellar after the other, hoping to find a good cheese or something. But she had no luck.

Day after day passed.

Father Mouse smoked and thought very hard, but he could not think out anything. And Mother Mouse could not sleep at night for worrying.

So one dark night she slipped out of bed and sneaked out quietly. Then she began whisking her tail and at the same time sniffing in all directions;

she hurried and flurried from one place to the other, sniffing sharper and sharper. Really, she did sniff right through doors and walls, but she could not find anything. So she raised her head in the air and filled her lungs with a tremendous sniff and, at the same time, whisked her tail so fast that it sparkled in the dark. And then, one-two-three, she flew over boxes, trunks and all kinds of piles; she swirled around a pillar and jumped up onto a big pipe. This pipe was the main hot-water pipe for the castle's steam-heated apartments; it was full of boiling water. Don't ask if Mother Mouse burned her feet! Quick as an electric shock, she jumped up and hit her head against the stone ceiling, just as she had stuck out her tongue between her teeth.

The next second she lay senseless on the floor and began dreaming that she was fighting a hedgehog whose quills stung her tongue and pierced her feet. Finally the cold floor brought her back to her senses, and as she was lying there, breathing deeply, she smelled sweet air in her nose. That made her feel a little better. And the next minute she remembered what she had sniffed, and now she felt still better. So she crept on cautiously toward where the sweet air came from. And at last she found it—a big jar of strawberry jam!

Now Mother Mouse was really so very pleased she forgot all about her tumble. And she knew right then that she had really found the Christmas feast for all her children. But the jar was too heavy to carry away alone. And it really was not safe to leave it where it was, for one of the king's cooks might take it away. But she could not move it.

So Mother Mouse went for help. At first she asked Father. But he could not move it—although





he strained all his energy and the seams of his best morning jacket.

So Father went for help. And the

uncles came. But they could not move it either—although everyone got very hot try-

to do so. So the uncles went for help. And the grandfathers came. They could not move it—but they talked very much about how it *could* be done.

Finally the aunts, the grandmothers, and the fifty children came—and then *all together* they moved it.

But when it began to move, nobody knew where to move it. Where could they move it to? The fifty children said, "Home!"

But Grandmother (on the mother's side) said, "To the church!"

"That's a good place!" said the aunts.

The children had nothing to say. And so they hid it in the church across the street for the Christmas feast.

Now one of the children, young William Mouse, called Bill (he was not the youngest), was of rather a dreamy nature. He dreamed of the big jar of strawberry jam all the time. Indeed, he dreamed so much about it that at last he simply had to go to the church to look at that jar of strawberry jam—just to look at it.

But it smelled delicious! So he tasted it. He tasted it several times.

Then he tasted it until the top was quite eaten off! And then he went home.

Grandfather asked, "Bill, where have you been?"

"I have had a fine time, Sir!" answered Bill.

"A fine time? With whom?"

"Topoff!" said Bill.



"Topoff! Ha, ha!" laughed Grandfather. "What a funny name!"

And Bill went to bed very nicely.

Five days later Bill dreamed again of the delicious strawberry jam in the church. He dreamed of how good it had tasted. And he thought he would go and look at it once more—just look at it.

But it smelled delicious! So he tasted it. Then he tasted it again. And again he tasted it and tasted it until he had eaten it half away.

Then he went home.

Grandfather asked, "Where have you been?"

Bill said, "Having a fine time, Sir!"

"With Topoff again?"

"No, Sir!" said Bill. "Halfgone this time!"

"Halfgone!" said Grandfather. "I never heard of such fellows. Last time it was Topoff and now



Halfgone," and Grandfather looked at Bill over his glasses.

"Very fine, Sir!" said Bill.

"Ahem! Ahem!" said Grandfather.

And Bill went to bed very nicely.

After five more days, Bill's dreams again circled around the jar of strawberry jam in the church.

And he dreamed of how good it had tasted. He thought he could go and look at it once more—just look at it once more.

But it smelled delicious. So he tasted it again. Then he tasted it more. And he tasted it some more—and more and more until it was *all gone!* Then he climbed out of the jar and went home.

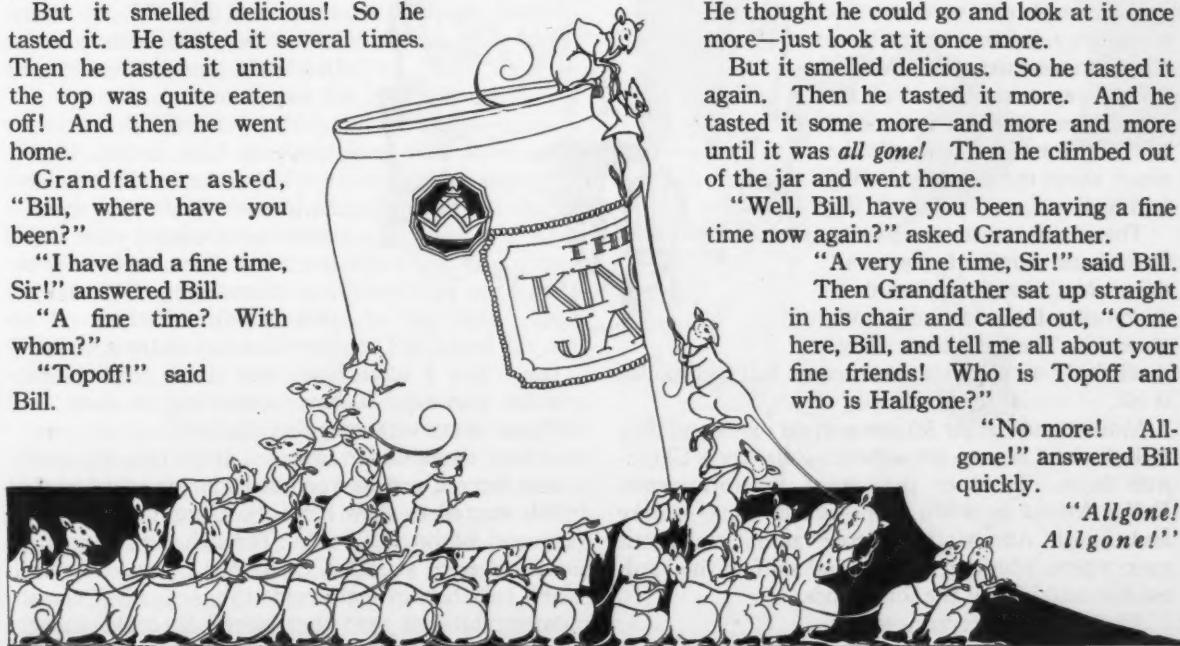
"Well, Bill, have you been having a fine time now again?" asked Grandfather.

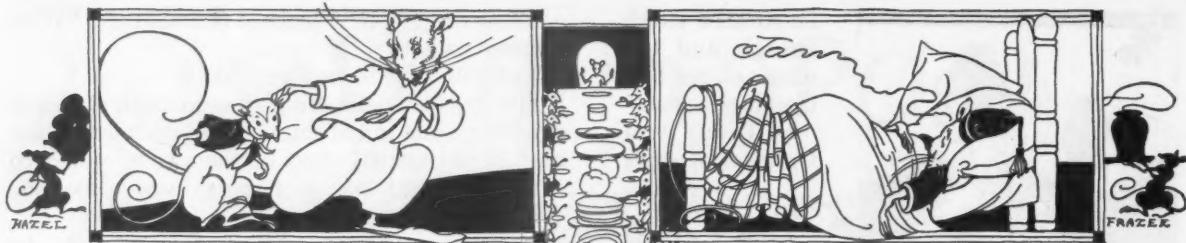
"A very fine time, Sir!" said Bill.

Then Grandfather sat up straight in his chair and called out, "Come here, Bill, and tell me all about your fine friends! Who is Topoff and who is Halfgone?"

"No more! All-gone!" answered Bill quickly.

"Allgone!
Allgone!"





Grandfather's voice thundered. "Indeed, fine tales you have been telling me! First *Topoff!* Then *Halfgone!* And now *Allgone!*"

Grandfather's angry words brought the mice running from all directions.

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" asked all the mice.

"Indeed, I know what's wrong!" thundered Grandfather back. "Come on with me, everyone!"

Whereupon he took Bill by the ear and marched him across the street to the church. And all the mice came after; tripping up the steps, and into the church they went.

Grandfather went straight up to the place where the big jar of strawberry jam had been hidden for the Christmas feast. He pulled it out. There wasn't anything in it—not one strawberry left! All the mice around could see that the jar was quite empty.

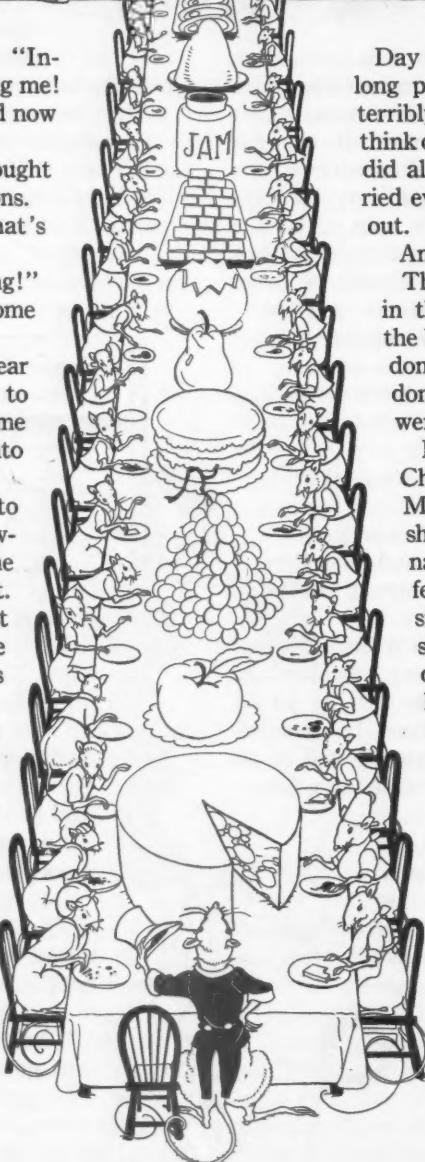
All gone! Every bit of that delicious strawberry jam had been licked clean away!

They all looked at the empty jar and each one was very sad. Then they became angry. So they all screamed at Bill Mouse! So Bill ran away! And all the other mice sat down in sadness in the church, thinking very much about the fine friends Bill had had.

There was much sorrow in the Mouse family for several days. Not a laugh was heard—everyone's face was long and gloomy. They all knew they would have a sad Christmas because Bill had spoiled it all.

Mother and Father Mouse worried most, and they talked about how to get something else for a Christmas feast. Together they went to work again. Father Mouse sat down to smoke and think—smoke and think! And Mother Mouse ran out and about everywhere, whisking her tail and sniffing the hardest she could at all the four winds.

All the mice were very sad.



Day in and day out Father smoked his long pipe and thought so hard he got terribly red in his face, but he could not think out anything. And Mother Mouse did all she could—she hurried and flurried everywhere—until she was all worn out. Nothing happened.

And then it was Christmas!

The snow was falling. The candles in the church windows were lit, and the bells rang: "Bing-bong! Dingelidong! Bing-bong! Dingeli-dingelidong!" And the whole Mouse family went to church.

But coming home there was no Christmas feast waiting. Mother Mouse had told everyone how sorry she was that Bill had been so naughty and spoiled their Christmas feast. All the mice sat there in silence and wagged their heads from side to side in sorrow. Then suddenly a rattling came from the door latch. All the mice children held their breaths. *S-l-o-w-l-y* the door opened and—there stood Bill!

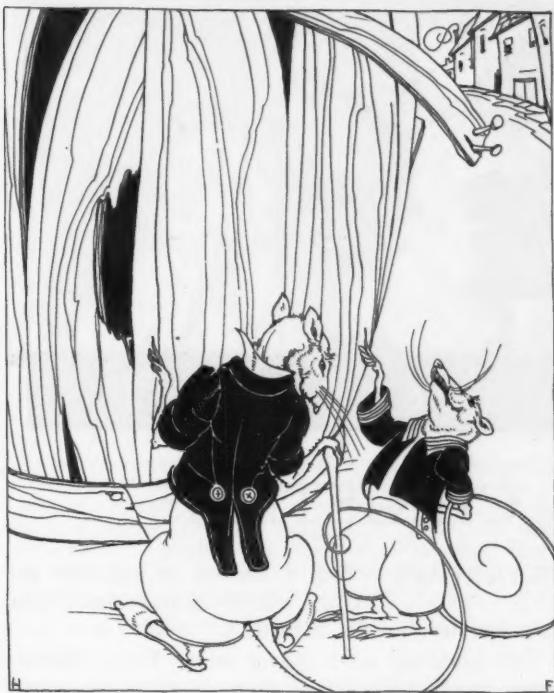
Everybody looked at him.

Bill went straight up to Grandfather and said, "I am sorry, Grandfather, that I ate up all the strawberry jam and spoiled the Christmas feast."

"You scamp!" Grandfather thundered back at Bill.

All the Mouse children were frightened—Bill's legs shook—everyone wondered what would happen. Then, slowly Bill began stammering, "Please forgive me, Grandfather. I am sorry I ate up all the strawberry jam. But I have made ten times good. Please come with me. I have something to show you. Please come with me, Grandfather!"

Now Grandfather saw that Bill's face was really very honest, and he wondered what it could be that Bill wanted to show him. So Grandfather stepped up and followed Bill out. Through dark alleys they walked until at last Bill stopped by an old barrel, and told him to look inside it. And when Grandfather did look into that barrel, he could scarcely



believe his eyes. What a *feast!*

"Oh, my boy!" said Grandfather and took both Bill's paws into his and shook them hard. "My boy! my boy!" he shouted and jumped with Bill up and down and round the old barrel three times.

Then Grandfather clapped his hands and called out to the whole family to come and see what Bill had found.

And all the Mouse children came running—tails in the air—and when they saw the feast, they were so happy they shouted with glee and jumped all over one another for a long time until finally Grandfather had to call for order. He lined them up in one straight line—Bill first and all the other forty-nine children one after the other. And then, as each one had his turn at the barrel, Grandfather quickly filled all the one hundred paws with goodies. So then some came dancing along with a chocolate cake, with lots of candies and slices of ham and cranberry jelly. Others were rolling a round red cheese, and the smallest mice had sugar lumps. Out from the barrel they brought the goodies, and each mouse was laughing and shouting. "Hurrah for our feast!"

At last everything was on the big table. Each one had taken his seat. Then Bill stood up and spoke—and this is what he said:

"Grandfather and everyone else, I will tell you what happened when I ran away. I was sorry for what I had done, so I searched and searched, because I wanted to get something else for the Christmas feast. But though I hunted and hunted and sniffed and sniffed, I couldn't find a thing. Then, one day I came to the kitchen of the king's prime minister, and I found loads of good things to eat. There were other mice living there, but they said I could

carry away all I wanted. And every day I have carried as much as I could, and I hid all the things in the old barrel, because I guessed nobody would think to look inside that old thing. And I hope Grandfather is not angry with me any more."

"My word!" said Grandfather. "I am happy, because I can see what a great mouse Bill is going to be. And *here goes my—*" but there he stopped because Mother Mouse began to cry.

They all looked at Mother Mouse.

Then Bill ran up to her and said, "What's the matter, Mother? What are you sorry for?"

Then Mother Mouse looked up at Bill and smiled through her tears; she took Bill's paws in hers and said, "I am not sorry, Bill, I cry because I am so very, very happy! You don't understand it as yet, but that is what a mother sometimes does."

"Very good! Very good!" said Grandfather. "But now Mother smiles, so we are *all* happy! And *now then* (again he reached for his hat) *here goes my top off for Bill!*" And then he called out, "Three cheers for Bill!" and all but Bill yelled, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" And Grandfather waved his hat each time. And then everyone but Bill sang:

"May he live, may he live,
May he live a hundred years!
May he live, may he live,
Yes, may he live a hundred years!
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Then they ate and drank, laughed and danced, drank and ate, and danced and laughed until three o'clock in the morning, when they all went to bed very nicely.





THE SURPRISE CHRISTMAS

INTRODUCING

TIM, a tattered urchin, searching for Santa.
TEENY, his little sister.

JACK }-the TUCKER TWINS, who act but do not look twinsy.
JOAN }

BOB }city friends.
DOROTHY }

COUSIN HAL, an older boy.

BOYS and GIRLS, as many as you want.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: A room in a deserted mountain cabin. It is furnished with a simple couch, table, and chairs. At the extreme left is a screen. On the back wall is a picture of The Good Shepherd. Outside the wind is howling, but as the curtain goes up you can hear TIM knocking at the door, and shouting faintly, "Hello there! Open the door! Hellooo!" Then, as no one answers, a door slams and TIM enters cautiously at the left, pulling TEENY behind him on a homemade packing box sled.

TIM (*stampeding, and blowing on his fingers*): Whew! But it's good to get out o' that storm! [*He tiptoes around the room and pokes his head behind the screen and through the door at the left.*] Nobody here to drive us out. Lucky for that. Ain't we? On Christmas Eve!

TEENY (*beginning to unwind herself from a shabby shawl*): Oh, Tim, do you 'spose it's his house?

TIM (*looking around for matches*): Whose house, Teeny darlin'?

TEENY (*picking up her very ragged rag doll*): Why, you know—the one we was searchin' for when we got lost in the snow!

TIM: Santy Claus's? I dunno. I 'spect his house would be sweller n' this. An' he'd have a garage for his reindeer.

TEENY (*rubbing her cold hands*): Oh,

By MARJORIE BARROWS

Tim, I wanted to find him so!
Oh, I wanted to find him! [She hides her face on his shoulder.]

TIM (*cuddling her*): Never mind, Teeny darlin'. Never mind. We'll just sleep in this nice warm place to-night—it will be warm in that bed in there. And to-morrow Tim'll find Santy Claus for you. Sure, he will!

TEENY: And we'll ask him—

TIM: For that dolly? Sure we will. Hear that wind howl? Lucky we're inside. Wish I could find some matches an' I'd start a fire in the kitchen stove. Now you and Raggy stay here while I scare up somethin' to eat.

[*As he goes off at the right, whistling, TEENY tiptoes over to the picture of the Good Shepherd.*]

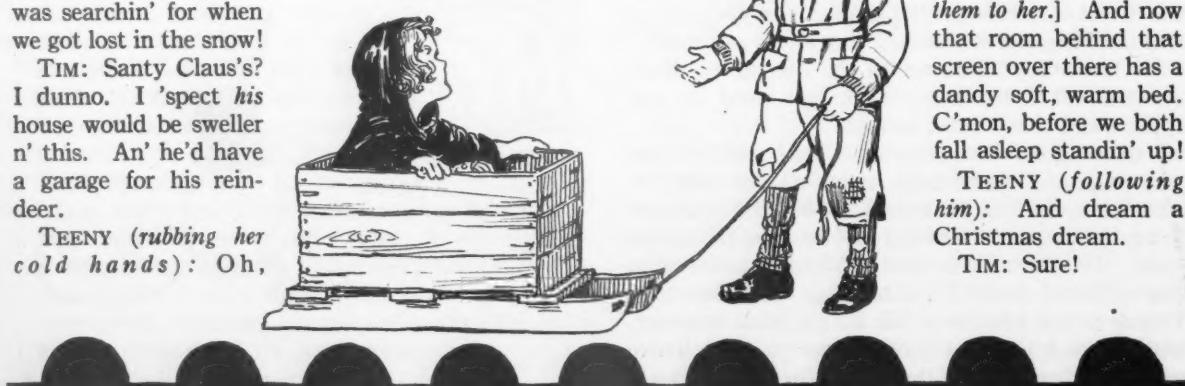
TEENY: Thank you, Good Shepherd, for taking care of us in that storm. And oh, if you'll help us find a real Christmas to take home to Mother, a real Christmas for Tim! He's the nicest brother that ever was, you know.

[*Re-enter Tim, with a couple of graham crackers.*]

TIM: All I could find out there! They're for you, Teeny. I ain't a bit hungry. [*He hands them to her.*] And now that room behind that screen over there has a dandy soft, warm bed. C'mon, before we both fall asleep standin' up!

TEENY (*following him*): And dream a Christmas dream.

TIM: Sure!





TEENY: And to-morrow we'll find Santy.

TIM: Sure we will!

[They both disappear behind the screen at the left. Only the howling wind is heard, and the stage remains deserted for a moment or two. Then, above the laughter of the storm, can be heard the sound of children's voices and stamping feet. Enter JACK with his arms full of bundles. He, as well as the three that follow, are bundled up for the sleigh ride they have just taken.]

JACK (looking around and calling): You're right, Joan, it is Cousin Hal's cabin. Aren't we in luck, though?

[Enter JOAN, running in with her arms also full of bundles, and a doll—a lovely one.]

JOAN: It is! It is! It is! [She drops her bundles on the couch just as quickly as JACK does, seizes his hands and dances around the room.] Oh, Jack, my own twin! It is Cousin Hal's cabin. I am so thankful you remembered that clump of pine trees.

JACK (pulling off his overshoes and mittens): So'm I. We're lucky to get out of that storm. Whew, just listen to it!

JOAN: Here come Bob and Dorothy. They're parking the sled on the front porch.

[Enter BOB and DOROTHY slowly from the left. They sigh deeply and sink down on the couch.]

JACK: It is Cousin Hal's cabin, Bob. Make yourself at home!

BOB (looking around): Well, 'spose we'll have to make a night of it here.

JOAN (walking around the room and exploring): Lucky to have the cabin, anyway!

BOB (disgustedly): Huh! Some luck, this is-caught out here on a lonely mountain in a

raging storm! Not my idea of the way to spend Christmas Eve. Is it yours, Dorothy?

DOROTHY: I should say *no!* And it wasn't *my* idea to hitch on behind that sleigh either, Bob Brown!

BOB: Well, I didn't know the rope was going to break just as we were climbing the Big Hill, did I? Or that the bunch in the sleigh couldn't see or hear us fall off? I 'spose you'll be blaming me for the storm next!

JOAN (helping JACK unpack, and taking off her coat): For goodness sake, Bob, you and Dorothy stop fussing! It's Christmas Eve, and we are lucky to find any shelter after being lost in that storm.

JACK: You bet we are! Cousin Hal comes here often during week-ends. I'm going to start a fire in the kitchen stove and hunt for the provisions he's hidden somewhere around.

JOAN: I know where he keeps the cocoa and matches.

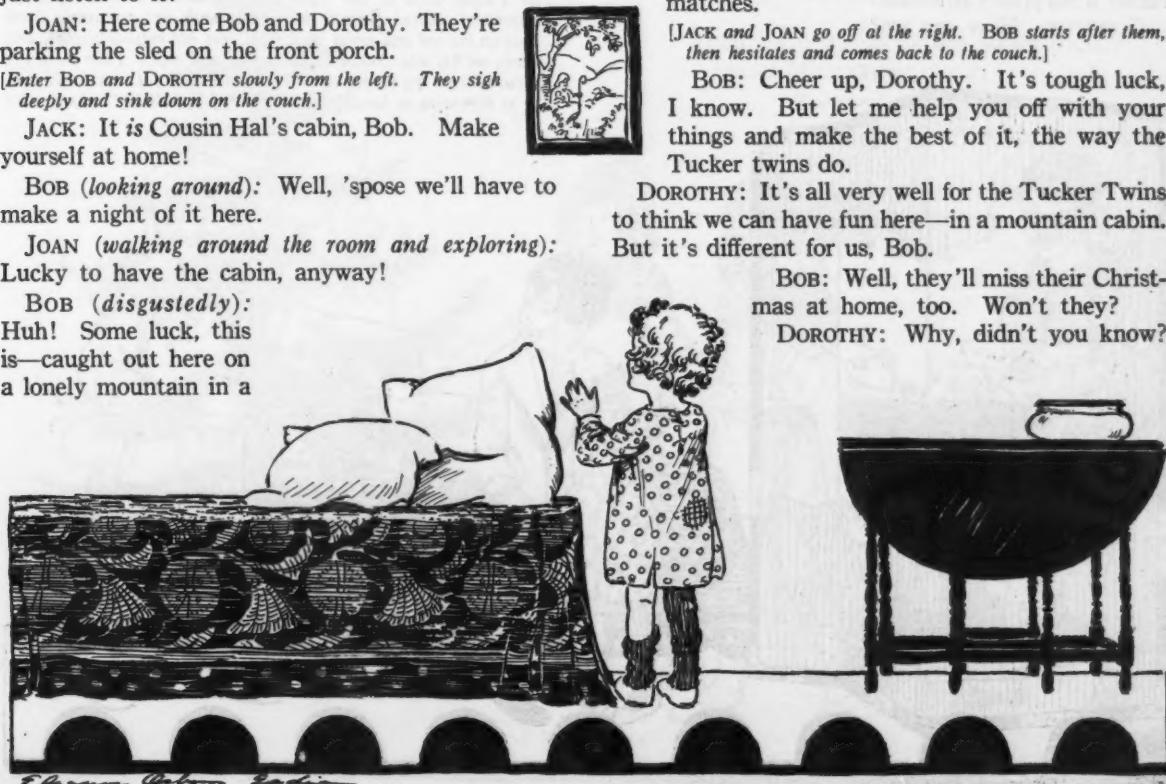
[JACK and JOAN go off at the right. BOB starts after them, then hesitates and comes back to the couch.]

BOB: Cheer up, Dorothy. It's tough luck, I know. But let me help you off with your things and make the best of it, the way the Tucker twins do.

DOROTHY: It's all very well for the Tucker Twins to think we can have fun here—in a mountain cabin. But it's different for us, Bob.

BOB: Well, they'll miss their Christmas at home, too. Won't they?

DOROTHY: Why, didn't you know?



Eleanor Abbott Sabin



They aren't giving up a Christmas at home—with turkey and a tree and lots of presents and games and carols and, and everything. [She sniffs and fumbles for her handkerchief.]

BOB (*whistling*):
Whew! I *did* hear that their father lost

a lot of money. But I didn't know it was so bad that Mister S. Claus wasn't going to be able to find their home this year.

DOROTHY: Joan told me they were just going to give each other a few little homemade gifts. So you see they're not missing much—not spending Christmas at home.

BOB: Too bad. And they want a camera and a radio and new skates just awfully. Sh! Here they come.

[Enter the TWINS from right, carrying a tray of hot cocoa and crackers.]

JOAN: Dinner is served in the dining car. This will warm us up. And after this comes the party!

BOB: Cocoa! Crackers! Good for you! What party?

JACK (*passing the food to each one*): Not so bad! Um? Here, save some of those crackers for me!

DOROTHY (*eating with the rest*): What party?

JACK: Why, Joan and I thought as long as we're sort of snowed in here on Christmas Eve we might as well have some sort of a celebration.

JOAN: A sort of a surprise party, you know. Or rather a Surprise Christmas!

DOROTHY: How can we?

JACK: Bob and I can cut down one of those little pine trees just outside the door.

JOAN (*pointing to the boxes on the sofa*): And we have those Christmas tree ornaments we were taking to the school entertainment, you know.

JACK: And our costumes!

JOAN: We could dress up and sing and dance and give our part of the school entertainment right here.

DOROTHY: What about presents?

BOB: I tell you. I've got that box of candy for the school tree. We can all share that. And Joan can give herself that doll that she takes everywhere—even on sleigh rides—and sleigh wrecks!

DOROTHY: We—ll, it might be fun.

JACK: Of course it will be fun. What's that noise outside?

[They all listen. The sound of whining is dimly heard.]

DOROTHY: It sounds awfully creepy!

JOAN: What is it?

[JACK goes out the door at the left and brings back a shivering puppy.]

JOAN (*triumphantly*): Oh, Jack—a puppy! What a darling! And you've always wanted one!

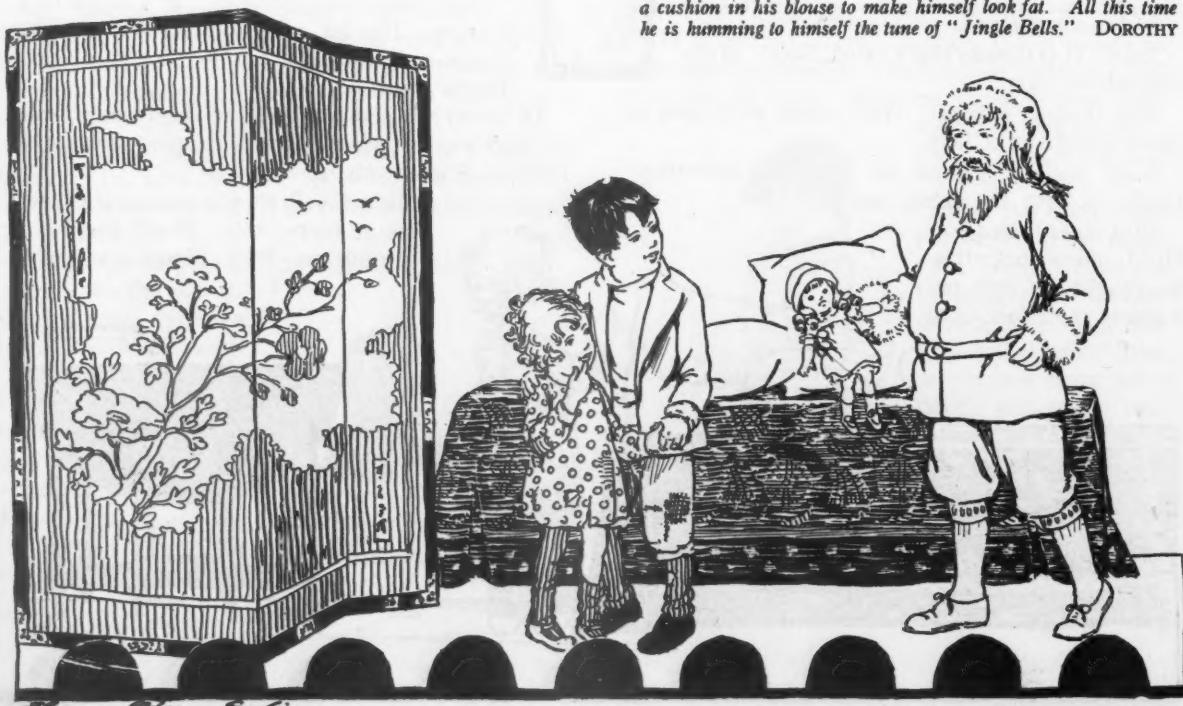
JACK (*fondling it, as though he could never put it down*): Poor little chap! Lost in a storm in this lonely place! Must have seen the light in our window.

BOB: Hasn't a collar. Must be a stray dog, all right. I guess Jack, old boy, Santa has sent you your present!

JOAN: Bring it into the kitchen, Jack, and I'll give it some hot canned milk and make it a bed. Then you can cut the tree and Bob, you and Dorothy can put on your costumes.

[The TWINS leave at the right with the dishes and the puppy.

DOROTHY retires behind the screen with her costume. BOB puts on his red and white suit, right over his regular clothes, and sticks on his wig, Santa Claus beard, and cap. Then he stuffs a cushion in his blouse to make himself look fat. All this time he is humming to himself the tune of "Jingle Bells." DOROTHY



steals out, dressed in a red cape and hood of a Christmas caroler. She slyly gives him a poke in the back and giggles.]

BOB: Ouch! Stop! My, but you look Christ-mas-y! Who are you supposed to be, anyway?

DOROTHY: Keep your whiskers on, my dear Santa. Keep your whiskers on! I'm a Christmas Elf. Here, you aren't fat enough. Have another pillow! [She stuffs another cushion inside his blouse. They dance around the room gaily.]

[Enter JACK and JOAN from the right, both dressed in caroler's costumes. JACK is carrying a small pine tree and a holder.]

JACK: The puppy's gone to sleep behind the stove. My, but he was hungry! Here's your tree, Santa. And here are the ornaments in this box. Let's hurry up and trim it.

[They all set to work trimming the tree. All sorts of comments, such as "That goes here!" "Isn't that pretty there?" "How does this look?" and "Lovely!" are heard.]

JACK (standing off to admire the tree): There! Doesn't the tree look sparkly? Ahem! Shall I begin the program with my song about Christmas in Other Lands, Mister Santa & Company?

BOB: Go ahead!

JACK:

I'd like to peep at Christmases
In countries far away;
I'd like to see how far-off friends
Will celebrate to-day.



In France, they say,
Petit Noel
Comes down the
chimney where
He fills with gifts each
wooden shoe
That's waiting for
him there.



In England there are
Christmas trees
And big yule log, they say,
With holly-trimmed plum pudding, too.
And carols Christmas day.

In Switzerland a lady comes
With basket full of toys,
And gives each naughty child a switch.
And good ones lots of joys.

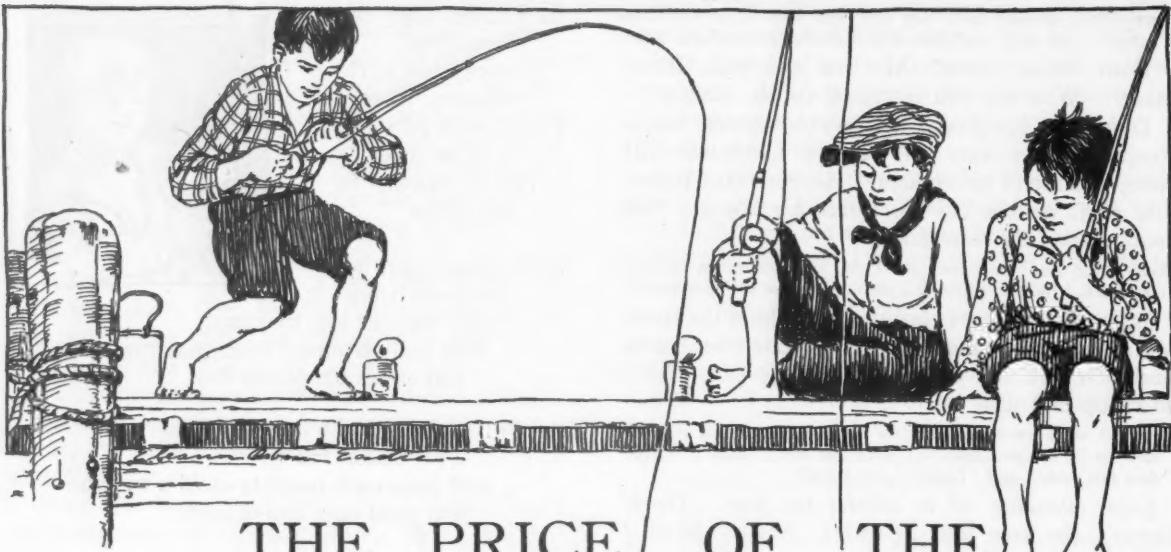
The German child calls Santa Claus
St. Nicholas, but he
Brings gifts to all who have such fun
Around the Christmas tree.

The Irish children Christmas time
Their gifts to poor folk bring,
And round their yule log they tell tales
And feast and dance and sing.

The Christmas gnomes in Sweden bring
Each year some gifts for all;
And every house puts out some grain
In case the birds may call.

Though Christmas for our far-off friends
Seems often rather queer,

(Continued on page 837)



THE PRICE PARROT-

OF THE SWAN

RODNEY, Robert, and By JOSEPHINE Roger, known collectively as the "three R's," and individually as Rod, Bob, and Jerry, had sat for two hours along the old wharf edge, each equipped with a bait can, a pole, and an overwhelming desire to catch a fish. Frost had already tinted the sumacs along the lake shore, and there wouldn't be much more sport in open water this year.

Suddenly Jerry's bobber went down and his line spun out. The boy jumped to his feet and reeled in cautiously. It was a big fellow, all right, to pull like that. Nearer and nearer he brought his prey, and then, with a practiced hand, he jerked up his rod.

For a moment a round black head and a shiny curved back appeared above the water. Then the line snapped and Mr. Turtle departed, tail-first, into the sparkling depths. With him went Jerry's last hook and a particularly delicious worm.

As Jerry sat down again, his khaki shirt fairly sagged in sympathy with his lean and disappointed shoulders.

"I'm through," he declared. "We might as well go home and play tiddley winks with the cat, as to sit here all day, getting nothing but shiners and mud turtles. We've got to go out deeper. We've got to have a boat."

Rod looked up quickly, his blue eyes shining with enthusiasm. "That's just what I've been thinking, too, Jerry. We ought to have a boat. Take a good staunch dory, now, painted heron-blue—we could rig up a sail for her, with a gilt eagle on top of the mast, and name her—the Swan. That's a good name for a boat. Wouldn't we look swell, though, clipping out across—?"

"Clipping out paper dolls!" Bob's hearty

E. PHILLIPS laugh shattered Rod's dream abruptly. "No use talking boat. We're as likely to get one as to get a five-pound pickerel without one. Mr. Barber wants fifteen dollars for his old scow even. And my baking-powder can, with eleven months to my next birthday, registers just forty-seven cents, which is more, I bet, than you two have, put together!"

Neither boy could contradict so safe a wager, and Rodney, considering himself duly sat upon, became silent. Jerry, on the contrary, found Bob's opposition just interesting enough to stir him to action. Like all boys, he had always wanted a boat, though in a vague sort of way. Now, with Bob telling him it was no use even to "talk" one, he made up his mind that he not only wanted a boat but that he would get one, soon, somehow.

He ran slim fingers up over his freckled forehead and into his reddish-brown hair. Then he thoughtfully stowed his bait can away in his pocket and sat back, hands clasped below lanky knees, to consider. First of all, it would take lumber. In vain he scanned the far-away hills, the dim opposite shore, and the woods close by for a solution to that problem. Then his eye caught sight of the Point, where their swimming hole was located. Just beyond, in a lonely, beachless cove—

"Say, fellows! Remember that old sunken wreck of a wharf or something we ran into once when we were diving, over by the Point? There are some planks in that. They might be good enough for a start on our boat. I'm going over."

Without waiting for remarks, he slid off the wharf and took the shortest route, in knee-deep water over slippery stones, letting Bob and Rodney follow more



leisurely by the road. But when he arrived at the cove, Jerry discovered that he hadn't the exact location of the wreckage clearly in mind.

Several expeditions into deeper water served only to stir up muck from the bottom, making it impossible to see what was before him, so he decided upon a systematic foot-by-foot search, in ever-widening semicircles. Over and back he tramped, over and back—six—eight—times.

"Training for the treadmill tryouts?" came Bob's jovial voice from the brush.

Jerry, before he could think of a suitable reply, found himself suddenly in water waist-deep; and, before he could catch his breath again, he had stubbed his toe on something hard. He stepped high to avoid the obstacle. He tried to save himself from falling headlong. And he succeeded to the extent that he was immediately in water up to his neck, yet comfortably seated on some sort of support! He was so comfortable, in fact, that he simply waited there, motionless, with his back to his mystified companions, until his head, and the waters about him, cleared.

Then he discovered that his support was the seat of an honest-to-goodness boat! He was lost for a few moments in meditation and surprise. Rodney's picture of the "Swan" came back to him. There was a good deal to be done, of course. The boat was water-logged and heavily laden with stones and rocks. But, once salvaged, they could fish in it, rent it to summer campers, decorate it for the Lake Carnival next year—maybe even get the first prize, an outboard motor, for it. An outboard would be almost better than a sail.

Jerry's enthusiasm was up! Right where he was, he began going through all the motions—cranking, rowing, porting his helm—before he remembered his audience.

"Wh—what's the matter?" Bob demanded weakly.

He wasn't quite sure. He had seen Jerry stumble, and now the boy was so still. He might just be playing 'possum, of course. But no—what could have happened? Jerry was moving his arms and his body about wildly, and all under water, too! What should they—?

But Jerry jumped onto the seat, now, and turned a very broad and natural grin upon his friends.

"Eureka! Excelsior! E pluribus unum! Anything you like, boys! It's a boat, not a wrecked wharf or old planks, but a boat! And I've cranked her and beat against the wind, and done whatever it is they do to her lee scuppers. Come, take a look! Somebody sank her with a load of rocks."

"Really?" Bob drawled skeptically, though his toes moved nearer to the water's edge, and his eyes tried to penetrate the uncertain shadows of the water. "Are you sure the rocks didn't come through the bottom after she was sunk?"

"Do you honestly think she was sunk?" Rodney cried, forgetting the scorn with which his last enthusiasm had been met. He flattered himself on being something of a detective, and was always on the alert for suspicious persons and clues. He started into the water now, but Jerry waved him back.

"No need of your getting soaked, too. If you don't believe she was sunk, just watch."

The boy ducked, again and again, bringing up stone after stone, many of them so large they taxed his wiry, twelve-year-old muscles. At last they were all out.

"Grab this now, and we'll snake her ashore."

Jerry tossed into willing hands the end of a twisted-wire cable, evidently the anchor rope. Then, while he pushed, Bob and Rod pulled. They pulled hard, so hard that the rusty cable promptly broke, seating the boys in the water and budging the boat not an inch.



Rodney took the mishap good-naturedly, helping the spluttering, red-cheeked Bob to his feet. "Now we're this wet we can go in a little deeper," he laughed.

"Yes, and see what kind of a boomerang he's trying to make us drag out," Bob agreed grouchily.

There was a boat, sure enough. Bob couldn't tell just how much of a boat, yet, but he decided to co-operate in getting it onto shore. It soon developed that the three, with ordinary tugging and lifting would make no impression on the waterlogged dory.

Even Jerry was beginning to despair of ever getting his treasure to shore, when Bob remembered a trick.

"You two at the stern, now, and I'll take the bow! Take a deep breath while I count three, hold it, then all together, stoop and lift. One, two! three!!"

At the final command the boys strained with all their might. There was a gurgling, sucking noise, and the boat rose from its years-old bed in the muck.

It was the work of only a few minutes, then, to drag it to shore. Bob beamed and expanded as Rod and Jerry praised him for his clever help.

"We never could have raised her if it hadn't been for that deep breath."

"Yes," Bob admitted, none too modestly, "when I put my hand to anything, you can expect results."

Leaving the boat half-concealed in the bushes, the three then made for home and dry clothes and lunch.

Rodney was the first one back. He was anxious for a clue to the mystery of this boat, well-made as it was and evidently once well cared for, being sunk in so lonely a spot, a good half-mile from

the nearest cottage. He was convinced that there was nothing accidental about the presence of those stones.

Inch by inch he went over the slimy outside of the boat, then the inside. He shook the seats, one by one, and found that all held fast—until he reached the bow. The seat there was hardly that at all, just a tiny sharp V which Rodney almost overlooked. When he did give it a poke and a pull, the top proved to be a sliding door, with a little locker underneath.

He had just searched the crannies of this and tucked a small object into his pocket when he heard voices—Bob and Jerry were coming through the brush. By the time they appeared, the bow seat was in place.

"Seams are getting awfully unseemly," were Bob's first words. "Looks more like a wrinkled old hippopotamus than it does like a Swan, Rod."

"Oh, perhaps," Rod replied absently. The boat did look less and less like his ideal, now that the sun had got in some of its work of drying and showing up the warped bad places. It was going to be fine as a mystery for solution, but for a boat, it really wasn't much.

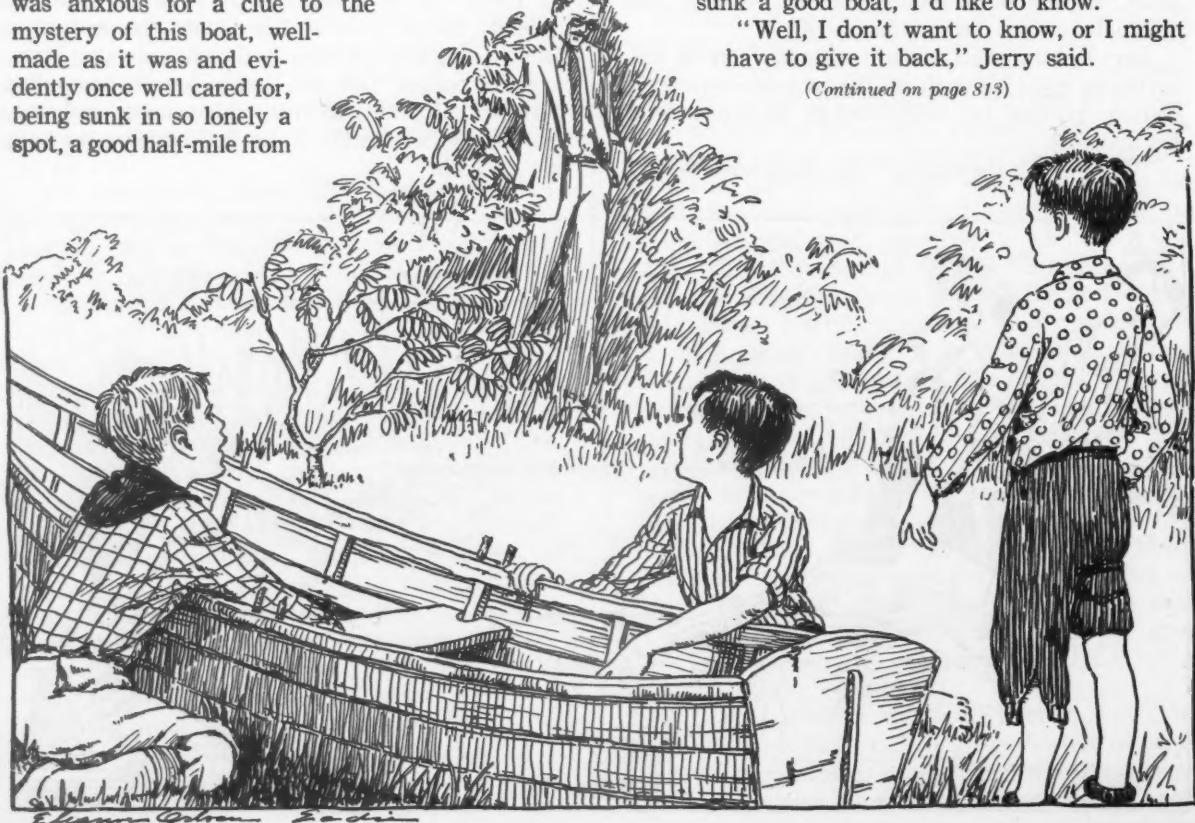
As their enthusiasm died, Jerry's grew.

"You needn't have anything to do with it, unless you want. I'm going ahead and make a regular ship of it. You fellows don't know a boat when you see one. It was some good once, or it wouldn't have taken all those stones to sink it."

"So?" Bob disagreed, "and who'd have sunk a good boat, I'd like to know."

"Well, I don't want to know, or I might have to give it back," Jerry said.

(Continued on page 813)





"Mothers especially need FELS-NAPTHA!"

Many a mother knows just what to do with little dresses and rompers that get dirt ground in so badly.

She doesn't depend upon soap alone. She gets the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha. And how it does make the dirt scamper! That's because Fels-Naptha is more than soap. Unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, working hand-in-hand, give mothers *extra washing help* they'd hardly expect of any other soap, no matter what its form or color or price!

Extra help that makes their work easier! *Extra* help that makes clothes clean more quickly! That's why all mothers need Fels-Naptha!

Many of them may have been tempted into trying chips, powders or what not, but they come back to Fels-Naptha for its *extra* help!

It will pay every mother to get a Golden Bar at the grocer's, or write Fels & Co., Philadelphia, for sample, free.



The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

IN A WINDOW

Jean and Jimmy were sitting on the steps of the next-door neighbor's house. They looked across at their own home, locked up and deserted and lonely.

"Jimmy," Jean said suddenly, "we must get something nice for Mother's birthday! Specially now that she's so tired and had to go away for a rest, we must get her something beautiful!"

"How can we?" Jimmy asked, poking at the ground with a stick.

"I don't know," Jean said sadly. "I told Mrs. Bolls that Mother's birthday was coming, and she said, 'My land! you can't buy your mother a present! There's the traveling bills, and I have to be paid *something* for taking care of you youngsters!' She sounded cross!"

"She usually is cross," said Jimmy. "I wish Mother could come home!"

"Well," Jean said with determination, "she's more uncomfortable than we are. You have to remember that. But we *must* get her a birthday present! Let's earn the money ourselves, Jim!"

"How can we?" said Jimmy, looking up eagerly.

"I don't know. Let's walk down the street and see if we can find anything to do." She jumped up. "Come on, Jim!"

The two children went down the walk and along the gray winter street, looking at house after house.

By FLORENCE S. PAGE

"I wish it were fall," Jean said. "We could rake yards."

"Or if it would only snow!" Jimmy said. "Then we could shovel. I love to shovel snow!"

Block after block they went, but nothing that they passed helped them in their difficulty. At last the houses gave place to stores and shops, and the children began to watch the bright show windows.

"Oh!" Jimmy said suddenly. "Jean, there's a woman in that window running a washing machine. Watch her whirl it around!"

"That's demonstrating," Jean explained wisely.

"What, Jean?" Jimmy asked.

"Demonstrating," Jean repeated. "Mother told me once. When you show people how to use things, you're demonstrating."

"I'd like to demonstrate," said Jimmy. "I think it would be fun."

They passed to the next window.

"Oh!" cried Jean.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Jimmy.

They stood entranced before the huge window full of toys. It was a wonderful window. On one side was a great doll house, and on the other a windmill. An electric train ran across the front. There were dolls, and dishes, drums, games, and books. There was a little blue table, and two little blue chairs.

"Oh, Jean!" said Jimmy excitedly. "Don't



you wish we could demonstrate those toys?"

"Why—!" Jean stopped. "Why couldn't we? Let's ask!" She seized Jimmy's hand, and hurried into the great department store. She looked up and down the aisles filled with people till she saw a tall man without a hat, standing by a counter.

"There's Mr. Ross, the floorwalker," she said. "We'll ask him. He knows Mother."

Mr. Ross looked down at the two eager faces as Jean talked to him, as fast as she could. "We want to demonstrate the toys in the window," she said. "The lady is demonstrating a washing machine. We want to do it very much, to make money for Mother's birthday."

Mr. Ross thought a little while. "I'll take you up to see Mr. Trevor," he said.

He took them to the elevator. "Fourth floor," he told the elevator boy. And soon Jean and Jimmy found themselves in a shiny, businesslike office, where they were introduced to Mr. Trevor, a short, fat, white-haired man with a kind smile. Mr. Ross explained the children's plan.

"I think it's a good idea," Mr. Ross said. "People always stop and watch anyone in a window. And children would attract even more attention."

"It's a fine idea," said Mr. Trevor briskly. "We'll try it this afternoon. Take Jean and Jimmy to the children's department and see that they're dressed suitably, please."

A little later, Jean was dressed in a pretty little ruffled rose-colored frock, and Jimmy in a white sailor suit. Then they went downstairs with Mr. Ross. He took them behind a long counter, and opened a little wooden door that led into the window.

All at once, Jean wished they hadn't thought of the plan. She felt shy at the

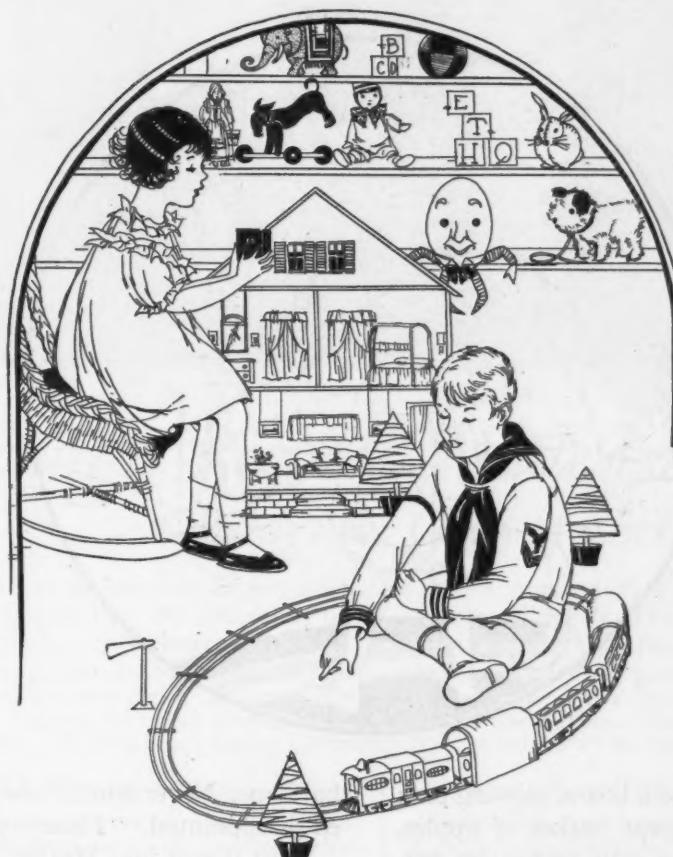
thought of going out into the window. But she did want to make money for Mother, she said to herself.

Mr. Ross patted her shoulder. "Climb up here," he said, "and play with anything you like. Don't look out at the street, until you get used to being in the window. You'll be all right."

Jean climbed into the window, and Jimmy followed her. How queer it was! The lights were so bright, and the people, who stopped in surprise to look at the children, made Jean feel stiff and uncomfortable! She wished she could run away.

But Jimmy was already sitting on the floor, watching the electric train, so Jean turned to the doll house. It was marvelous. The furniture in the bedroom was blue, with little pink roses painted on it. There were net curtains, and little candles on the blue dressing table. There was a tiny telephone in the green living room, and a little piano that really played. Jean forgot all about the crowds of people watching on the other side of the glass.

After awhile, Jimmy put down the train, and they played a game. Then Jean sat down



in a little chair, and read Jimmy a story from one of the books. And Jimmy kept making her laugh, telling her funny things about the people looking in! They laughed so they hardly knew what the story was about.

Then they heard Mr. Ross at the little door.

"Half past five," he said. "You may come out now." He helped them down into the store again, and gave them each a bright round dollar.

How glad Jimmy and Jean were!

"Will you come every day after school?" he asked. "I think this is a very successful plan."

"Of course we will," Jean said. "We like it."

The day before Mother's birthday, Jean and Jimmy had a letter from her which said she was coming home sooner than she had expected and would be there

the next day. Jean had a box of glowing pink roses, and Jimmy a great basket of apples, and pears, and oranges, and grapes for her. When they rushed home after school, they found their mother sitting in a chair by a window.

"Happy birthday, Mother!" they called eagerly.

"Why, children!" Mother said, looking up in surprise. "What lovely roses! And what delicious fruit! Are they really for me?"

"We made the money ourselves, Mother," Jimmy said.

"We've been demonstrating toys in a window!" Jean explained gaily. "We've had such fun. We don't mind the crowds at all now. It's a game. The children come by and try to make us laugh."

"I don't understand!" Mother said. So Jimmy and Jean explained carefully to her how much they had wanted to buy her something nice, and what their plan had been.

"And here's a picture of us in the window! They printed it in the paper!" said Jean. "The reporter wrote all about us, and said, 'Clever Children Demonstrate Toys.'"

"But, my dears!" Mother said. "I don't like to think of my children working in a window! It

hurts me. Never mind!" she said, as they looked disappointed. "I know you did it for me."

"But it was fun, Mother," Jimmy insisted. "And the best of it is that we have Christmas presents hidden away at home for you, and money besides."

"And a pink silk nightie!" cried Jean, but was promptly interrupted by Jimmy's "S-sh!"

"I'm so proud of my two children," said Mother, hugging them. "I think this is the best birthday I have ever had!"

THE SNOW

NELLIE BURGET MILLER

THE snow's a snuggly blanket
The fairies tuck around
The sleeping posies in their beds,
Safe in the crumbly ground.

They cover all so gently
And softly say, "Good night,"
Then steal away and leave them,
All snug and warm and white.





Suzanne Richter-Made Lingerie *Brings the Glory of Christmas Anew*

CHRISTMAS—the day that lingers a lifetime in the mind of every little girl—can be made doubly entrancing this year by the selection of exquisite "Suzanne Richter Made Guaranteed Lingerie," a remembrance as beautiful as the love that prompts its purchase.

As a gift of enduring charm, for Misses Four to Sixteen, "Suzanne Richter Made" garments hold a heaping measure of Happiness for all the days to come. Every garment is backed with a positive Guarantee of Satisfaction. They require no ironing. Tubbing daily does not diminish their lustrous silken sheen. Their beauty and strength are a revelation to Mothers. Yet for all their lasting loveliness, they cost little more than commonplace things.

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AGES 12 TO 16 YEARS

<input type="checkbox"/> Vest, Bloomers, Princess Slip and Dream Gown	9.65	2.00
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Union Suit, Bl. Knee, 4 to 10 yrs, ca., \$3.45 12 to 16 yrs, ca., \$3.85.
Princess Slip, 4 to 10 yrs, ca., \$2.95 12 to 16 yrs, ca., \$3.25.
Dream Gown, 4 to 10 yrs, ca., \$3.95 12 to 16 yrs, ca., \$4.45.
Pajamas, 4 to 10 yrs, ca., \$6.75 12 to 16 yrs, ca., \$7.95.

Mail your Christmas order today. Mail orders will receive immediate and careful consideration. Shipments are made by Parcel Post, C.O.D., or Prepaid Insured if you prefer. Your money will be immediately refunded on any shipment not satisfactory on delivery. We will gladly ship your entire order C. O. D.

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STANLEY WINS THE GAME

By
Janet L. Wiek



HI, YOU! Where's your nurse?" shouted a freckled-faced lad, one of a group of boys on their way home from school, to a younger boy walking sedately on the opposite side of the street.

The young fellow glanced across at them timidly. There was a frightened expression in his brown eyes, but he made no reply.

"Aw, cheese it, Dan!" answered Harold Wright, better known as "Taffy," because of his mop of yellow hair.

"Let him alone! He can't help it 'cause he has to wear clothes like that," Taffy continued.

"Oh deah, pa'don me!" mimicked Dan, and his companions laughed.

Tears started to the eyes of the boy across the street and his chin quivered, but he walked on, apparently indifferent to the jeers of the gang.

Stanley Westcott had come from Boston with his mother early in the spring to the small midwestern city to live. The old Westcott mansion, which had stood unoccupied for years, had been opened, and a beautiful lady, with two servants and one frightened homesick boy, had appeared in the town one day. The report was that Mrs. Wescott's husband had died and, instead of the huge fortune expected, he had left her nothing but the old stone house of his father's family in Pinetown and an income that would only enable her to live very quietly. "Quietly," to Mrs. Wescott, meant having only two servants and one motor car, in place of a town home, a country home, three motor cars and a horde of servants. Stanley had been taken from the exclusive Boston school and thrust at the age of ten into the joyous freedom that school boys in a

small town enjoy. Everything was strange and new.

Bewildered and frightened, shy and hurt at the loss of his father and pal, Stanley failed to understand that real kindness lay under what seemed the rough "kidding" of the boys in the school; and he was too timid to enter into their many games.

Though only ten, he had been placed in a class with boys of eleven and twelve, and his superior knowledge in some things, his fine clothes, and what they considered his aloof manner made the boys stand somewhat in awe of him; and partly to relieve their feelings, they had started in by calling him "Baby" and other teasing names.

Taffy alone stood up for Stanley. He lived in a pretty little white cottage just a block from the huge, gloomy-looking pile of stone in which Stanley lived, and it was his duty each night and morning to deliver milk to the back door of Stanley's home. Often he had caught glimpses of the lonely boy, playing silently alone, sometimes in the back yard with marvelous toys, such as Pinetown had never seen, and sometimes in the huge kitchen, perched on a stool, watching the cook. The shy smile that Stanley had given him on these occasions had made





Taffy long to make him a member of the gang.

That evening when Taffy went to the big house with the milk, he found Stanley in the back yard, playing with a real basket ball. With a quick throw, he shot the ball into the basket that had been nailed up to the side of the barn.

"Oh, boy!" Taffy called excitedly. "That was a beauty! Here, let me try it!" And hastily setting down his pail of milk on the back steps, Taffy tried and missed. He tried and missed again.

"Here, let me see you do it again, Stan," he said. "I believe that was just an accident."

"No," said Stanley, forgetting to be embarrassed. "No, I can do it almost every time. Dixson taught me," he added shyly. "Dixson used to be our head chauffeur and he knew lots of things."

"Wish I could learn to do that," Taffy sighed, as he watched Stanley throw one goal after another. "You know, we are having our annual game with Meadville school in two weeks and I'm on the team, but I can't throw goals the way you can. My, wouldn't the fellows stare, if they saw me doing that?"

"You can come over and practice with my ball any time you like," offered Stanley.

"Honestly, Stan, would you let me? Say, you're a regular fellow!"

"Aw, it's nothing. I heard what you said this evening when the boys were calling me names. Why don't the boys like me?"

"'Cause they don't know you," Taffy answered promptly. "They think you're too cocky 'cause you live in a big house and 'cause you wear clothes like that." He pointed to Stanley's thick woolen golf hose, rolled over knickers, and silk blouse with a little black tie.

"But, where I came from in Boston, all the boys in my school dressed like this and we weren't sissies either," said Stanley. "We played basket ball, tag, and things just the way you do. Do you think the boys would like me, if I dressed as you do, Taffy?" he added anxiously, noting Taffy's blue overalls, calico shirt and bare toes.

"Sure!" Taffy replied. "After a while maybe they'd forget you're different from us."

That night after dinner, Stanley slowly approached his mother reading in the library.

"Mother," he began.

"Yes," Mrs. Westcott replied absently, not glancing up from her reading.

"Could I wear blue overalls and go barefooted to school?"

"Mercy, no!" replied Mrs. Westcott, dropping her book. "Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Well, Taffy does," Stanley insisted.

"Who in the world is Taffy?" his mother asked.

"Why, he brings us our milk, and I like him." Stanley hesitated, then went on. "He's almost like Dixson."

"Don't talk nonsense!" was Mrs. Westcott's only answer.

With a dutiful "Good night, Mother," Stanley turned away disconsolately and trudged slowly upstairs to bed. But from that time on he was less lonely.

Each evening when Taffy had time, he came over to the big house and practiced throwing goals with Stanley, who taught him all he knew of the twists and turns of holding the ball. Soon Taffy was almost, but not quite, as efficient as his teacher. He said nothing of his extra practice, however, for he wanted to surprise the gang.

Stanley continued to wear "sissy" clothes, as the gang called them, but active resentment against him had died down to merely an occasional snicker and jeer. This had been partly due to Taffy's efforts, for Taffy always stood up for Stanley when the gang started jeering. Then, too, it was no fun teasing a fellow who wouldn't answer back.

The Saturday for the big game came at last. Mothers and sisters—proudly arrayed in their best dresses—trooped to the big schoolyard. Stanley stood at the gate and watched them go past.

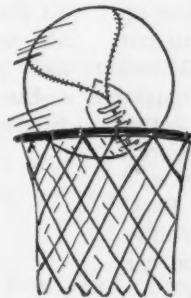
"Hi, Stan, where's your mother?" Taffy called, as he hurried by with his own chubby, smiling little mother. "Hurry up or all the good seats will be gone."

Stanley merely nodded. He could not trust himself to speak. He had known that Mrs. Westcott would not care to see the game, and he did not want to go alone and sit by himself, with no one to speak to him, when all the other fellows had their mothers with them. So he stood, a lonely, little boy, at the big gate. Soon all footsteps ceased going by, and he could hear the excited cheering and yelling of the boys. Why, they even had a band!

Stanley leaned against the post and the big tears rolled slowly over his cheeks. A half hour slipped by—three quarters of an hour—an hour.

Then Stanley, who had crouched down by the gate, started up. Some one was calling his name—not "Baby" or any other nickname, but "Stanley, Stanley, Stan."

Some one was running towards him. It was





Dan—Dan who had teased him more than any of the others.

"Quick," cried Dan, breathlessly, "we want you! Can you play basket ball?"

"Why—why—yes," Stanley stammered.

"Well, run in and get your hat. We got to beat it. We only got about fifteen minutes for you to get dressed and everything."

Without another word, and only knowing that they wanted him, Stanley stumbled blindly into the house and grabbed his hat. He was back, quick as a flash.

"You see," Dan explained, as they hurried along, "Taffy is our main forward and he fell. He's all right, but his wrist won't be strong enough for him to play the last half. Our substitute didn't show up at the last minute, so we haven't anyone to put in Taffy's place. Taffy said that we should call you to take his place, and told us how you taught him to throw goals and that you can throw better than he can. And he's no slouch, I'll tell the world!"

"And," he continued, "if we win this game, we'll go to Kansas City and play at Fairmount Park. So now it's up to you. I'm right forward. You've got to play left forward. Do you think you can do it?"

Stan was silent for a moment.

"Of course," Dan added shamefacedly, "I wouldn't blame you if you turned us down, but if you don't want to do it for the gang, please do it for Pineville."

"Why, of course I will!" Stanley laughed happily. "I played forward almost always in Boston."

When they had arrived at the schoolyard, Dan took him inside, helped him into Taffy's ball suit, and gave him instructions as to the plays already made. The score now stood at a tie.

"Of course, you're at a disadvantage 'cause you've never played with us, but do the best you can," said Dan.

The coach's whistle sounded a warning and they trotted out to the grounds. Taffy sat in the front row and yelled to Stanley as he went by, "Atta boy, Stan! Show 'em your stuff! You can do it!"

Now they were in the thick of it. Stanley played as he had never played before. He was lithe and agile and seemed to be here, there, and everywhere. He threw one goal! The crowd cheered. Again he threw a goal. There were more cheers and excited

cries of "Stanley, atta boy!"

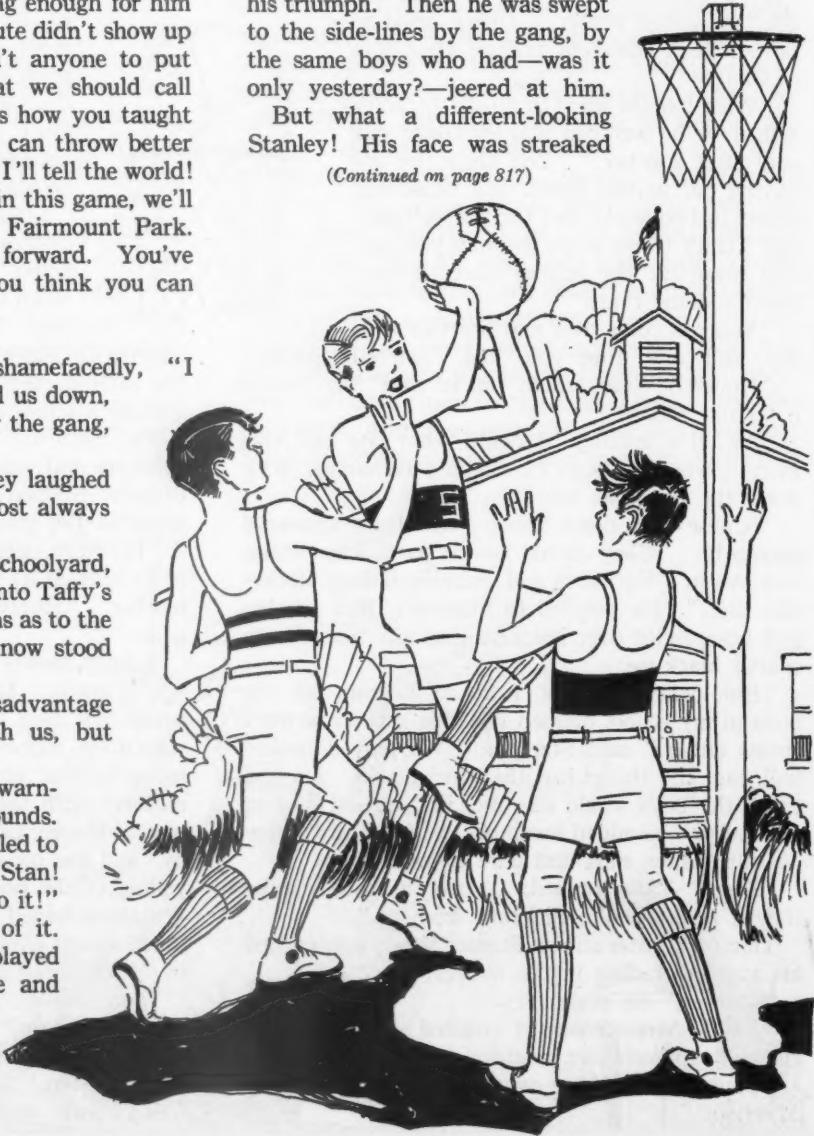
But now Meadville threw a goal—two goals. The score was again even. In another minute their chance would be gone.

"Stanley, old boy, you must do it!" shouted Dan. Stanley, alert and poised, ready for the ball, nodded. Then, just as the referee was getting ready to call time, he gave a quick, sharp throw and had the ball through the wire hoop.

There was a wild rush and Stanley heard his schoolmates cheering him and shouting his name, as he had never expected to hear it shouted again. There was only one flaw in his happiness—his mother wasn't there to witness his triumph. Then he was swept to the side-lines by the gang, by the same boys who had—was it only yesterday?—jeered at him.

But what a different-looking Stanley! His face was streaked

(Continued on page 817)





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SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

ABOUT one hundred and twenty years ago, there lived in London, England, a little boy who just loved to draw pictures. Do you know any boys like that? I know several. This little boy would draw on anything he could find, and once he had to be punished for drawing on the wall. That was the way he found out that there is a place for everything and that there are some things that you must not do.

For a time, he was quite happy drawing pictures from little copies that his mother made for him. But one day when he was walking out with his father, they passed a field where some fine looking cows were grazing. The little boy, whose name was Edwin Landseer, stopped by the fence and looked at them and did not want to go any farther. So his father gave him a pencil and paper and put him over the fence and told him to see if he could make a cow to take home with him.

After that, they came often and little Edwin would draw cows and horses until he was tired. He liked it much better than copying pictures at home, and it pleased him when his father laughed and called the big field Edwin's studio. His father trained him well and taught him to keep his eyes wide open and *see* things and never to let go of anything he was doing until it was finished. You see, Edwin's father and mother and many others of the

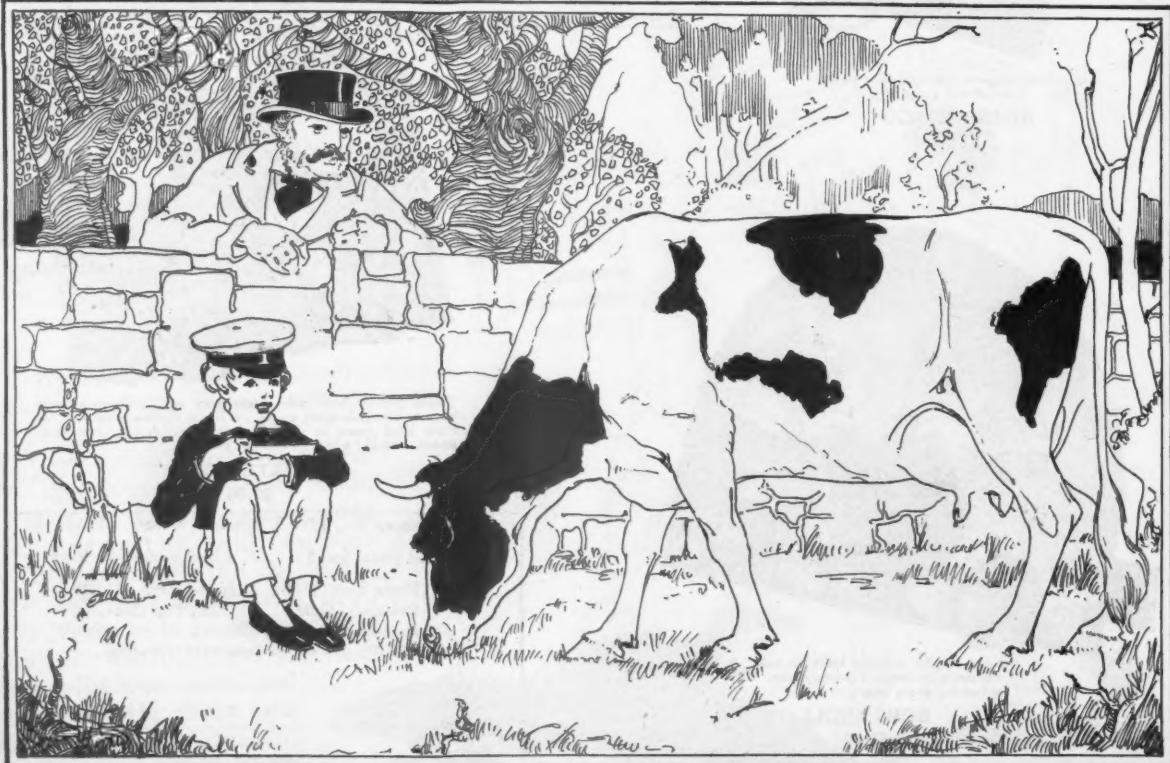
By MINNIE OLCOTT WILLIAMS

Landseer family were artists and they knew that to do

great things with pen or pencil, or chisel or any other tool, you must work and work and then work some more. By the time Edwin was five years old, he had done so well that his work was shown in the South Kensington Museum, marked "A donkey's head in black lead, by E. Landseer, five years old."

When he could draw most of the common animals from life, he was taken to the Tower of London where he could see the lions, leopards, bears and tigers that were kept there and learn to draw them as they lived. Once when he was visiting in Essex, he drew a Persian cat and gave it to one of the servants who kept it for many years. When it was shown to Sir Edwin Landseer, then a famous artist, he wrote upon it, "Sketched at Maldon by the little boy, Edwin, when ten years old, now an old boy, Sir Edwin Landseer, 1866."

By the time Edwin was thirteen he had two pictures hung in the Royal Academy, a very great honor for a boy so young. Two years later, he showed at Spring Gardens a picture of an Alpine mastiff, sketched from a St. Bernard dog named Lion, a mastiff measuring six feet and four inches in length, the largest animal of its kind in England. His father told him that dogs of that kind were kept at the convent for the purpose of discovering and helping travelers who might be buried in the deep and



drifting snows and that they were sent out in pairs so that one of them could come back for more help if it was needed, while the other stayed and did what he could to dig the traveler out of the snow.

Because he understood and loved dogs so much and treated them as his friends, Edwin was able to give wonderful expression to their faces as well as to the pose of their bodies. One picture which was a great favorite was called "Suspense," sketched from Countess, one of Prince George's pets. The dog's eyes show that he is waiting anxiously to find out what has happened to his master, after he has been carried into the next room, and the door shut. You could make up a good story out of that picture.

Another favorite among Sir Edwin's pictures is that of a large Newfoundland dog which he met on the streets of London one day, carrying a basket of flowers. The dog was snow-white except his head which was jet-black. The dog was so different from any dog he had ever seen that he asked about him and found out that his name was Paul Pry and his owner was a Mr. Newman Smith, who later bought the picture because it was so like his beautiful dog. In the picture Paul Pry is shown as a life-saver and is named "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." Because of this great fondness for dogs Sir Edwin was known among artists as "the curly-headed dog-boy" whom they all loved, especially Fuseli, the great Swiss artist.

Once Edwin went to visit Sir Walter Scott at his home at Abbotsford, and you know he must have had a good time there with all of Sir Walter's dogs that you have heard so much about—Camp and Maida, Hamlet, the big greyhound, Finette, the beautiful setter, Nimrod and Ginger, and all the rest. But this time it was not the dogs that he

painted but the beautiful deer. One of them he called "The King of the Forest." Another, "The Monarch of the Glen," is one of his finest pictures.

Queen Victoria admired Sir Edwin very much and often invited him to visit Balmoral Castle. While there he painted all the royal pets and made handsome portraits of the royal children. He taught the queen and Prince Albert how to do etching, played billiards with the prince, and took long walks with the queen, and painted a portrait of her to surprise Prince Albert on his birthday. In 1850, the queen conferred upon the artist the honor of knighthood, making him Sir Edwin.

Although he had never tried to model anything before, when he was asked to model some lions for the monument to Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square, he was not afraid to try it because he had studied the lion very carefully when he was a boy learning to paint them. He succeeded.

One of the best pictures of himself is the one with two dogs looking over his shoulders at the

drawing he is making. It is called by a big French word, "The Connoisseurs," meaning those who *know*, and surely the two dogs both look as though they know all about what the artist is drawing. As you look at his kindly expression and his white hair, you feel that he was a man to be loved and honored.

Rosa Bonheur, the famous painter of horses, was one of his good friends, and she always spoke of him as the poet-painter of animals. He is often called the Shakespeare of the world of dogs, probably because he understood them as well as Shakespeare understood human nature. And he is called the Sir Walter Scott of the animal world because he could tell so much about all kinds of animals, just as Sir Walter could tell stories about all sorts of people.



AN UNUSUAL NURSE

HERE, sir! Come on! By VOGT ALLING
Whieu! Whieu!" and

Tommy Wood danced down the street, whistling and calling a bedraggled, tired-looking little dog to follow him. By the time they had reached Tommy's home they were good friends and, as though by mutual consent, went around to the back door. "Hey, Mother!"

shouted Tommy eagerly, cupping his hands over his mouth and watching the upstairs window.

"What is it, son?" asked his mother good-naturedly, appearing at the window.

"How's this for a dog, Mummy? Come here, boy! Just look at him—friendliest dog you ever saw. Wait a minute, I'll bring him up," and Tommy ran quickly to the door, calling the happy dog noisily to drown his mother's remonstrances.

The two were soon upstairs where mother and dog were duly introduced to each other. "He's well-behaved, Mummy; you can see that. Look how he acts! Don't you 'spose Father'll let me keep him? He'd be worth a lot for a watchdog, and we ought to have one, too, for tramps and things when you're here alone. Or let him mind the baby. He looks to me as though he'd make a good nurse."

"Why, Tommy, what nonsense! I wouldn't think of letting such a creature go near the baby, much less look after her. But see how he wags his tail and sniffs at everything. Do you think he would bite me if I patted him?" asked Mother, reaching out in spite of herself to feel of the adorable fuzzy puppy.

"No, he won't bite," asserted Tommy stoutly.

"Oo-oo!" screamed Mrs. Wood, drawing her hand back in fright. "He did try to bite me. He licked my hand."

"Oh, that's a dog kiss," said Tommy reassuringly. "That means he loves you and is tickled to have you for a mother. Can't I please keep him? Look! Look at him! He's sitting up, he's begging for you to let me keep him. You darling little dog!" bubbled Tommy snatching him up and hugging him in his arms.

"It's no use your asking me that, son. You know what your father will say about a dog. This is the sixth or seventh one you have brought home in the last couple of months. He's so dirty, too. Surely you don't want an old dog like that."

"Oh, piffles! All he needs is a bath, Mummy. I'll give him one right now before Father gets back," retorted Tommy, looking around apprehensively to make sure his



father had not yet appeared. "Come on, sir!" and he started for the bathroom.

"No you don't, young man!" called out Mrs. Wood, promptly. "You march that dog right out of this house and don't you bring him in again without your father's permission." So Tommy tramped dejectedly out of the house, trying vainly to devise an argument which would convince his father of the necessity for his having a dog of his own.

The baby, four years old, was out in the yard having a delightful, solitary tea party with delicious sand pies and sandy tea. The dog, wagging a friendly, "Hello little girl," waded with great unconcern through the tea dishes and licked tiny Marion up and down enthusiastically. Of course, not knowing this brown, shaggy monster with the soft tongue, Baby began to cry, and Tommy stood her on the laundry bench, between the two wash-tubs, beyond the reach of the puppy. She stood there, clinging to one of the big tubs and looking down at him uncertainly.

Suddenly two short whistles were heard. "Whieu, whieu!"

"Whippoorwhieu!" whistled Tommy instantly in reply. Then a little boy's tousled head pushed through the hedge at one side of the yard and looked all around inquiringly. "All safe, Spike," said Tommy, who usually

played Indian with this chum, and pointing at Marion he added, "Nobody here but the little papoose." Thus assured, the other Indian, nicknamed Spike because he was so thin, squirmed all the way through into the yard and joined Tommy, asking, "Whose dog?"

"Mine."

"Gee! What's his name?"

"Tramp," replied Tommy quickly, giving the very first name that he could think of.

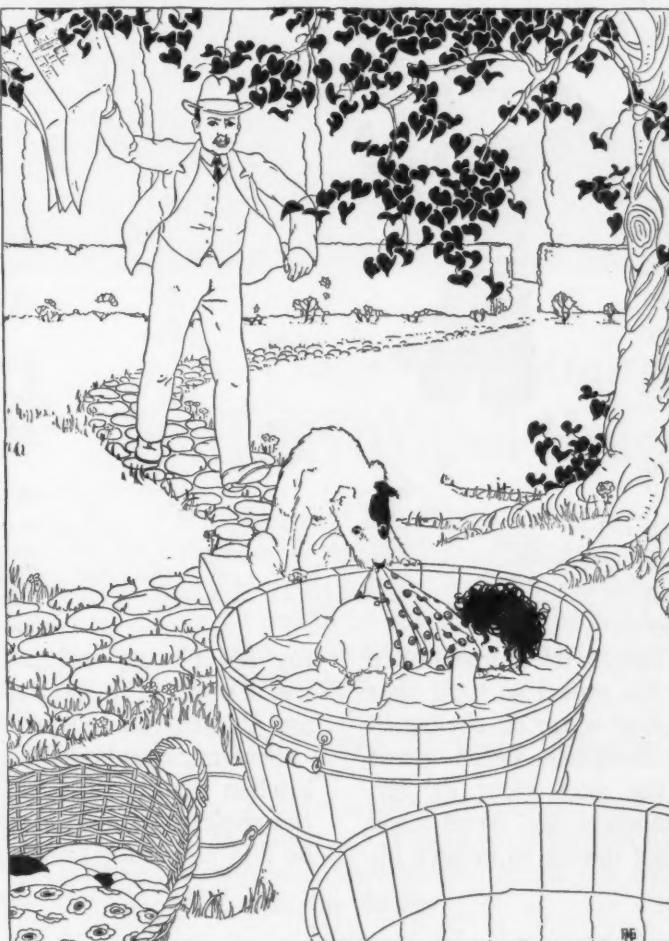
"That's a funny one," observed Spike. "But it fits him all right."

"Why, it does not. It doesn't fit him at all," said Tommy loyally, putting his arms around his new pet. Tramp responded by licking his face, so that it had clean streaks all over it. "He may be rough and dirty outside but his heart's warm, I can tell you. You know what? I believe that he'd save your life if you were in danger of being drowned or something like

that. He looks like the best dog I ever saw. Yes, sir."

Spike, not having a dog of his own to love, was beginning to get restless and wanted something amusing to do. "What'll we do to have some fun, Tommy? It's almost supper time and I'll have to be going home in a few minutes. Let's go over to the vacant lot and play Indian."

"You bet!" agreed Tommy with enthusi-



asm, and, forgetting all about his little sister perched on the laundry bench, he followed his chum as he ducked through the hole in the hedge.

Tramp was about to dash after his two friends, but stopped when the baby uttered a long wail, and returned reluctantly to investigate. He couldn't bear to desert a little tot who was crying so pitifully for help, and he was not a moment too quick, for, just as he turned around, poor little Marion lost her balance and tumbled headlong into one of the washtubs half-full of water.

Just at that moment, Mr. Wood, Tommy's father, came home to supper. Looking back into the yard as he came through the gate, he was surprised to discover a strange dog nosing into the wash-tub and came running up the path, brandishing his newspaper and shouting, "Here!"

Tramp, although frightened by this strange climax to an exciting day, nevertheless kept hold of the baby's dress and pulled with all his might. He pulled so hard that he pulled the whole tub of water off the bench onto the ground—kersplash—and rolled the baby out into the grass right at Mr. Wood's feet. For a moment Mr. Wood stood there, dumfounded, not daring to believe his

eyes, and then he picked up the astonished baby and dashed into the house.

That night, when the family had at last recovered enough to gather around the table for a belated supper, Mr. Wood said, "Thomas!"

But Tommy, who had a very guilty conscience, only looked down at his plate and could scarcely mumble a low, "Yes, sir."

Mr. Wood continued however. "I'll stand for the lumber and pay you for your time if you will build a good dog house for Baby's new nurse."

"B-baby's new nurse? A—a dog house for Baby's nurse?" stammered Tommy, so surprised by his father's words that he couldn't talk straight. "What do you mean?"

"I've decided to keep a certain dog that you brought home to-day, so—"

"Glory hallelujah! A dog for me, for my very own? Oh, Daddy, what a good sport you are! You can just bet I'll build

my dog a house and you won't have to pay me a cent. I'm so glad I can have a dog and I'll help him look after Baby better, too!"

Five minutes later, Tommy was out in the kitchen making Tramp sit up and beg for the choicest morsels of his own supper which he had saved for him.



NEIGHBORLY

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

MY MOTHER sends our neighbors things
On fancy little plates.

One day she sent them custard pie
And they sent back stuffed dates.

And once she sent them angel food
And they returned ice cream;
Another time for purple plums
They gave us devil's dream.

She always keeps enough for us
No matter what she sends.
Our goodies seem much better
When we share them with our friends.

And even if they didn't, why,
It's surely lots of fun,
'Cause that way we get two desserts
Instead of only one!

TOOTSIETOY

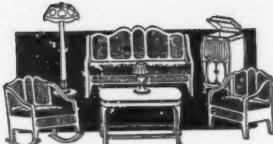
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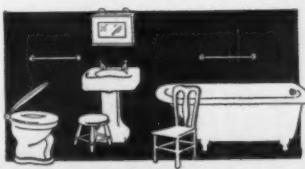
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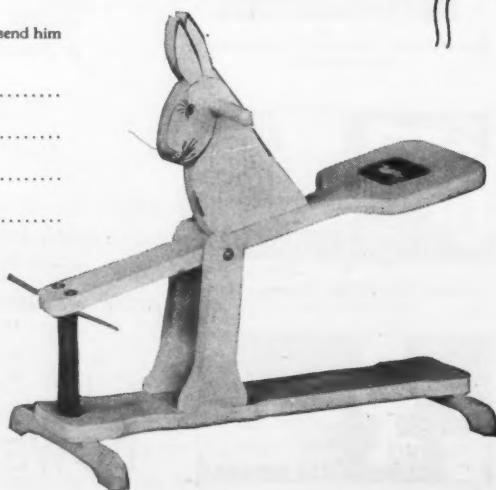
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The cooks who were in our kitchen last year will remember the delicious candied orange peel we made, and the fun it was to get it ready beforehand, pack it in dainty boxes and send it to friends. Of course, you already have hunted up your recipe and are planning to make a lot more for this year's fun. If you have come to the kitchen since last Christmas, do try to borrow a recipe. We wish we could print it over again, but there simply isn't a line to spare; so borrow it if you can.

For this year we have a wonderful plan. We're going

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

A MERRY Christmas to all! We're sure that the CHILD LIFE Cooks will have a merry time, for cooks are busy people and

make the Christmas pudding for the family dinner, and if that isn't big and grown-up, we don't know what is! So get your thinking caps on, read carefully,

and do your best, for this is very important business and there simply are not going to be any mistakes.

Plan to start your baking about two hours before the dinner is served—one hour for making the pudding (you may not need that long, but better allow it anyway so as to make sure there is no last minute flurry), fifty minutes for baking, and ten minutes for taking up. The sauce—yes, it is to have a wonderful pudding sauce—can be made while the pudding is baking.

For utensils, you will need a tin or aluminum baking pan with a ring in the middle.

You know the kind that makes a cake with a hole in the center?

We'll talk later about what happens to the hole. You will need a piece of clean, light brown paper cut exactly to fit the bottom of your baking pan; cut out the place where the ring stands up and be sure the paper fits without a wrinkle. Then you will need a mixing bowl, a measuring cup for dry ingredients and one for wet, a mixing spoon, a teaspoon, and a flour sifter.

Read over the recipe very carefully to make sure that you have all the supplies called

(Continued on page 832)



THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

DOLLY INVENTS NOISELESS HEELS

Amelia Finkelstomhopper is the most ingenious doll we ever met. She's always making something. She makes faces, fudge, and a bee line for home every time it rains.

Amelia decided that she made entirely too much noise when walking, on account of the wooden heels on her shoes. She must have rubber heels. Rubber heels weren't made small enough for Amelia's shoes, however, and she was simply no good at all when it came to cut-



ting things down. Suddenly she jumped like a Mexican jumping bean and clapped her wooden hands together, making a terrible clatter.

"I have an idea!" she giggled. "I'll wear prunes!" So off she hopped to the nearest hardware store, where she bought two dried prunes, and removed her wooden heels and glued the prunes on, right then and there, with borrowed glue. Just listen very hard the next time you are in the neighborhood of Toytown, and if you hear a prunish noise, you'll know it's only Amelia passing gently on her new prune heels.

SOFT RECEPTION FOR SANTA SPOILED

Gooks and Skooks and Wooks and Pooks are Teddy Bears who love their fellow creatures! It is

only natural, in regard to this love stuff, that Santa Claus should be near the top of the list. They were discussing his coming a few evenings ago. (Funny time to talk about Santa Claus, isn't it—right in the month of December, when everybody's saving up to buy firecrackers?)

"It must be a hard jolt on the old fellow when he slides down the chimney and hits those tiles with a bang," sighed Gooks.

"I should think it would knock his teeth out," added Skooks.

"Let's try to make it easier for him," suggested Wooks.

"We might dump some pillows in the fireplace for him to fall on," contributed Pooks. The idea was hailed with joy, and the pillows were secured and placed in the grate in a jiffy.

Not so funny, however! Not so funny! The papa of the house came into the moonlit room, and, being sure that the grate was full of wood, tossed a match in. Why say more? Do you like the smell of burnt pillows? Neither do Gooks nor Skooks nor Wooks nor Pooks, judging from the way they are holding their noses.

PLEASE GIMME COLUMN

Dear Tattler:

I am a threadbare, don't-care Teddy Bear, very fond of athletics. I am constantly winning fancy dancing and pie-eating contests, and have a medal with come-in-and-go-out-again edges for porch sweeping. My favorite sport, however, is riding a bicycle. Alas, I haven't one of these vehicles! I cannot afford to buy one, for I'm investing all my money in a chewing gum ranch in Egypt. If one of your readers would please send me two old phonograph records, I can make myself a bike, using the records as wheels. My favorite selections are "Annie Laurie" and "Bye Bye Blackbird." I could ride faster on

those two than on any other songs, I believe. Please don't send anything operatic, as I've heard that opera records are liable to skid on a muddy road. Address Twatwa O'Gumberger, Front Steps of Public Library, Toytown.

Dear Tattler:

I am a lady hippopotamus in rather modest circumstances; I mean I have no money, you see. I take in washing, but give it right out again, so that doesn't help much. I'm trying to give my



daughter, Genevieve, a musical education. She is a very talented little fairy hippopotamus, and already whistles remarkably well at half past five every morning. She knows "Pollywolly Doodle All The Day," from the middle to the end without her music. She seems very fond of the pipe organ and I am writing to ask if any of your readers has one of these instruments that is no longer needed. Genevieve would call for it herself, as she is blessed with great strength.

Yours hopefully,
Agatha Mudpuddle

P. S. My husband is very fond of the water, and would appreciate a secondhand swimming pool. He has ingrowing earlobes and can't work.

Still more hopefully,
A. M.

Make Home Time the Best Time with Crysteel Juvenile Furniture

Pony and Cart Set

Beautifully finished in white, with blue boots on all legs and blue edge on table top. New Pony and Cart design in the Crysteel Table Top. Consists of table and two chairs. Price complete, \$8.50.

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An enchanting little outfit consisting of a special decorated table and two benches. Crysteel Porcelain Enamel decorated table top finished in white with wood work of table and benches in blue with little boy and girl designs in colors. Price complete, \$20.00.

Send for beautiful five-color folder describing and pricing all Crysteel Juvenile Furniture, or if one of the designs shown pleases, you may remit the price named and we will see that you are supplied, prepaid to your door.



A Delightful and Practical Christmas Gift

IN A corner of a room Crysteel Juvenile Furniture will keep busy little bodies and imaginative, eager minds interested for hours in safe and healthful play. As the scene of a terrible battle of wooden soldiers which only Crysteel Porcelain Enamel can come through unscathed, or the center of a peaceful tea party where the little hostess insists upon a dainty cleanliness, there are loads of fun in this sturdy play equipment.

Harmonious designs in permanently bright colors decorate the Crysteel table tops. Bases and legs are of enameled hardwood.

This way home time is the most delightful play time. Your investment in Crysteel Juvenile Furniture will be well rewarded by the little tots' long hours of happiness.

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of BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
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CHICAGO





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

*Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library,
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California*

"Out of the torrent and tempest I've caught them,
Out of old wars and the wings of the wild,
Out of the sunshine—but listen!
The fairest I've found in the heart of a child."

Leroy F. Jackson—"Rimskittle's Book"

LIKE the boy who waited and watched for the coming of the "Peep-Show Man," we have been on the alert for some one "with the beauty of the world beside him," who would fill all our yuletide hours with the fragrance of his tales. Now when supper is over and we sit down for our hour of companionship, we may give our invitation according to our inclination. We may invite to our fireside any one of several delightful friends, knowing that with that friend comes a tale of adventure and, perhaps, one teeming with magic and mystery.

If you come first upon that all-absorbing story of *Prester John*, time will be forgotten. You will be captured and enraptured. You will travel to "the fairest country under the stars" and you will have no wish to lose a step of the journey, though it be Christmas morning itself. The same spell which made you one with Jim Davis and Jim Hawkins—a silent world of sand and moon and sea—will again cast its charm over you. You will be part of another boy, Davie Crawfurd, who was less afraid than curious, who wanted to get to the heart of the matter, and to discover what that black giant, Laputa, was up to. As you stand for the last time in the Rooirand, among those uncanny cliffs, and see Laputa, a figure stranger and greater than any of the characters he had played, you will know no fear. Like Davie, you will be a silent, half-remorseful spectator. If you have pity it will be pity for lost romance, for vain endeavor, for fruitless courage.

Just as the story-flowers were scattered in the paths of Irish children, bewitching and refreshing hungering hearts around the turf fires on the hundred hills of Banagh, so a little handful of thousand-year-old tales comes to our fireside in *The Donegal Wonder Book*. The streeters and strollers of these tales display the same native qualities and humor that made delightful for us Seumas MacManus' other book, *In Chimney Corners*. The Little Library sends for Santa's pack two companions for *The Peep-Show Man*, upon which you will pounce with great satisfaction. The two new

editions are *The Light Princess* and *The King of the Golden River*. *The Holly Tree and Other Christmas Stories* is a gift book which many boys and girls will enjoy owning. It will occur to you, too, that some of the "bashful man's" adventures will not be commonplace at a Halloween party. Surely there is mystery in them—the dark woman who opens the door, the parrot who talks without permission, and the Newfoundland dog who makes startling discoveries.

Arthur Bowie Chrisman, who this year won the John Newbery medal for the most distinguished contribution to American children's literature during 1925, found his stories for *Shen of the Sea* through a Chinese grocer. From this very wise and kindly man of China, Mr. Chrisman bought his fruits and vegetables. As the men became friends Mr. Chrisman's interest in China grew and from the grocer he dug out the delightful tales.

The Japanese Fairy Book, told by a Japanese and illustrated by a distinguished Japanese artist, expresses the quaint charm and poetic beauty of the country from which it comes. Many of the stories are those over which we have sat spellbound and have loved for as long as we can remember—"The Mirror of Matsuyama," "The Tongue-cut Sparrow," "The Story of Urashima Taro, the Fisher Lad." While unfamiliar to most of us, the Russian folklore is not without its charm. A number of the stories in that beautifully illustrated new book called *Skazki, Tales and Legends of Old Russia*, remind us of fairy stories by Grimm, differing only in racial conceptions. Little folks who already love *Valery Carrick's Picture Folk-Tales* will welcome a new, larger edition from which they can read the stories for themselves. Both *Skazki* and *Valery Carrick's book* reveal the Russian people's warm love of nature, particularly of animals.

In *Doctor Dolittle's Caravan* the famous animal circus makes its last appearance. You will laugh with glee over Gub-Gub whose figure is greatly altered since his last appearance on the stage. The Doctor demands that if Gub-Gub is to play the part of Pantaloon, he give up all vegetables, leave pastry alone for a while and live only on rice and that sort of thing. The pig announces that when he is through with his stage career he intends to write a book on "The History of Eating" but for the sake of his art he will give up

(Continued on page 858)



CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS



Brand new story and picture books, with bindings strong and gay, and stories that will be read over and over again. Here are nonsense, legend, fairy tales, travel, information, all adapted to the youngest readers and listeners.

ELIZA AND THE ELVES

By Rachel Field. Ill. by Elizabeth MacKinstry. (6-8). \$2.00.

Here is as much about elves as any one but Eliza can safely know. Elfin conversations, quarrels, characters; how the elves grow up.



THE CHRISTMAS REINDEER

By Thornton W. Burgess. Ill. by Rhoda Chase. (6-8). \$1.00.

Here is a new Christmas legend, part true and part make-believe, that will make you envy the little Eskimo boy and girl who know the reindeer.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO



By Collodi. Pictures by Attilio Mussino. Translated by Carol della Chiesa. \$5.00.

Here is Pinocchio eating, drinking, laughing, crying; here is Italy crowding into the streets for a bit of fun; here are the Field of Wonders, the Fire Eater, gorgeously cloaked carabiniers. This great Italian story is loved by every youngster.

RED HOWLING MONKEY

The Tale of a South American Indian Boy. Told and illustrated by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van. (6-8). \$2.00

When you open this book you step into the heart of the jungle in British Guiana. The author lived in that jungle for many months and knew the little Indian boy, Arauta, and the strange animals which were his pets.



THE TALE OF THE GOOD CAT JUPIE

By Neely McCoy. Introduction by James Stephens. With pictures in line and color by the author. \$1.75.

Near the farm and the river and the meadow was a little red house. In this house lived a big, kind, good, black cat, Jupie. How lucky he was when Jean came down the road, and came in to keep house for him.



CHARLIE AND THE SURPRISE HOUSE

By Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell. Ill. by the authors. (6-8). \$1.75.

Here are Charlie and Topsy and Bingo in a new book. Since he is now seven years old, Charlie wants to know all sorts of things: what makes the new automobile go; where does electricity come from; how painting and plastering are done. He learned these things helping his father fix up a little old house for his mother.

"Books for Boys and Girls": an attractive list, classified by subjects and ages, makes Christmas buying easy. Ask at your bookshop.



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from Doubleday, Page & Co.



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By MARY LIDDELL

Story and pictures of a gay mechanical imp—the first picture book for the modern child.

\$2.00

LITTLE GIRL BLUE

By BETH A. RETNER

How a little girl of the circus found that the world was pretty nice after all.
8 to 12. \$2.00

FATHER'S GONE A-WHALING

By ALICE CUSHING GARDINER and NANCY CABOT OSBORNE

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By CHARLOTTE B. JORDON

The Deanelets—a delightful family of seven girls—and how they amused themselves in their house in Maine long years ago. 8 to 12. \$1.75

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By A. E. P. SEARING

The Hudson fifty years ago, and the games the children used to play on its banks. 8 to 12. \$2.00

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By GRACE MOON

The little Indian girl and her Navajo friend have all sorts of new adventures. Illustrated. 7 to 12.

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What a real boy really saw behind the scenes of the greatest show on earth. Illustrated. \$1.50

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If you want to be polite always in all ways, keep this book around to remind you how. 11 and on.

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C. L. SEWING CIRCLE



Conducted by ALICE COLBY JUDSON

PLEASE COME TO THE
CHILD LIFE SEWING CIRCLE
CHRISTMAS PARTY
TO TAKE LAST STITCHES

VIRGINIA sat down at her pretty desk, took out her carefully-kept Christmas list and started checking things off.

"Father—handkerchief," was crossed off, for the kerchief, daintily hemmed and trimmed with a cross-stitched initial in the corner, had long been finished, pressed and wrapped.

"Doll cape for sister," was crossed off, too, and Virginia thought proudly of the surprise her sister would enjoy when she unwrapped that pink challis cape she had long wanted.

"Auntie's glove case"—yes, it was done; "bib for cousin Dottie"—finished last evening—and so on down the list till she came to "bridge table cover for Mother."

"That's really almost done," thought Virginia, "but the elastic has to be put in and two other gifts have to be pressed. I just know some of the other Sewing Circle members have last minute things to do and it would be fun to have a meeting Saturday morning. If anyone has gifts all finished, they can bring pretty papers and ribbon and tie up bundles while the rest of us sew."

So she sent out little notices—the kind you see at the top of this page—and, by nine-thirty Saturday morning, six little girls were hard at work in the cheerful sun parlor.

The girls all admired the bridge table cover, so Virginia told them just how to make one. She used a 30½-inch square of black sateen and ¼ yard of red sateen (blue, green or orange would have been just as pretty), and 20 inches of narrow black elastic. She pressed a ¼-inch hem up onto the right side of the goods. Then she cut the red sateen into very even strips, 2½ inches

wide. She pressed a turn-back of ¼ inch on both edges of the red strips, then stitched them flat on top the black, mitering the corners neatly. This made both a trimming and a hem, you see. All this was finished so the girls could admire the neat sewing; after which Virginia cut the elastic into four 5-inch pieces, one for each corner, and sewed each piece twice, 3½ inches from each corner.

When her mother would use the table cover she could lay it on top the table, slip the elastic over each corner and—presto!—it would stay in place like magic.

Frances was making a pair of dress hangers for an aunt who was a great traveler. Hangers must be dainty and take little room to get a place in her well-packed bags. So Frances had purchased two rust-proof, wire hangers and satin ribbon ½-inch wide of her aunt's favorite shade of blue. Each hanger took two yards of ribbon.

She started the ribbon at the end of the hook, then brought it up around the curved part of the hook and whipped the edges together to make a sort of pocket for the hook. Then she started winding round and round and round, till all the wire was covered and she was back at the starting place where a few firm stitches held the ribbon firmly and made a neat finish. Had her aunt been a stay-at-home, no doubt, Frances would have finished off her gifts with a gay bow of ribbon, but for a real traveler, there must be no such trimmings to muss. Indeed, no!

Betty had a very big job on hand, for not only was she making Christmas stockings for her own family but for the basket her class planned to take to a needy family on Christmas Eve. She used white tarlatan (mosquito netting would have done, though rather flimsy), and she found that ¾ of a yard made about three stockings. For a pattern, she pressed her own stocking smooth and flat and then allowed for seams. She stitched the two pieces together for

(Continued on page 838)





Books that are a part of childhood

Here are books that should be within easy reach upon every nursery bookshelf

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

By Robert Louis Stevenson

In these verses, the author speaks for all children of the things which interest them,—of the wind in the trees, of the golden sand on the shore, of the swing by the garden wall. This is an unusually appealing edition with its ten color plates and numerous black and white drawings by Ruth Mary Hallock. Price \$1.50.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

By Dinah Maria Mulock-Craik

This story of the sad, little prince who was imprisoned in a great tower on a lonely plain but who finally escaped and became a great king is a juvenile classic whose popularity never wanes. With richly colored illustrations by Hope Dunlap. Price \$1.50.

THE MERRymAKERS

By Louise Ayres Garnett

When all the gay people who live in Mother Goose rimes travel out together on a holiday jaunt it is indeed a merry time as the delighted, young reader of these verses will soon discover. The pictures in color by James McCracken are as entertaining as the verses themselves. Price \$1.25.

THE PIED PIPER

By Robert Browning

It is long since the piper lured away the children of Hamelin Town but the lilt of his piping still lives in this fine narrative poem which brings children instantly under its rainbow spell. The illustrations by Hope Dunlap are of unusual appeal. Price \$1.50.

THE MUFFIN SHOP

By Louise Ayres Garnett

Among the customers who came to the Muffin Man's shop in Pudding Lane were many persons of great renown in the nursery, including Little Bo-Peep, Jack and Jill, and others equally charming. Rollicking verses relate their adventures which are cleverly pictured by Hope Dunlap. Price \$1.25.

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CHIP'S CHUMS

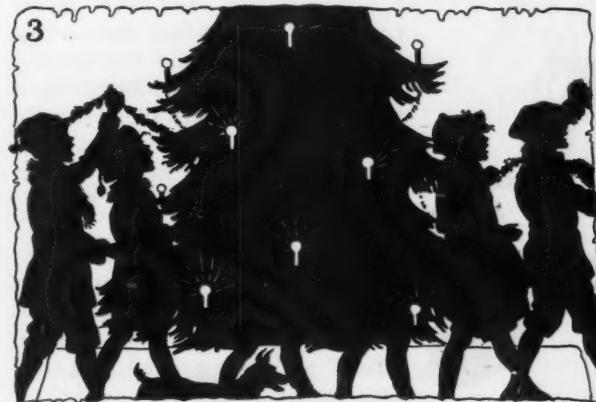
BY MARJORIE BARROWS



1 Ted was chosen to sing a solo at the Christmas Tree Party. He practiced it from morning until night—even while making a snow man with Dick and Betsy Ann.



2 Chip promptly stood on his head and howled. Of course everyone laughed—even Ted. And I guess the snow man got excited, too, for he couldn't keep his head—on!



3 On Christmas Eve all the children of the neighborhood marched around and around the tree in the park, singing beautiful carols. Then it was time for Ted's solo.



4 For a moment he forgot to remember not to be afraid. So Chip decided to do his upside-down solo and everyone laughed. After that Ted sang his song beautifully.



L.K. DEAL

5 Everyone who took part in the program—Chip included—received stockings filled with nuts and candies. Then they started for home, wishing the whole world "A Merry Christmas!"

Santa's TOY-KRAFT *Christmas Specials*

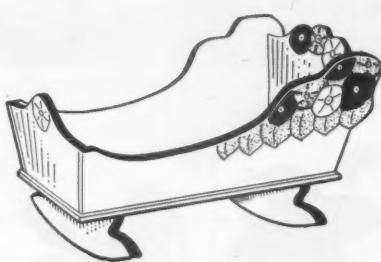
TOY-KRAFT CRADLE

Strongly made of selected pine lumber. Beautiful in shape and highly artistic in finish.

Color—Old Ivory with hand painted flowers in red, blue, green and yellow. Finest enamels and lacquers only used in decorating. Can be washed repeatedly without affecting the colors.

Size 14 inches long, 8 inches wide, 6 inches high.

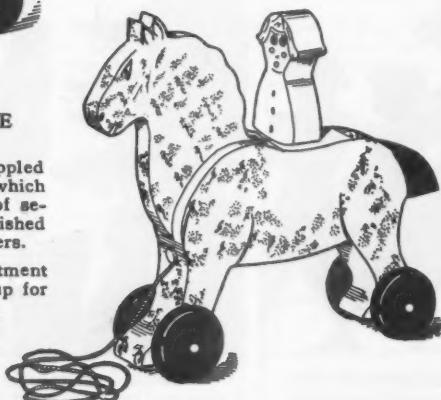
Price \$2.00 at any toy or department store, or sent direct from factory carefully packed and postage paid, on receipt of check or money order.



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New and very clever. Sturdy dappled gray circus horse with quaint rider which can be removed at will. Made of selected pine lumber and hand finished with high grade enamels and lacquers.

Price 50c at any toy or department store or sent direct with Lion or Pup for \$1.00. Check, money order or cash.



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So life-like you can almost hear him bark! One of the most popular of our new numbers. Made of selected pine lumber and hand painted with high grade enamels and lacquers.

Price 50c at any toy or department store, or sent direct with Lion or Circus Horse for \$1.00. Check, money order or cash.

When ordering by mail be sure to list items clearly and write name and address plainly.

THE TOY-KRAFT COMPANY
FACTORY AND STUDIOS, WOOSTER, OHIO

CROSS-COUNTRY CARAVANS

By GRACE MARION SMITH

THAT was what Jerry called his new game. He suggested it one afternoon when they had all been reading and were tired of sitting still.

It was different from the real caravans, because all the "camels" were side by side, not one following the other, as you see them in pictures. They had to stand quite a distance apart because each one held one arm horizontally out at one side with the palm down.

Jerry walked along the line and laid on each outstretched hand, at the knuckles, a peanut. At the signal, "Go!" the players started to walk across the room and back, and then across and back again. The one who finished first, with the peanut still in place, was winner and scored ten points.

Winnie won, and this rather annoyed Ed. He had been so sure he was going to win and he had lost his peanut before he was half-way across the room the first time.

"I can beat you all at this one," he challenged. "Put the peanut on the toe of your shoe, and see who wins."

No one was able to even get across once with the peanut still on his shoe. Perhaps you can do it.

Bunce had been reading "William Tell," and he suggested that they try carrying an apple on their heads. He won in that contest, and they found out he'd been carrying an apple on his head in the backyard circus.

Then Burt Morton suggested carrying a chip on a shoulder. They had a jolly time. Winnie scored the most points.

Then they took the peanuts and apples in to the grate fire and roasted them.

THE TIME TO BE GOOD

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

LITTLE Fir Tree in the wood,
Try now to be very good—
Then they'll invite you presently
To be a truly Christmas tree!



RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES

by **Rebecca McCann**



LITTLE RUTH GREY

THREE was a little girl
And her name was Ruth Grey.
She always insisted
On having her way.

If her friends wouldn't play
What she wanted them to,
She said, "I'll go home then,"
Or "All right for you."

She spoiled all their fun,
And to tell you the truth,
They grew pretty tired
Of stubborn young Ruth.

One day she went coasting
With Martha and Ted.
She said, "Let's go *this* way,"
And jerked at the sled.

"We can't," answered Martha.
"The snow is too deep,
And under the snowdrifts
It's bumpy and steep."

Ruth gave one more jerk.
"I'll go home then," she said,
When backwards she tumbled
And heels over head!

Down the hill to the bottom
They watched poor Ruth go,
Till she sank out of sight
In the deep drifts of snow.

They ran down to save her
In spite of their fears,
Though they should have had rubbers
Clear up to their ears!

"Excuse me," said Ruth
When she came into sight.
"This hill is too bumpy . . .
I see you were right."

Then they went to the good hill . . .
And Ruth learned that day
That it's sometimes more fun
To give others their way.



REBECCA McCANN



For Your Little Girl—

A Real Kitchen Cabinet! “just like Mother’s!”

Imagine how your little girl will delight in owning a kitchen cabinet “just like mother’s!” A real cabinet—built just her size.

For years to come it will bring her pride and joy as well as hours and hours of helpful instructive training.

The Playroom Kitchen Cabinet is shown above. See that roll front. It really runs up and down—just as smoothly as on big cabinets. See those cunning doors that open and close—with genuine spring catches. There's a real porcelain work top, too,—and regular base cupboards. In fact, all those little details that give youngsters so much pleasure in having something like grown-ups—all the reality which makes children's play so much fun—have been carefully studied and put in this cabinet. Playroom Kitchen Cabinets are built by experienced cabinet-craftsmen.

Surprise and Delight Her— this Christmas

You can find no finer Christmas gift for your little girl than this wonderful Playroom Kitchen Cabinet.

Compare it with toys of equal size and equal quality—you will instantly recognize that the price is remarkably low.

Every cabinet is 39 inches high and finished in beautiful, durable white enamel. In construction, hardware and finish, it is built to last for years.

Send no Money

Simply send the order coupon below or write a letter. The cabinet will be sent by express—you pay on delivery, plus a slight shipping charge.

If you know any little girl you want to make happy beyond all measure—if you want to make a gift of constructive, instructive fun—then send now for a Playroom Kitchen Cabinet! Order now!

PLAYROOM EQUIPMENT CO.
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Playroom Equipment Company 1812 Tribune Tower, Chicago, Ill.
<input type="checkbox"/> Enclosed find \$11.00 for which please ship Playroom Kitchen Cabinet.
<input type="checkbox"/> Ship Playroom Kitchen Cabinet C. O. D. \$11.00.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

THE HOLLY GOBLIN

(Continued from page 769)

could cut the whole tree down and carry it as it is—it looks so pretty.”

The oldest boy took his arm down and looked at them with surprised reproach. “No,” he said. “No, someone else has done all the work. We have no right to them. It would not be fair. Now—we won’t have any—Christmas, not even an orange for the baby.” With a broken-hearted cry he threw himself face down in the snow, and the other two, seeing his despair, also began to cry.

The Holly Goblin quickly took a fern seed from his pocket and put it in his mouth, hopped down from the tree and put a tiny hand on the shaking shoulders of the oldest boy.

“Get up,” he said softly, “and take the wreaths. We made them for you and you will sell them *all*. I—as well as all the fairies of Hill Forest—wish you a merry Christmas.”

For the second time that day the children could not believe their eyes, for the little fellow was plainly visible.

“Oh, are you a fairy?” they gasped.

“Yes, I am the Holly Goblin and I am giving you my last tree, but you must tell no one.” Taking off his pointed cap he made them a low bow, his hand on his heart. “Again,” he said smiling, “I wish you a merry, merry Christmas!” and with that he took the fern seed out of his mouth and put it in his shoe. Instantly, where he had been standing, there was nothing left but two little sharp pointed footprints in the glistening, white snow.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT

LUCY A. K. ADEE

The cattle gently lowed,
The ass softly brayed,
The little lambs bledated,
The shepherds knelt and prayed;
The stars together sang,
The flowers for joy all wept,
The angels smiled upon Him,
While the little Christ Child slept.

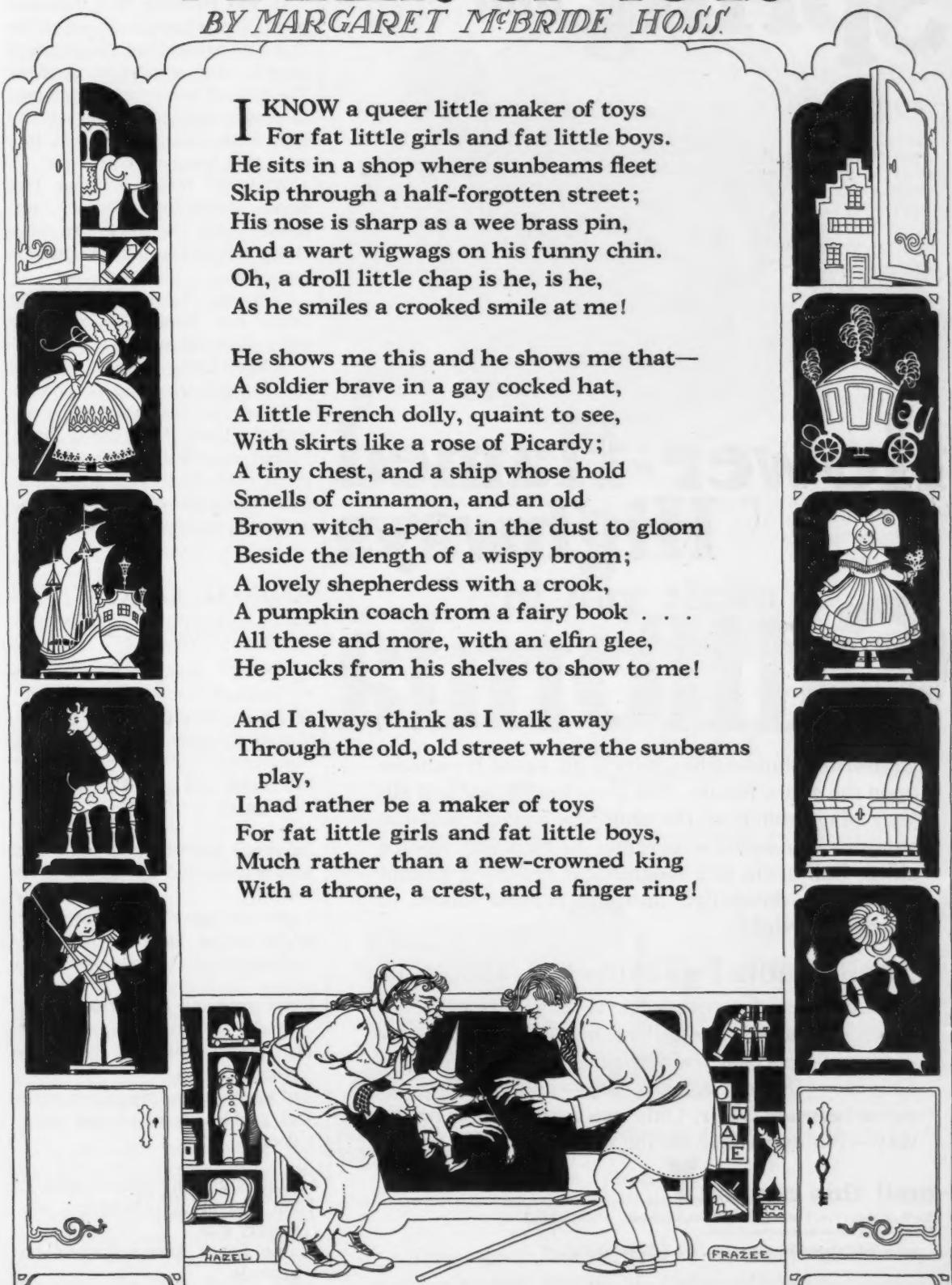
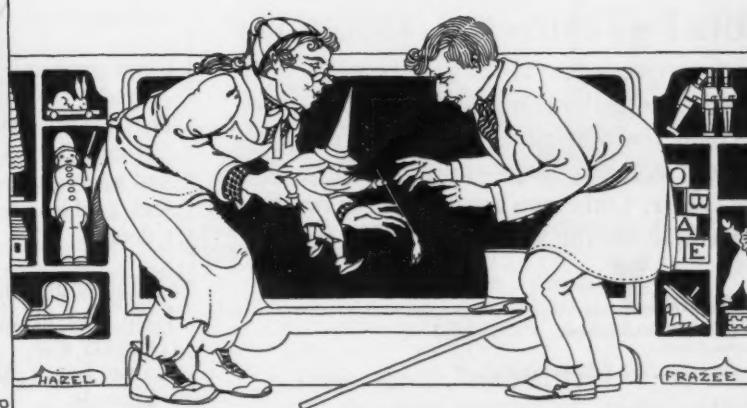
The MAKER OF TOYS

BY MARGARET MCBRIDE HOSS

I KNOW a queer little maker of toys
For fat little girls and fat little boys.
He sits in a shop where sunbeams fleet
Skip through a half-forgotten street;
His nose is sharp as a wee brass pin,
And a wart wigwags on his funny chin.
Oh, a droll little chap is he, is he,
As he smiles a crooked smile at me!

He shows me this and he shows me that—
A soldier brave in a gay cocked hat,
A little French dolly, quaint to see,
With skirts like a rose of Picardy;
A tiny chest, and a ship whose hold
Smells of cinnamon, and an old
Brown witch a-perch in the dust to gloom
Beside the length of a wispy broom;
A lovely shepherdess with a crook,
A pumpkin coach from a fairy book . . .
All these and more, with an elfin glee,
He plucks from his shelves to show to me!

And I always think as I walk away
Through the old, old street where the sunbeams
play,
I had rather be a maker of toys
For fat little girls and fat little boys,
Much rather than a new-crowned king
With a throne, a crest, and a finger ring!



Spring and



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California showers her gifts with equal lavishness upon the entire family. She gives health, joy and all-year playgrounds to the children; variety and the stimulus of a novel experience to men and women alike. California is a magnificent relief—a gallant adventure—dovetailed into the prosaic labors of every-day living.

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De-Luxe or otherwise—travel as you choose. All Santa Fe trains are excellent, but *The Chief* is new—superb—a regal train with \$10 extra fare from Chicago—\$8 from Kansas City—and worth it, because finer and faster. Only two business days on the way—No extra fare on the other Santa Fe trains.

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Send me free California Picture Book and Grand Canyon Folder

THE SMALL FIR TREE

(Continued from page 771)

It was standing in a beautiful room, just opposite an open fire that was redder than the clouds at sunset. And wonder of wonders! The fir itself was covered from base to crown with colored lights and little frosty bells, while on its topmost twig hung a golden star!

While the little Christmas Tree stood, wondering, a door was opened, and the same two little children it had seen in the autumn peeped in.

"Oh, see the lovely tree that Santa has brought!" cried the older of the sisters.

"Good Santa Claus!" laughed the younger, clapping her hands.

"Then he *was* Santa Claus!" said the Small Fir Tree to itself. "What beautiful presents he has given me! The older trees were right—we never can tell what will happen in the woods."

ANIMAL CHRISTMAS

POLLY CHASE

SANTY always forgets my animals,
So I decorate a Christmas tree
Out in the barn for my dog and
my pony,
My turtle, and guinea pigs (seventy-three).

I give my dog a harness and collar,
And a bone tied up with a silver string;

I give my pony a lump of sugar.
(He'd rather have it than anything!)

I give my turtle some squashy seaweed

That Daddy bought at the animal store,
And every guinea pig gets a carrot
And gobble it up on the stable floor.

I'd rather give my animals presents
Than find in my stocking a nice
squirt gun,
'Cause Santy always forgets my animals,
And they never get presents from anyone.

THE PRICE OF THE PARROT-SWAN

(Continued from page 782)

"Perhaps it was stolen, and the thief sunk it to hide his traces," was Rod's suggestion. "We may find a clue."

"I guess all the clues would have leaked out by this time," Bob laughed. "What you going to do first, Jerry?"

Jerry had the whole procedure planned. "Soon's it's dry we'll calk the seams and putty them, then brace the sides and scrape her and paint. She's going to be the best looking—"

"But where's your calking cotton and putty and paint?" Bob interrupted. His situation was a bit difficult. He didn't care to seem unduly interested, for, if the project fell through, he preferred to stand on the side lines and yell, "I told you so!" If, however, Jerry could make a good-looking craft out of the old wreck, he wanted to share in the glory.

Jerry wasn't quite sure of his own ground, now, but he was an optimist. "We found the boat, didn't we? And she's got to dry first, anyhow. I guess by that time we can rustle some putty and a little paint for her. I believe white would be best, Rod, if we call her the 'Swan,' as you said. 'Retriever' would be a good name, except she's not big enough. But she's got lines, though, and boy, won't it be great to have a boat of our own? We'll—"

"Ss—st!"

At the warning, Jerry hushed and looked in the direction Bob pointed. A white-haired, bowed figure was coming down a path that ran through the sumacs near the shore. Funny they had never noticed that path before. It seemed well worn, but it must lead nowhere, from nowhere.

The man was almost upon the boys before he raised his head and saw them. He was visibly startled, but not more so than they. Instead of what they might have expected, from the white locks and bowed shoulders, the man before them looked almost young, certainly not

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"Schoenhut" Toy Pianos

This is the fifty-fourth year of continuous and increasing sales of these wonderful toy pianos. When buying a Toy Piano be sure the name

"Schoenhut"

appears on the front of the Piano; any other name appearing designates that it is not a "Schoenhut."

"Schoenhut" Toy Pianos are far more than toys; they teach a love of music from the time a tot can strike a key.

The keys in the keyboard are spaced accurately the same as in a big piano. Each "Schoenhut" Toy Piano is correctly tuned, and will never get out of tune.

You can get genuine "Schoenhut" Toy Pianos from 50c to \$35.00 each. A very popular and fine "Schoenhut" Upright or Baby Grand Toy Piano is sold for \$5.00—it has eighteen keys and is finished very handsomely. If your dealer cannot provide you with "Schoenhut" Toy Pianos write direct to us.

Humpty Dumpty Circus

Many of the children who got "Schoenhut's" Humpty Dumpty Circus Toys when they were first produced are parents now, and on Christmas morning they will get a new thrill as they watch their own little children put the clowns and animals through their tricks again. Here is a toy that encourages the natural child instinct to create and develop something new and different. Sets cost from \$1 to \$35 depending on the number of pieces. If your store doesn't sell them, send for a price list and we will send you the toys direct.



Alphie Blocks Unique A-B-C Blocks

While playing with these blocks, lithographed on one side with animals, on the other side with cunning children, the small child is unconsciously learning the alphabet. These are ideal blocks for spelling, building, etc., even ten pins can be played; several rubber balls with each set.

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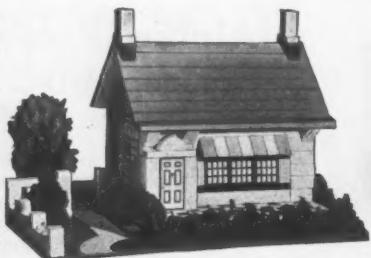
Build Your Own Home with "Falcon" BILDMORE BLOX



You can plan and build different styles of Houses and Bungalows—Churches—Railroad Stations—Bridges—Schools—in fact you can use "falcon" BILDMORE BLOX in all kinds of different ways. You can make Tables, Chairs, Beds and other furniture. Your "building operations" always "come out right" because "falcon" BILDMORE BLOX are cut on the "multiple unit" system in length, width and thickness. In other words "falcon" BILDMORE BLOX are mechanically correct building materials.



"falcon" BILDMORE BLOX appeal to both Boys and Girls—from 2 to 10 years of age. The desire to "create something" and the pleasure which children enjoy when they can plan and "work out" building problems put "falcon" BILDMORE BLOX in that class of playthings which have a sustained interest. There is always the incentive to "make something different" so the youngsters never "get tired" of playing with these practical and indestructible toys.



The larger sets make possible more elaborate buildings and more different forms of construction

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The fact that real "construction work" can be done with BILDMORE BLOX makes them extremely interesting to older children and even to "grown-ups."

Go to your dealer first—if he cannot supply you send in the coupon and we will ship prepaid.

American Mfg. Concern, Falconer, N. Y.

Please mail at once, postage prepaid:

<input type="checkbox"/> "falcon" set of 224 pieces, cabinet No. 9350	\$3.50
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Enclosed is \$_____ for BLOX specified. You are to refund money if I am not satisfied.

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more than forty-five. He was rosy-cheeked and behind his eyeglasses his eyes, Jerry thought, must sometime have twinkled, for they were a soft, clear blue with tiny squint-wrinkles about the corners. They were not twinkling now, though. They were looking very far away, and hardly seeing the boys at all.

"G—good afternoon," the man mumbled, and hurriedly retraced his steps along the sumac path.

The three R's looked at one another in amazement, not sure whether to laugh or be frightened.

"Who in the world was that?" Rodney demanded.

The others shook their heads. "I've seen him, I think," Jerry said. But he couldn't tell where.

"Then I'm going to find out about him," Rodney declared. "He looked queer, I tell you. Maybe he has something to do with this boat."

Bob and Jerry laughed so heartily at this notion that Rodney flushed. "He isn't all I'm going to investigate, either," he said defiantly. "See this?"

He drew from his pocket a small flat key, slightly corroded along its worn grooves, but otherwise well-preserved. The boys examined it curiously.

"Where'd you find it?" they wanted to know.

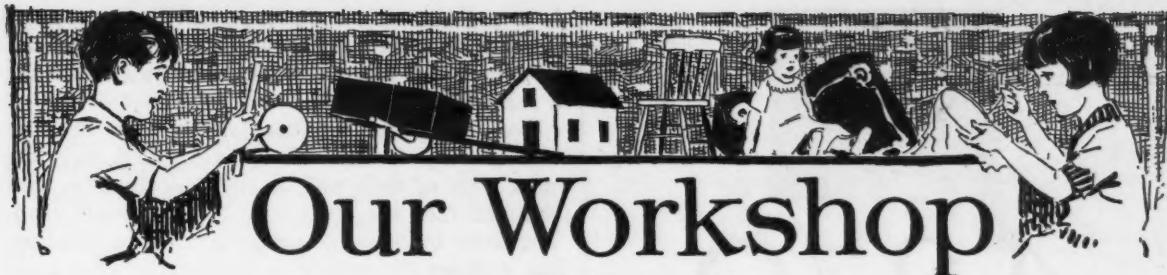
"In the boat. But that's all I'm going to tell you, till I've investigated more."

"Investigate all you like," Jerry laughed. "I don't believe you'll find out anything and you'd better not. Now let's scatter and see what we can find for braces and paint and stuff. Each of us will bring all he can to-morrow. How about it, Bob?"

Bob, deciding at last that the project was worthy of his efforts, agreed to help.

Besides, it looked as though their real adventure was in sight.

(Part II of "The Price of the Parrot-Swan" will appear in the January issue of Child Life.)



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc.

A DOLL BUNGALOW

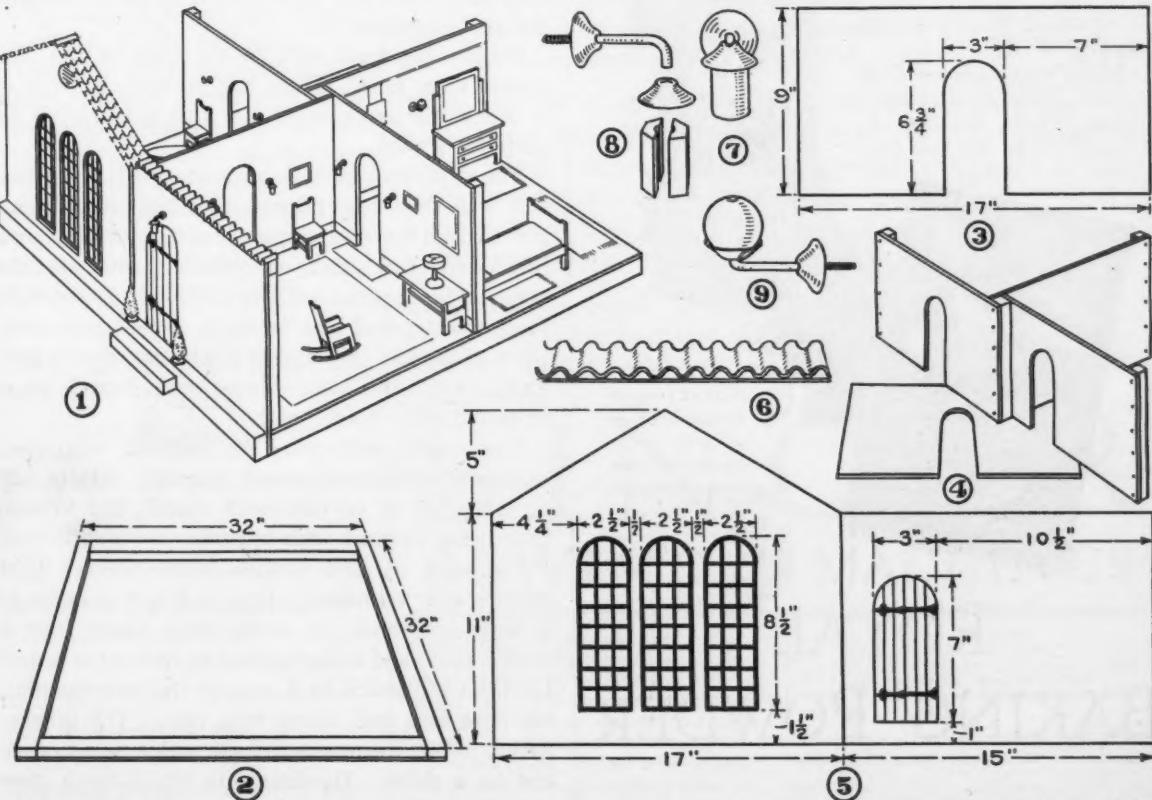
YOU probably have always thought of a doll house as being made of wood. And, indeed, most of them are. But the little Spanish bungalow shown in Fig. 1 is of wallboard, and it is quite the easiest house to build that I have yet designed. Of course, you boys will be interested in this, not as a toy for yourself, but as a Christmas gift for Sister or some other girl relative. You will have lots of fun making it, and you can let Mother and Father share in this. There is plenty of work for all, because when the bungalow is built it must be decorated and furnished, and that means making furniture, too. Suggestions for the furniture were given last month, so before long the building should be ready "to move into."

You can buy wallboard at any lumber yard, or

a carpenter will get it for you. A panel 32 inches wide and 6 feet long will be more than enough for the bungalow. In addition, you will need a strip of "1-by-2" for the base framework, and a strip $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch square and one $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch square for partition battens.

The first thing to make is the base framework, shown in Fig. 2. Cut four pieces of 1-by-2, two 32 inches long and two $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and nail their ends together to form a square frame. Then cut a piece of wallboard 32 inches square for a floor, and glue and tack it to the frame. The easiest way to cut wallboard is with a saw. Sawing will roughen the edge, but if you take some sandpaper and sandpaper this, it will soon be smooth again.

The four inside partitions are of equal size. Fig. 3





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ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

is a pattern. Three have arched doorways, two in the center, the third to one side. A keyhole-saw or bracket-saw is best for cutting openings, although a sharp jackknife will do.

For assembling, cut four $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips and one $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch strip 9 inches long. Glue and tack the outer edge of each wall to one $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch strip, then glue and tack the inner edge to the $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch strip. The latter becomes the center post of the building. Fig. 4 shows the method of lapping the walls upon the center post. Coat the lower edges of the walls with glue, stand them upon the wallboard base, and nail through the base into the ends of the five posts.

Outside walls may be omitted, but at least one, a front wall, will give the building form. A rear wall may be added also, if you wish.

Fig. 1 shows a front of Spanish design, and Fig. 5 a pattern for it. Notice in Fig. 1 that there is a break in the wall at the center, where the gable starts. This offset is made by cutting and gluing a second piece of wallboard on top of the first. By having wallboard double at the gable end, a piece of gelatin or glass can be slipped between the two pieces, to come over the window openings. And the gelatin or glass can be marked off with paint to indicate window frames and their divisions. Lay out the window openings shown on the diagram, and cut carefully. Also, locate the doorway, but do not cut the opening. Cover the edge of the roof with strips of corrugated board (Fig. 6), to represent tile. Glue and tack $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips to inside of the wall to support it.

Fasten the front wall to the edge of the base frame with glue. Then nail a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch strip to it along the lower edge, and nail a block to the strip for a step.

The structural work is now completed. The outside wall should be painted with flat white paint. For a rough texture, stipple the surface with a small brush and thick paint, or, omitting paint, coat the wallboard with gesso, and give it any texture you wish. Paint the step and base terrace a cement gray color, the roof tile red, the window frames and door a light green, with the door hinges and board joints indicated with black paint.

The inside walls may be painted, enameled, lacquered, calsoined, or wall papered. Floors may be enameled or covered with carpet, the kitchen floor being covered with oilcloth.

Figures 7, 8, and 9 show three bracket light fixtures easy to make. That is, Fig. 8 consists of a brass screwhook, an extra plate taken from a second hook, and a short end of an hexagonal pencil. Drill out the pencil lead, enlarge the hole to admit the hook end, and fasten with glue. The bracket fixture in Fig. 7 is made similarly with a round pencil end for a globe. The fixture in Fig. 9 has a large bead for a globe. Paint the pencil-end globes white.

STANLEY WINS THE GAME

(Continued from page 790)

with dirt. His immaculate, smooth hair was standing on end.

"Say, Stan, how do you do it?" Questions came at him from all sides. And then in the medley of buzzing voices he heard his mother's cool, assured tones.

"How wonderful! I didn't know we had such a hero in the family," she said. "Stanley, come here. Let me shake hands with you!"

With a glow of pride, Stanley stepped up and put his dirty, grimy hand into his mother's. What a peach she was! She didn't make a mistake and kiss him before all the fellows.

Later, he learned that he owed his mother's presence to Taffy's mother, who had an uncanny understanding of a boy's heart and had gone to the big house, and with Irish persuasiveness had wheedled Mrs. Westcott into coming to the schoolyard to witness Stanley's triumph.

"Sure and the poor little lamb won't feel right, 'less he's got some of his own kith and kin there," little Mrs. Wright had said.

But just then, Stanley was so pleased to have his mother there, sharing his pleasure, that he had no time to wonder who had brought her. Besides, the members of the gang had gathered around him, and with Dan leading the cheering, they were shouting, "What's the matter with Stan? He's all right!"

THE SLEEPY MAPLE TREES

ELEANOR HAMMOND

I THINK they must be sorry—
The little Maple Trees—
That they go to bed too early
To see holidays like these!

They never see Thanksgiving
Nor Halloween at all,
Because they all go fast asleep
So early in the fall.

Poor little tired Maples,
Sleeping in the breeze,
They miss the greatest fun of all—
They can't be Christmas trees!

This is the Way She Sews Her Clothes



A Real Sewing Machine for Your Very Own [Mother, Can Use It, Too!]

WHAT fun to have a sewing machine all your own—a real little Singer with which you can make all your doll's clothes yourself and even make simple things for Mother, too!

The Singer "20" is not a toy—it's a sturdy little machine that makes a perfect, even stitch. It is so easy to handle you can set it up and be sewing in a jiffy. It comes in a strong, attractive box and is so conveniently small, that Mother can tuck it in her bag or trunk for use on trips or vacation.

Best of all the Singer "20" costs so little that every little girl can have one. Show this page to Mother. She'll be glad to know you want to learn to sew.



This is the Singer "20" a junior sewing machine for girls, that even a four-year-old child can easily use. Clamps to any table edge and sews perfectly. And it's safe—a special presser foot protects little fingers.

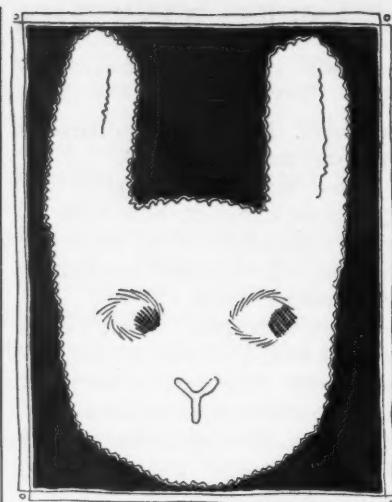
SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Mothers! There's no better way to interest your little girl in sewing than to let her start now with a Singer "20". You can get one, in an attractive gift package, for only \$5 at any Singer Shop. Or, if more convenient, simply use this coupon, and we will send you one by mail. (You can pay the postman.)

Singer Sewing Machine Co., Inc.
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Please send me a little Singer "20" sewing machine, and I will pay the postman when he brings it. [Note—Of course you may send the \$5 now if you prefer.]

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THE WHITE RABBIT

By HAZEL SAMPLE

THERE was once a little boy called Boy Blue who didn't like to have his neck and ears washed. He'd cry and wiggle and push the washcloth away from him.

And one day when he was in the tub playing with the soap and his mother hadn't even begun to wash his neck and ears, he heard the funniest little giggle. And right there on the edge of the tub was a funny little white rabbit. The rabbit laughed and laughed at him and wiggled his ears and looked so cute. But it wasn't a real rabbit at all. It was made of a piece of white turkish towel and inside were Mother's fingers making the rabbit's ears wiggle.

After that Boy Blue just loved to be rubbed and scrubbed with the little white rabbit. Sometimes Mother made the rabbit talk, and Boy Blue had the cleanest neck and ears of anybody and never again did he mind being washed.

Here is how we make the rabbit. Take two pieces of turkish toweling, about six by eight inches, and cut out the ears. Sew all around, leaving the bottom open like a mitten. Hem the bottom and work two big eyes with black darning cotton and a nose with pink yarn or thread. There, you have a cunning washcloth! By slipping it on over your hand, you can wiggle the bunny's ears with your fingers.

QUEER CHUMS

IT MAY seem funny to think of animals having chums, but many crea-

By A. HYATT VERRILL
Author of "Harper's Book for Young Naturalists,"
"Harper's Aircraft Book," "Harper's Wireless
Book," "Jungle Chums," "Deep Sea Hun-
ters," and "Boys Book of Whalers."

tures do have chums that are faithful friends throughout their lives. Indeed, sometimes these chums are necessary to their friends' lives and if one dies or is taken away, its chum soon pines away and dies also unless it can find a new chum.

The ugly, scaly crocodiles and alligators have dainty little birds for their chums, and it is a strange sight to see the big reptiles basking in the sunshine

with open mouths, while white herons, blackbirds and other feathered friends walk and hop about within the great creatures' jaws. These chums of the crocodile act as dentists and pick out the bits of meat and fish that stick between their big friend's teeth.

The rhinoceros also has a feathered chum known as the "rhinoceros bird," who helps the huge beasts by devouring the ticks and mites which are troublesome, and, in addition, the rhinoceros birds act as look-outs and warn their ugly chums of any approaching danger. Buffaloes have bird chums also, and common cattle have feathered chums known as "cowbirds" and "tick birds" which are welcomed by the cattle as they pick the ticks from their skins.

But there are still stranger chums than any

of these beneath the surface of the sea. Nearly everyone who has been to the seashore

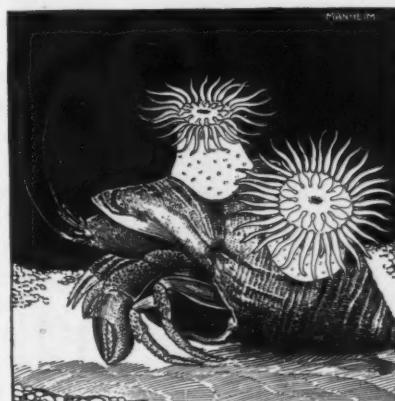
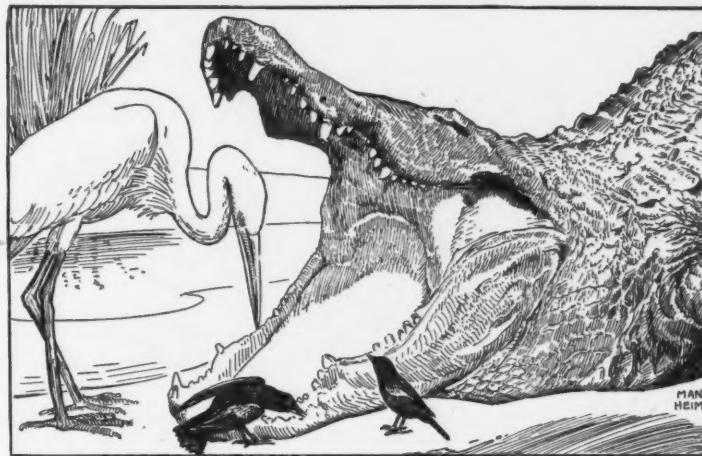
has seen hermit crabs, those droll, lively little chaps that scuttle over the sand with shell houses on their backs. And most people who have been to the seashore and are interested

in nature must have noticed the beautiful sea anemones, which look like delicately tinted flowers, in shady pools among the crevices of the rocks. Sea anemones are really animals and not plants, however, and

they feed upon minute creatures which they kill by means of delicate poisonous tentacles. Nearly all sea creatures have learned to avoid these beautiful but poisonous animals—but not the hermit crabs. These fellows do not fear the anemones; they are good friends, and some species of hermit crabs and certain

species of the anemones are never seen without the other. Indeed, so chummy are these two very different creatures that when the crab grows too big for his shell and has to move into larger quarters, he carefully removes the anemone from its resting place on the old shell and transplants it to the new one. Perhaps, you wonder why the crabs and anemones

should be so friendly. The reason is that each one helps the other. The poisonous anemone keeps fishes and other enemies of the crab



away, while the tiny morsels of food dropped by the crab make meals for the anemone upon his back.

Spider crabs also are famous for having chums. Not only do they carry anemones upon their rough hard backs and transplant them each time they change their skin, but some species cover themselves with sponges, seaweeds and marine growths. Oftentimes, spider crabs are caught covered with such things and people who do not understand think they grew there accidentally. But in reality the crabs plant them very carefully and, like a real gardener, keep them

trimmed, until in time they form a little sea bower that completely conceals the crab and protects him from his enemies.

But it is not alone among crabs and sea anemones that we find queer chums in the sea. Many fishes have lifelong chums and are seldom or never seen without them. Of the commonest of these is the remora or "suck fish," a long, slender fish which has the top of its head covered with deep wrinkles arranged to form a powerful sucker. By means of this the remora attaches itself to a shark, whale, or turtle and secures free transportation without the trouble of swimming by itself. But the remora is a very selfish sort of chum and, like many a human chum, picks up an easy living on the remnants of his friend's meals and has a good time generally without giving any

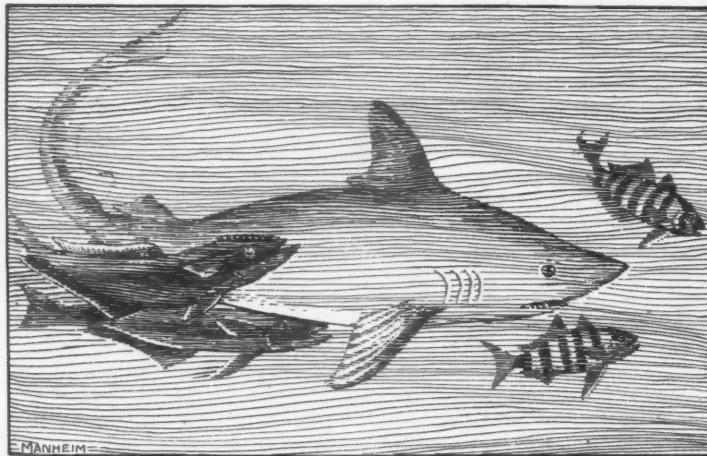
services in return. In China and some Oriental countries remoras are used by the natives for capturing other fish and turtles. The fisherman fastens a ring with a long cord attached to it about the body of the remora just in front of the tail, and when a turtle or a shark is seen the remora is tossed overboard. The lazy fellow at once fastens himself to the larger creature and clings so tightly that by hauling in on the line, the fisherman pulls both the remora and his unwilling chum into the boat.

Another chum of the sharks is a pretty black and yellow fish known as "the pilot," owing to

the fact that one or two of them are almost always found swimming beside or just ahead of the ferocious creature with which they are so chummy. All old sailors will insist that these "pilots" really guide the sharks to good feeding grounds and, in return for their services, receive stray morsels from the sharks' meals.

But whether they actually pilot the sharks or not, the pilot fishes find safety by keeping close to their savage chums and are protected by the sharks from enemies. And no doubt, too, they do serve the sharks in some way, for the sharks never attack them or drive them off.

There are countless other queer chums among marine animals, but perhaps the strangest of all is a little blue fish known as the "pastor" or "Portuguese man-of-war fish," so called



MANHEIM



because he is the chum of a kind of jellyfish known as the Portuguese man-of-war. This jellyfish is a beautiful and wonderful creature consisting of a bright colored pink and purple iridescent float from which hangs a great mass of long, streaming tentacles covered with thousands of stinging organs so powerful that they prove fatal to any marine creature which is foolish enough to come within their reach.

Yet, marvelous as it may appear, the pastor fish is never harmed by his chum and swims about amid the stinging tentacles with perfect freedom. Here he is absolutely safe from enemies and leads a carefree, happy life and repays his protector by sharing his meals with him.



CABLE CATCHERS

BY MAUDE DAY BALTZELL

BOYS and girls like *Cable Catchers* because there are so many surprises when playing it. Half of the players are in one room and half are in another. There must be a door between the two rooms that has a keyhole.

The two groups of players form two lines according to heights, with the shortest child at the head of the line.

A string at least six feet long is provided, and also a small hairpin. The hairpin is used to draw the string through the keyhole. The string is now called the *Cable*. The two shortest ones from either side take hold of the ends of the string with their thumbs and forefingers only and, turn about, each pulls twice. If, when the first one pulls, the cable slips from the other's hand, the other one may *catch it before* it is drawn into the other room. The one that succeeds in pulling the cable into his room claims his opponent. If neither gets the cable into his room, each goes to the foot of his own line.

The two sides take turns at having their players have the *first pull*.

The side wins that gets all the players, or that has the most players when the game stops.

"BIG BOY" of Educational Pictures at play with "BIG BOY" Toys

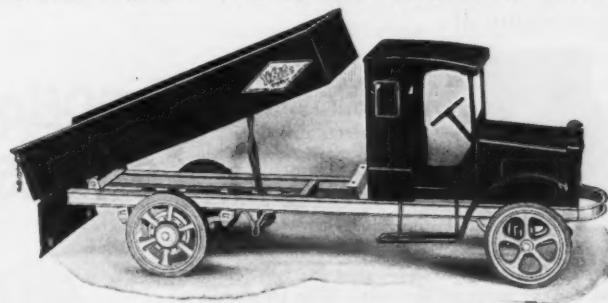


Give Him a "WHITE" Truck this Christmas

WHEN you come to the name "White" on a toy truck, you are looking at the toy which has proven to be the cause of the most radical change in toy construction in a decade. Its effective appeal to youngsters and parents alike gained for it front rank in sales thruout, which it has retained, as witness the greatly increased demand in subsequent years.

Its size, bigger than anything previously made; sturdiness, far more substantial than until then thought necessary for any toy; full of details and play features, not "make believe," but realities which have meant so much to the real boy, are the salient features back of the "White" dump truck popularity.

It is an exact replica in toy size of the real "White" heavy duty truck to be seen in the roadways of the world. It is a "chip off the old block." Equipped with solid rubber tires and a cutout garage in two colors supplied free with each truck.



Size: 25x8½x10 inches. Weight: 10 pounds.
Price: \$6.75 in all good toy stores.

"BIG BOY" and "TRUMODEL" Toys

The "White" toy truck is a member of the now famous family of "BIG BOY" and "TRUMODEL" toys. They are easily recognized by their brilliant appearance, large size and obvious ruggedness. They are practically indestructible, for they are made to withstand rough handling. It is the line of toys that "grows" in the home, for when you are ready to give your youngster another "BIG BOY" toy, the first one will still be in duty, possibly requiring no more than a touch here and there on the paint coat.

A varied assortment: Steam Shovels—Motor Driven Derricks—Universal Cranes—Oil Tanks—Fire Engines—Grain Elevators, etc., etc., from \$3.50 to \$50.00 in all good toy stores.

Write for descriptive booklet

KELMET CORPORATION

200 Fifth Ave.
New York City



The "sole" way to buy children's shoes

HERE'S the "buying guide" for many thousands of mothers when getting shoes for their children. No quick-wearing or stiff, ill-fitting shoes for their boys or girls! They know that Acrobat Shoes fit naturally and easily and with such yielding comfort that they are a delight to little feet.

During the critical years of growth every child needs the protection of



Many attractive styles in all children's sizes.

**ACROBAT
DOUBLE WELT
SHOES**

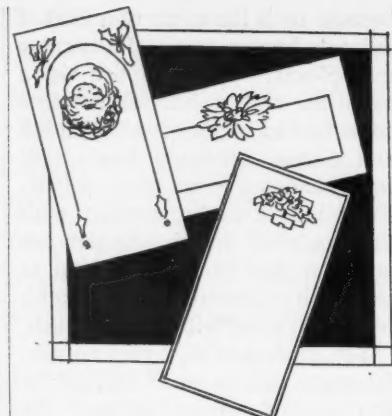
Look for the name on the sole! The patented Acrobat "Double Welt" provides advantages found in no other shoes. They are as smooth inside as a silk stocking—no "filling" between soles, no lumps nor ridges, no tacks nor pegs. And they are *rip-proof* and practically water-tight.

Get This Helpful Booklet

Take your children to the ACROBAT dealer in your town. Write us for his name and we will also send you this booklet giving many helpful, practical suggestions on the care of children's feet.

Shaft-Pierce Shoe Co.
559 3rd St., Faribault, Minn.

Specialists in Children's Good Shoes Since 1892



SEALING WAX FUN

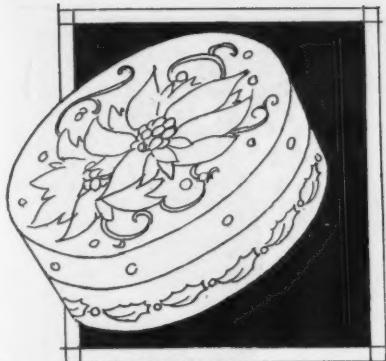
By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

GAY Christmas cards and boxes may be made by using sealing wax for paint; spools, match ends, pencil tops, thimbles, etc., for brushes; and, for designs, whatever original ideas you may wish to carry out in bright colors.

Take a stick of sealing wax of the shade you wish to use, and crush it into fine fragments in a small jar that has a screw top. Pour sufficient denatured alcohol over the wax to cover it, screw on the top, and let it stand for about twenty-four hours. By that time the wax ought to be soft enough to spread easily. However, if you wish to thin it still further, this may be done by adding more alcohol. If the mixture should be too thin for your requirements, by leaving the jar uncovered for a time to allow some of the alcohol to evaporate, you will produce the desired thickening effect.

Now take the plain white card you wish to decorate. Dip the





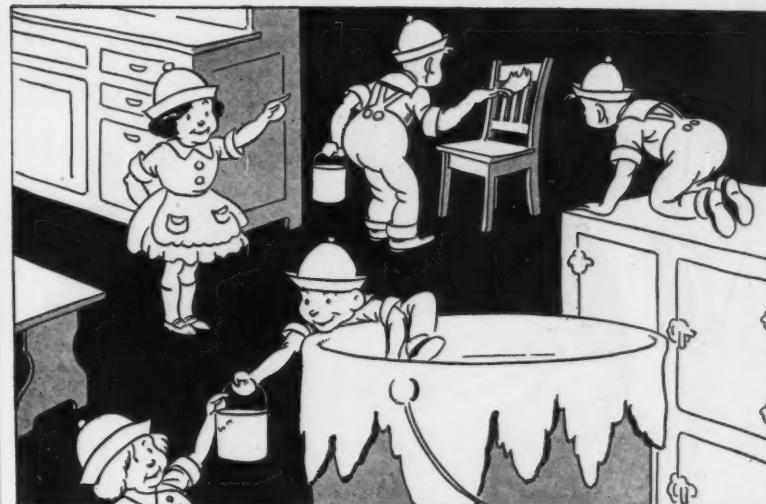
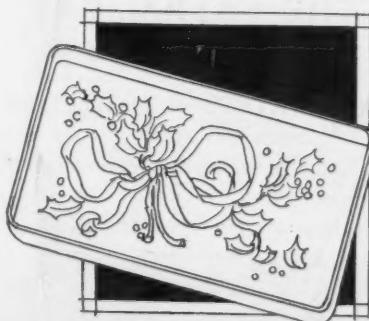
round, rubberless end of a pencil in your jar of wax, and then stamp firmly on the card. A number of these round wax spots of various colors may be built into a very decorative Christmas tree design, as on the box shown in the illustration. Spool-ends, either whole or carved in sections, make a larger design like the poinsettia shown here. And, with a combination of pencils and half-spoons, the holly-wreath design may be stamped on box or card, as you prefer.

By thinning the wax to the consistency of milk, and using a fairly stiff brush, the whole card may be tinted in variegated shades, and a Christmas seal added to give the effect of a hand-painted design. Boxes may be tinted in the same way with the thinned wax, and Christmas seals pasted on the sides and in a corner of the cover. Or the thicker sealing wax may be used to stamp any design you can invent, on the plain white box.

Covers for protecting books on train trips may be made of heavy white paper, tinted and stamped with the wax designs, and the title printed with a sharpened match-end dipped in the wax.

Round tin cracker boxes may be painted solidly inside and out with

(Continued on page 833)



The Tiny Arcadians plan a surprise for Santa Claus

"If only I could find something new in toys," sighed Santa Claus, "but I guess that's too much to hope for."

The tiny Arcadians overheard him. And so they planned a real surprise—a new toy furniture set for the old, old game of "playing house"—one that wouldn't break easily—that looks real. Santa gasped with joy when he saw the first one. So tremendous were his orders that even the Tiny Arcadian women were pressed into service in assembling room and paint shop.

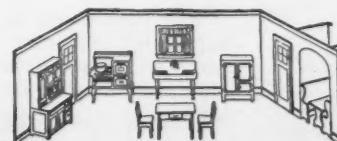
Every piece is just like the big pieces that are so popular with Mother in her real kitchen. There is a tiny Roper Stove, a Gurney Refrigerator, a Crane Sink, a Boone Kitchen Cabinet, Table and Chairs, and a Curtis Breakfast Nook, all in spotless white lacquer. Each complete set carries a background that makes a real kitchen.



The Tiny Arcadians also make many other splendid cast iron toys—Yellow Cabs, Mack Dump Trucks, Fordson Tractors, Chevrolet Coupes, Fageol Safety Coaches, and other popular models, with or without rubber tires. Thousands of mothers endorse them by liberal purchases.

All the better toy shops and stores carry these well-made toys; or write us—we'll see that you are supplied.

ARCADE MANUFACTURING CO., Freeport, Ill.



ARCADE TOYS

"They look real"



this will be your choice *Row-cycle*

Puzzled parents checking over their Christmas gift lists will welcome the suggestion of the Row-Cycle as the ideal solution of the gift problem for all youngsters of the family.

Your choice of a Row-Cycle is one sure to be appreciated by the kiddies. Nothing would give them more wholesome fun the year around, and nothing could be more beneficial from a health standpoint.

The Row-Cycle is sturdily built to withstand severest treatment, and comes in two sizes—one for 6 to 10 year-olds, and the other for 10 to 14 year-olds.

Children like its disk wheels with balloon tires, its universal joint metal steering gear, and its nickel radiator cap—all just like Dad's own car.

Give them a real treat this Christmas! Give them a pleasure-giving, health-building, Row-Cycle that they will enjoy the year around!

Let us know if your dealer does not carry Row-Cycle and we will send you full information about it together with price and delivery. An inquiry will not obligate you in any way.

PUFFER-HUBBARD MANUFACTURING CO.
2603 32nd Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.



THE CUDDLE CAT

By HAZEL SAMPLE

MARY Elizabeth Annabel Lee wanted a kitten, and so her mother promised to make her a cuddle cat. And this is the way she did it.

She took the leg of an old silk stocking, for he was going to be a black cat. She made him quite long, for he must have a tail and must be stuffed. At the small end of the stocking she cut ears and sewed it across. Then she stuffed it full of nice soft cotton and sewed it up, winding the thread round and round to the end of the tail. After that she sewed on buttons for eyes, and with red silk thread she made a nose and mouth. Its whiskers were white. Last of all, she tied a nice red ribbon around his neck and made a pretty bow behind. And when she had finished it looked like the cat in the picture.



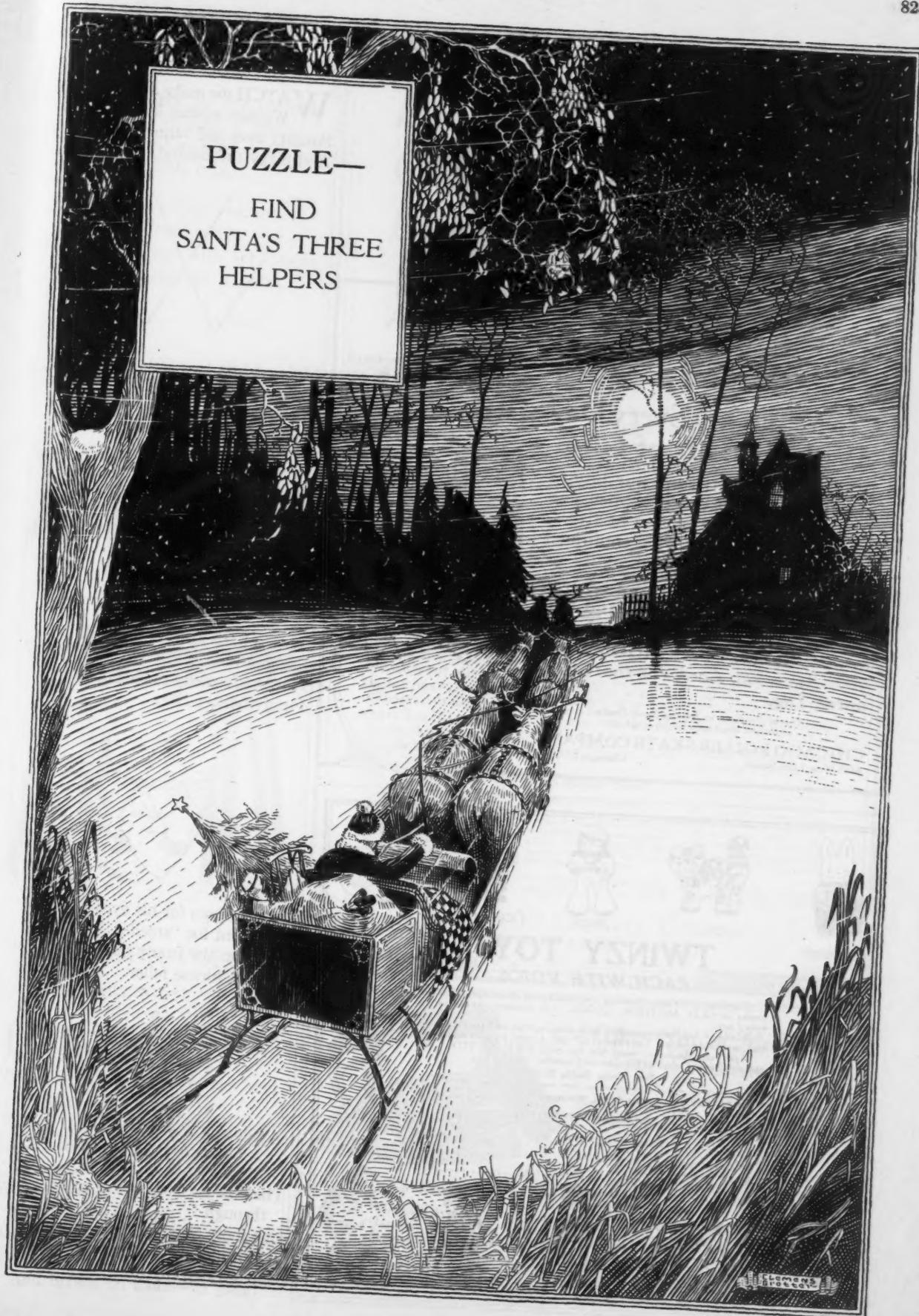
THE CALICO CAT

LUCILE REESE THURBER

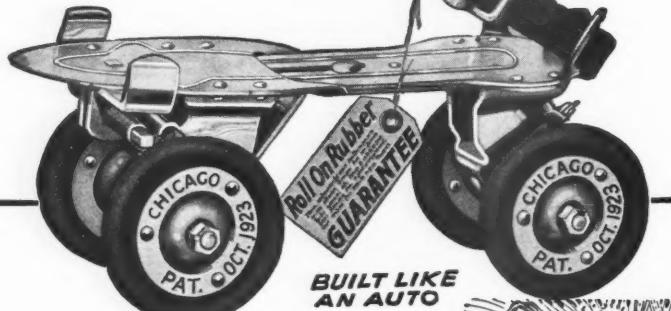
MY KITTY is cunning and black and white,
And I never knew him to scratch
or bite.
He has wriggly eyes and a whis-
pered grin,
And his tail is the funniest part
of him.

PUZZLE—

FIND
SANTA'S THREE
HELPERS



"CHICAGO"
Roller Skates
RUBBER TIRES



**Christmas Joy Every Day
With the Gift of Gifts**

What greater gift for your boy or girl than "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Roller Skates. For robust health—for heaps of fun, they give continued happiness the year around.

The shock absorbing disc wheels, cushioned in rubber tires and ball bearing make them glide silently and swiftly. Be sure "CHICAGOS" head your Xmas list. **Look for the Guarantee Tag.**

*At your Hardware or Sporting Goods Dealer
or shipped direct upon receipt of \$4.00*

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE COMPANY
4455 West Lake Street
Chicago, U. S. A.

*Roll on
Rubber*



Join
Our Club
"Roll on Rubber."
No Membership
Fee—Just send
name and address
with 10c to cover
postage and mailing
for Club Skate Pin.
Monthly Prizes
Open to all.
Write Today.

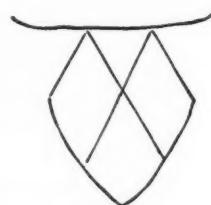
THE CHINA MAN

By MILLY S. BAIRD

WATCH me make a China man.
Washee-washee kind.
Squinty eyes and funny hat
And piggy-tail behind.



Make at first two little tents,
Join them in the middle,
Then another underneath.
Such a fummadiddle!



Then a path around them all,
Sagging line on top.
Now we're ready for his face.
Funny Mister Hop.



Little saucers for his eyes,
Little tent for "smeller,"
Finish up the funny hat
Of this Chinese feller.



Then his ears; We're almost
through
One more sagging line.
Touch him up a little bit.
Hop says "Velly fine."

PETER RABBIT CAT SAILOR BOU BLUE GOOSE GANDER

COW BOU

**TWINZY TOYS
EACH WITH VOICE**

Represent the most famous and best loved characters from the books of OLD MOTHER GOOSE. A nursery rhyme is on every toy.

Made of Art leather stuffed with clean cotton and painted with fast, washable colors. Toys about 12" tall. Loved by girls and boys. Ask your dealer or send 50c for each TWINZY TOY. 10c extra delivered west of Rockies or Canada.

Box Twin Dolls \$1.00

TWINZY TOY CO., Battle Creek, Michigan

I enclose \$..... for following TWINZY TOYS.....

Name
Address City

MISTRESS MARY DOG SOLDIER TOM PIPER'S SON CHICKEN

TABLE MANNERS

RUTH BARROWS

WHEN I eat up my porridge
I eat it with a spoon;
I mustn't make a noise at all
Nor sing a little tune.

But when my kitten's hungry
I think it's rude of her
To eat her dinner with her tongue
While broadcasting a purr!



POP CORN POLLY

MAY WHITE

I USED to be a perfect fright,"
Sighed pretty Pop Corn Polly.
"My dress was very brown and
tight;
They called me 'Homely Molly'!
I fell into the fire one night—
It seemed a fearful folly—
When I awoke I felt as light
As any paper dolly—
And then I found my gown was
white
And brown no more—oh jolly!"

CROWELL BOOKS

CROWELL BOOKS

A TREASURY of VERSE
for School and Home

This might well be called a literary bouquet of the flowers of poetry selected from the most appropriate works of both English and American poets. It is carefully graded, beginning with pieces suitable to the nursery, and leading up through school day selections, to poems for general reading.

Our Friends
at the Farm

By E. C. Davies

Delightful glimpses of the faithful beasts of burden, feathered friends and furred animals found on the farm. Well illustrated in fine and color, by Edwin Noble and L. R. Brightwell.

160 pages, 8vo. \$1.50

Eveli and Beni

By Johanna Spyri

Eveli is a neglected, misunderstood child living on a farm. On her way to school, she meets a little crippled boy, Beni, who cannot go to school, and who is even more neglected than she. In her shy efforts to bring a little sunshine into his life, she finds a still larger mission of usefulness. This is another appealing tale by the author of "Heidi."

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A good companion to "Our Friends at the Farm," introducing other animals less often seen, but well worth knowing. A great deal of information is imparted interestingly in an informal, conversational style. Miss M. S. Johnson, a sympathetic painter of animals, pictures them in drawings made from direct observation.

150 pages, 8vo. \$1.50

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By Nellie M. Leonard

Delightfully droll stories in which mice are given human roles. They formerly appeared separately and have been widely popular.

370 pages, illustrated in line and color, \$2.00

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M. G. EDGAR
and
ERIC CHILMAN

544 pages, delightfully
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line by Honor C.
Appleton. 8vo.
\$2.50

Stories of
Swiss Children

By Johanna Spyri

The author of "Heidi," the best loved of all children's stories, has written many other stories of the quaint life in the Swiss Alps. These are some of the very best. Each character is presented so appealingly that children will feel they are almost companions.

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A classic from among all books for girls! Jo, Amy, Beth and Meg are as well loved-to-day as when they first came from Miss Alcott's pen, half a century ago. An especially attractive edition, both in text and pictorial treatment.

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393 Fourth Avenue, New York

CROWELL BOOKS

CROWELL BOOKS



To Mothers

The Midget Toy Electric Iron is safe. Can be connected to any electric light socket same as regular iron. Send the coupon and satisfy yourself that it is absolutely safe at our expense

Give Her a Midget
for Christmas

A real Toy Electric Iron that never gets hot enough to burn Dollie's clothes. All little girls love to play with it.

Fill Out and Mail

NORTHERN ELECTRIC CO.
Dept. CL-D2, 2825 N. Western Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Please mail a Midget Electric Iron. If I do not wish to keep it, I will return it in 5 days and you are to refund the \$2.50 I am enclosing.

Name

Street

City

State



Do You Want a Doll Like Ruth's?

Ruth's baby doll looks exactly like baby sister or baby brother who is only a week or so old. She is so little that she cannot talk but she surely can cry. Ruth can really take off and put on all this baby doll's clothes. There is a long white dress all trimmed with lace and a petticoat to match, a diaper which really pins and long white stockings. She shuts her eyes and goes to sleep as soon as Ruth puts her to bed, as she is a very good baby. When Ruth takes her out for a walk, she wraps her all warm and cuddly in a Baby Bunting blanket. And—best of all, she won't break.

Wouldn't you love a baby doll like Ruth's for your very own—without cost?

YOU CAN EARN THIS BABY DOLL BY YOURSELF

(It is 14 inches tall and unbreakable)

Just take this copy of CHILD LIFE and show it to the mothers of your playmates. Tell them all about the things that give you such a good time. Show them the fascinating stories, games, plays, cut-outs, and puzzles. They will want to know about Child Life Kitchen, Sewing Circle and Boys Workshop, too.

These mothers will quickly understand that CHILD LIFE gives you real pleasure and they will want their own boys and girls to have CHILD LIFE and all the fun it means.

Send us three new subscriptions—two of them to go to an address other than your own—and the \$9.00 you have collected. If you want twin baby dolls send five subscriptions and \$15.00. Be sure to send your complete name and address so we can send the doll at once.

Write to the Doll Lady today

Esther C. Johnson, Doll Lady,
CHILD LIFE, Dept. D-6
536 South Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can have one or more of the baby dolls for my very own.

Name
Street Address
City State

TAP-THE-LINE!

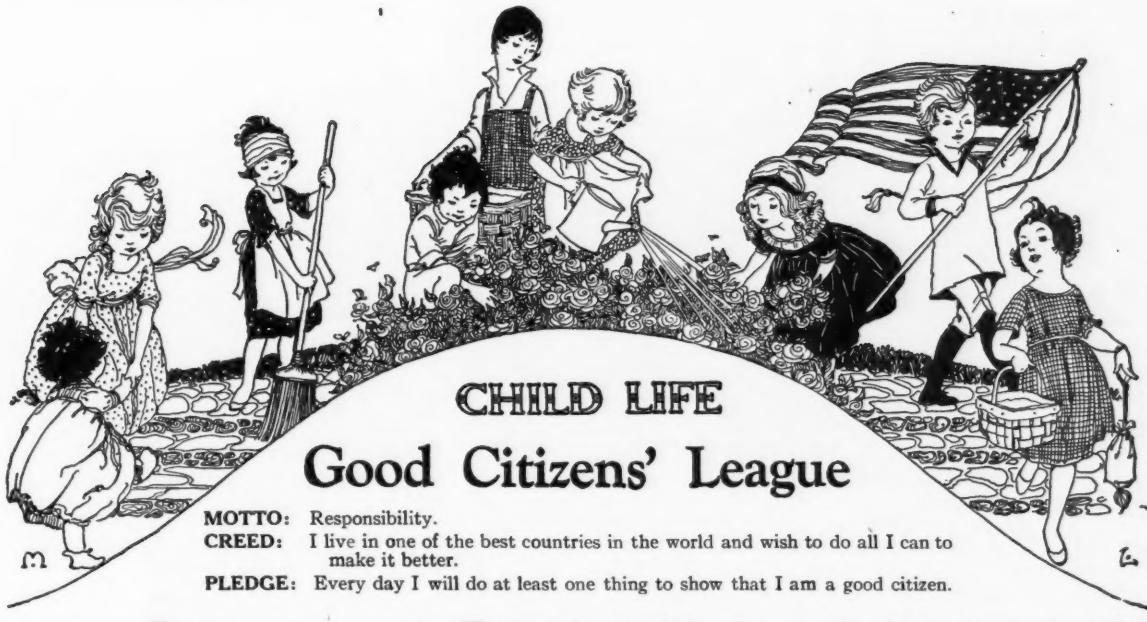
By FRANCES ELLEN FUNK
(Adapted from the old Dutch Game of "Verlos.")

THE game may be played by any number of children. The first child to be "Tapper" is "*It*," and he starts at once to chase all of the other children around the room until he manages to tap one, who is named "Bogey." When Tapper has touched Bogey, they race each other to the "Pole" which is in the center of the room. If Bogey reaches the Pole first he, or she, is free and may go back into the game; but if Tapper gets to the Pole first, then Bogey must stay with one hand touching the Pole, or with one foot against it, while Tapper runs after the other children. The Tapper has to be very careful, as he chases the children about the room, not to let any of them come near to the Bogey, for if the Bogey is touched by any child, he is released from the Pole and then he is free to join the game again.

If the Tapper can keep the children away from the Bogey until they are tapped, each child, when tapped, must join hands with the Bogey; and they form a line which grows longer and longer, as the game goes on, with the Pole at the farther end.

The game now grows very exciting, as the longer the row of "tapped" children becomes, the easier it is to reach and touch it; and at the same time, there are fewer children who are still free and running from the Tapper. This, of course, makes it easier to catch them.

If, when the game is almost finished, and almost all of the children are in the line with the Bogey at the Pole, the Tapper should chase a child too close to the line and the child should touch any one in the line, all of the players in the line are released and race to join the game again. The chasing and tapping starts all over once more, and the same Tapper must do the chasing.



CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Peace

"Because Christmas is the birthday of the Prince of Peace, we have chosen 'Peace' as our subject for December," said Miss Bradley solemnly.

The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League were meeting at the home of their counselor and laying their plans for the busy holiday month.

"This business of being a good citizen," Miss Bradley went on, "has come to mean even more than being loyal to one's own nation. It means being a world citizen, too; it means having an understanding and love of peoples other than our own. When we become world citizens, we shall be doing our part toward bringing about international brotherhood."

Miriam's face lighted up. "And if we really have international brotherhood," she said, "there will be no more wars and the world will know the peace that Jesus gave."

"Yes," said Miss Bradley, "and perhaps it will be the children of the world who will bring peace."

"I don't see how that can be," said David. "Why, Miss Bradley, just think of all the wise people who have suggested plans for stopping

war. They haven't succeeded; and—well, folks don't think very much of what we children believe."

"But if you have the right ideas as boys and girls," the counselor went on, "you can put them into practice when you are grown. After all, if men love and understand each other,

practice international friendship?" Bill asked.

"You can do your part," said Miss Bradley, "by trying to understand the boys and girls of other nations, by reading about them and by knowing how they live. I'm sure we shall find it very interesting, if each of us during the month will find out how the children of another nation celebrate the Christmas season; then we can tell each other at our meetings."

"I speak for Italy," said Miriam.

"I'll look up England," offered Bill.

Then Elizabeth had another suggestion.

"Don't you believe," she said, "that we shall understand the children of other countries better, if we know the new Americans who have immigrated from those countries to our own? Let's invite all the new American boys and girls in town to our Christmas party."

On Christmas Eve, the members of the league went from house to house, singing Christmas carols. And when they sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men," there was a new, exultant ring to their voices, for they had a new vision of what peace meant and of how they could help the world to realize it.

Message from

WILSON L. GILL

Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League

AS THE Golden Rule has been preached by the ancient and modern Jews, by the followers of Confucius and of Buddha, and by Christians, both Catholics and Protestants, and most of us learned of it at Sunday school, it has been looked upon as religious, or "goody-goody," but we can now see that it is *civic*, and the necessary foundation of successful democratic citizenship, and of true and lasting peace and prosperity for any community and for all nations.

By means of the School Republic it is possible to bring about the general use of the Golden Rule by the people of every nation, and the cost will probably be only a fraction of what a presidential campaign would be. By means of the School Republic the entire population can be reached in childhood, the Golden Rule made operative and habitual, the sacredness of the ballot and efficiency in democracy gained, developed, and made permanent. The moral and civic revamping of our people and of every nation can be accomplished in this way. By no academic or other process is this possible.

there will be peace. And if children everywhere will strengthen their international friendships until they have only kind thoughts for one another, hate and prejudice cannot exist and war will be impossible."

"But how can we—we, the members of the Brocton league, I mean—



*With the
Best of Gifts*

WHAT FINER GIFT than Planert's "Northlight" or "Winner" Skates? They will give real delight on Christmas morning and enduring pleasure through many winters to come.

Tell Mother or Dad you want Planert's because they are "The World's Best" Tubular Skates. Every pair guaranteed.

Be sure to order early while Santa's stock is complete. At your dealer's, or direct.

F.W. PLANERT & SONS, Inc.

Mfrs. of Quality Skates for Over a Quarter Century

939-41 N. Robey St., Chicago, U.S.A.



RACER • HOCKEY • RINK
For Men, Women, Boys and Girls
Price \$7.50 and up



LOOK FOR THESE TRADE MARKS ON THE SKATES YOU BUY!

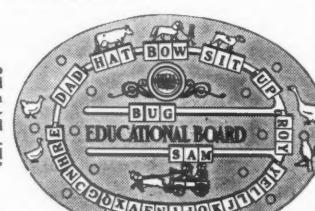
SANTA CLAUS KNOWS BETTER THAN TEACHER



**GET THEM A CRESSCO SET
No. 112 FOR \$1.00**

The only board that shows the entire alphabet on two straight lines. If you can't get it at nearby dealer, send \$1.00 to us. We'll get it to you at once. Keeps clean and bright, is unbreakable, does not mar or tear. Beautiful colors. Buy No. 112 for Christmas and you will buy other styles later to keep pace with baby's growth. Cressco Sets are the original "play-learn," Educational Boards. Don't buy substitutes and expect "Cressco" satisfaction.

**THE H. G. CRESS COMPANY
DEPT. C. TROY, OHIO**



EDUCATIONAL BOARD

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A Good Citizen

Peace and Brotherhood

1. I read the story of Jesus' birth.
2. I learned a new Christmas carol.
3. I learned a new Christmas poem.
4. I learned how the children in England celebrate Christmas.
5. I learned how the children in France celebrate Christmas.
6. I learned how the children in Italy celebrate Christmas.
7. I learned how the children in Germany celebrate Christmas.
8. I learned how the children of some other nation celebrate Christmas.
9. I asked a new American how he had observed Christmas in his old home.
10. I earned money to help buy the Christmas gifts I gave.
11. I made a gift for a friend or relative.
12. I made a present for a needy child.
13. I mended some of my toys to give away.
14. I helped carry Mother's packages when she went shopping.
15. I helped with a Christmas entertainment.
16. I helped decorate my home for Christmas.
17. I brought some Christmas greens to help decorate my church or schoolroom.
18. I sent my packages and greetings early.
19. I learned the proper way a package should be wrapped and tied.
20. I helped prepare a Christmas basket for a needy family.
21. I was a good sport and did not tease to know about my Christmas gifts beforehand.
22. I was careful not to give any Christmas secrets away.
23. I went to bed when told to on Christmas Eve.
24. I had only kind and unselfish thoughts on Christmas Day.
25. I promptly thanked everyone who remembered me at Christmas.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your December list of good deeds in time to reach us by January 5th, if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

Honor Roll

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during September:

Thelma Anderson	Ruby Memler
Elaine Berk	Dorothy Miller
Dorothy Buckley	Nona Monks
Carroll Connely	Marjorie Murdoch
Pauline Dickey	Ruth Nett
Frances Dougan	Alvin Pagel
Cora Feeley	Elizabeth Palmer
John Garzero	Ellen Palmer
Ella Grinder	Blanche A. Pipal
Doris Hageman	Frances J. Ritchie
Kathleen Heisey	Dorothy Roberts
Lila Henderson	Elinor Roberts
Boyd Herboldt	Carl Rockat
Earl Herboldt	Wilbur Rush
Betty Hutchinson	Mary L. Smith
Viola Kanis	Lucille Stein
Anna Kuzma	Ida Tingstrom
Edna Lake	Ida Watters
Virginia Lee	Marguerite Wilson
Minnie Lennox	Katherine E. Zeis
Ruth L. Meadors	

Contest Winners

Winners in the contest on "What Does It Mean to Be a Good Citizen?" are Madeline H. Goddard, age 9, 981 Madison Avenue, New York City; and Louise McSpadden, age 14, Chilhouse, Virginia. Silk flags, size 24x36 inches, have been sent to the winners, and larger flag sets have been presented to their schools in their names.



Conducted By LOUISE S. HUBBARD

PLANTS like to look straight up to the sky. That is the first reason it is not so easy to grow them in the house as out-of-doors. Unless you are very lucky indeed, your house plants must content themselves with light that comes in sideways through a window, and not from overhead. Look at the leaves of any plant that has been standing in a window for a week, and you will see that they have turned sideways and have flattened themselves toward the light. If you leave the plant in the window without moving it, the leaves that are growing on the side toward the room will have long, queer stems, and will try to poke themselves through the other leaves, and get to the light. Light, you know, is like food to plants.

The very best rule is to turn the plant around every time you give it water. Then every side will have light, and the leaves will not all turn one way.

How careful you must be about water for house plants! First of all, there must be a hole in the bottom of any pot or dish or box in which you try to grow them, so that water cannot stand on the roots. It doesn't do a bit of good to have a hole in the bottom of the pot, and then stand the pot in a saucer. Be sure you set the pot on a handful of pebbles, or a piece of brick, or a little pat of moss; then the water can get out of the pot, and not stand on the roots of the plant. It will not hurt

if the saucer fills with water; in fact, just as soon as you see water in the saucer, you will know that you have given the plant enough. It is better to thoroughly wet the soil every second day than to give a little bit of water every day. Unless the sun is very bright, and the room very warm, every other day is often enough to water house plants.

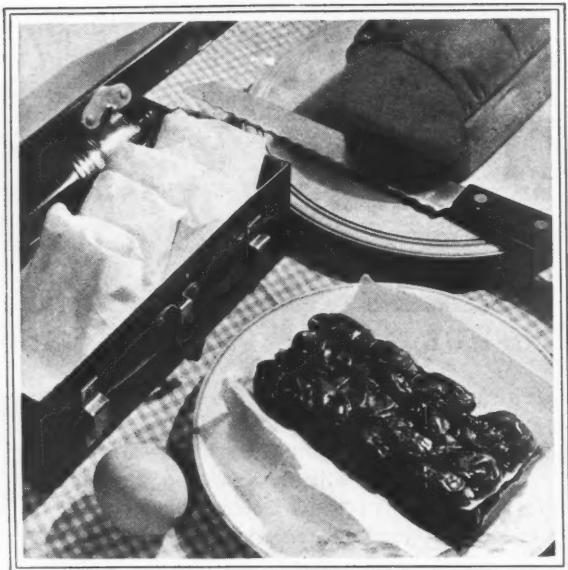
Except for the bulbs, there are very few plants that will bloom in the house in winter. It is better to try only for good green leaves. The iron-plant, the real name of which is Aspidistra, and the rubber plant are really the hardiest, surest-to-grow, but I find it just as easy and much more fun to grow good English ivy. If you just leave it alone, it will trail over the side of the pot, and back on itself, and make a good-looking pot plant.

You also can have an attractive plant by sticking two sticks deep down in the pot. Then fasten three small sticks to the first two, ladder fashion, and train the vine to grow on the little lattice.

Or you may set the flowerpot, in which the ivy is growing, in a box or pot or pan deep enough for a layer of pebbles or broken flowerpots in the bottom, and an inch of pebbles over the top. The box must be large enough to hold also a piece of a branch of a tree about as big around as your arm. The branch should be cut short enough to stand on the bottom of the box, and only stick up above

(Continued on page 844)





"Sandwiches, sandwiches— must we always have them?"

CHILDREN on their way to school—children at their evening meal—have been known to think just that.

But there is no substitute for good sandwiches. Morsels of nourishment they are, provided—

The fillings are selected with care and understanding. Above all, they must be varied. At any one time, mothers try to have at least two kinds, for frequent changes of flavor keep sandwiches popular and appetizing.

Dromedary Dates are an

important sandwich ingredient. The natural sugar of the dates, easy to digest, fills the need of a sweet sandwich. Dates, with their lime and iron content plus a mild laxative quality, are a valuable food—but it's the flavor that insures their popularity.

Sliced dates and cream cheese on whole wheat bread is a nearly perfect food-combination. Date-nut bread is good for children and so good. Mayonnaise dressing and peanut butter—both are improved as a filling by the addition of sliced dates.

Pitting DROMEDARIES

There's a new device—a comfortable thing to handle—resembling a pair of sugar tongs. It works quickly and easily—a knack soon acquired. You save time and trouble, taking the pit without tearing the fruit—a real advantage when stuffing. Keep pitted dates on hand for the children—for school sandwiches or as a nourishing confection. Clip the coupon for the pitter.

Dromedary Dates are now for sale in England, also



Dromedary Dates

THE HILLS BROTHERS CO., 110 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

Please send me the new Dromedary Date Pitter with recipe material and instruction leaflet. I enclose ten cents (in stamps or coins). Please check one

Please send me, free of charge, the little 12-page leaflet, "How to Enjoy a Package of Dates," with many useful recipes. © Hills Bros., 1926
[C.L.-Dec.]

Name.....

Address.....

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 799)

for. It is such a bore to start baking and then discover you haven't enough eggs or sugar or something. I am sure no CHILD LIFE Cook would ever do such a stupid thing as that!

Then copy your recipe on a card or in your notebook. Some of our cooks have boxes and some books, and we think both are fine because they are so neat and orderly.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Into a mixing bowl put 1 cupful of sugar 2 eggs. Crack one egg, split it apart, drop the contents into a sauce dish and then slide it into the mixing bowl. Repeat with the second egg.

1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon

1/2 teaspoonful ground nutmeg

1/2 teaspoonful ground cloves

3 teaspoonfuls cocoa

1/2 cupful butter. Have the butter slightly warm—not melted, just room temperature—so it will beat easily.

Stir these ingredients gently till they are mixed together so the spices will not fly about. Then beat and beat till the whole is a smooth, creamy mass, without a single lump.

Add 1 cupful of sour cream. Sour milk will make a very nice pudding, but for a Christmas dinner we want the best, and that means cream. Stir this in gently, too, so as not to splash.

Now sift together two cupfuls of flour and

1 teaspoonful baking soda. Sift twice into a plate.

Add 3/4 of this flour mixture to the dough and stir in well. Then beat till the dough is smooth and creamy.

Onto the plate with the remaining flour drop 1 cupful of seedless raisins and 1/2 cupful nut meats, broken fine.

Toss gently in the flour till every nut and raisin is well covered.

Slide the flour, nuts and raisins into the dough and stir till well mixed.

Now if you want something very different and very good, put in 2 tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade and you'll have everyone asking what you put into your pudding to make it so good. But if you have no marmalade handy, never mind, for your pudding will be delicious anyway!

Oil the bottom and sides of the baking pan with vegetable oil or lard, put in the paper you have already cut and fit and oil it generously.

Pour the dough into the pan, making sure to spread it out well, so the pudding will be a nice shape.

Put in a moderately hot oven and bake for about fifty minutes. Remove from the pan by running a knife around the sides and turning the pudding out onto a wire rack. Put it immediately onto the serving dish. Stick a fine sprig of holly in the hole (remember we said that hole was going to get attention!) and take the pudding to the table.

SAUCE

This sauce should be made while the pudding bakes and should be poured into a dish and set in a cool place for use when needed.

Beat together 3 egg yolks

1 1/2 cupfuls of sugar, and

3/4 teaspoonful vanilla, till the mixture is light and creamy.

Beat the three whites till stiff and fold in the sugar and yolks.

If desired, the addition of 1/2 pint of whipped cream just before serving is very delicious but is not necessary.

Now, all this is very important and grown-up, isn't it? And maybe Mother will wonder if even CHILD LIFE Cooks can make the dessert for Christmas dinner when they have never done such

a thing before—one couldn't blame her for wondering, either. So here's what let's do. About a week or two before Christmas, make this pudding exactly as the recipe says, *only* bake it in muffin rings, making a lot of little cakes. Take half the recipe if you like, but the cakes are so good you really might as well make the whole measure, for they'll be eaten up in no time anyway. Then serve them for Sunday evening tea or for dessert some week day night and call them spice cakes. Do not give people even a *hint* about Christmas pudding and, of course, do not make any sauce. The one baking will give you experience, so that when Christmas day comes you can be sure of success.

We know of two CHILD LIFE Cooks who made a Christmas pudding and they were so pleased over their achievement and their mother was so proud of them—just as proud as your mother is going to be of you—that they asked her if they might serve the dessert themselves. They giggled a little when they asked to be excused from the table, because they were thinking of the splendid surprise they had in store for the family, and they ran upstairs and slipped into quaint paper costumes they had made themselves. The family were surprised, too, when the Cooks, dressed as old-fashioned children, appeared in the doorway, carrying the steaming pudding, decked with holly. And they were still more surprised when they tasted the pudding, and they declared that it was the most delicious Christmas dessert they had ever had.

Merry Holidays to you all!

SEALING WAX FUN

(Continued from page 823)

the wax (a thicker consistency is required for a tin surface). A design of holly or poinsettias would be charming stamped on the cover and around the sides. Tin breakfast trays may be decorated in the same manner.

There is really no limit to the charming effects that a little ingenuity and a collection of colored sealing wax sticks will give you for your Christmas list.

THE IRISH MAIL

REGISTER TRADE MARK

**Best thing on wheels
for CHILDREN**

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

SOLD BY
CONSCIENTIOUS DEALERS

**HILL-STANDARD Co.
EST. 1900
Anderson, Indiana, U.S.A.**

THE TIRED BOY

CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN twilight puts an end today,
And I am tired out with play,
Then very, very dear to me
Is evening prayer at Mother's knee!



Children's properly built Shoes and Hosiery

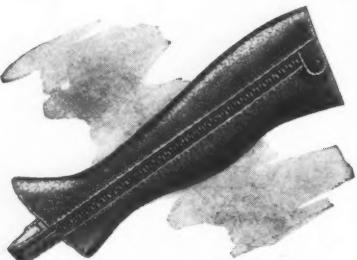
MAKE PRACTICAL AND UNIQUE
GIFTS



Novelty boots
and slippers
in many colors
and leathers
from \$5⁵⁰



Bedroom slippers of felt,
quilted satin
or leather
from \$1⁷⁵



Tan Pigot Leggings
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or patent fastener \$11⁷⁵

Imported half length
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Knee length wool
socks with vari-colored
cuffs from \$1⁷⁵

SPECIALLY PRICED
BY HALF DOZEN

J & J SLATER

415 Fifth Avenue 15 East 57th Street
NEW YORK

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXXV

By RUTH BRADFORD

THINK of two birds, the size of ravens, building every year a roofed-over nest nine feet long and four and one-half feet wide! It's the biggest nest in the world built by two birds and only used one season. Yes, my wife and I build them every year.

You'll have to come to the woodland regions of Africa if you want to see us and our home. We build, generally, in the fork of a large, low tree. Our nest, made of weeds and sticks, has a flat-topped roof, that is so strong that even your Daddy could stand on it. There is a hole in one side of it, just large enough to let a bird our size in. Inside—if you please—there are three rooms, connected by small openings and lined with clay and grass and weeds.

At the very top, safe from floods, is the bedroom. Here, on a bed of water plants, from three to five white eggs are laid. Both the father and mother bird take turns in sitting on the eggs, until they hatch. The middle room is a sort of nursery for our babies when they grow too big for the bedroom. The other room is a sort of hall, where we keep a sharp lookout for enemies. All the rooms twinkle with the ornaments we bring home to decorate with—nice bright buttons, shiny bits of pottery, and glittery bones.

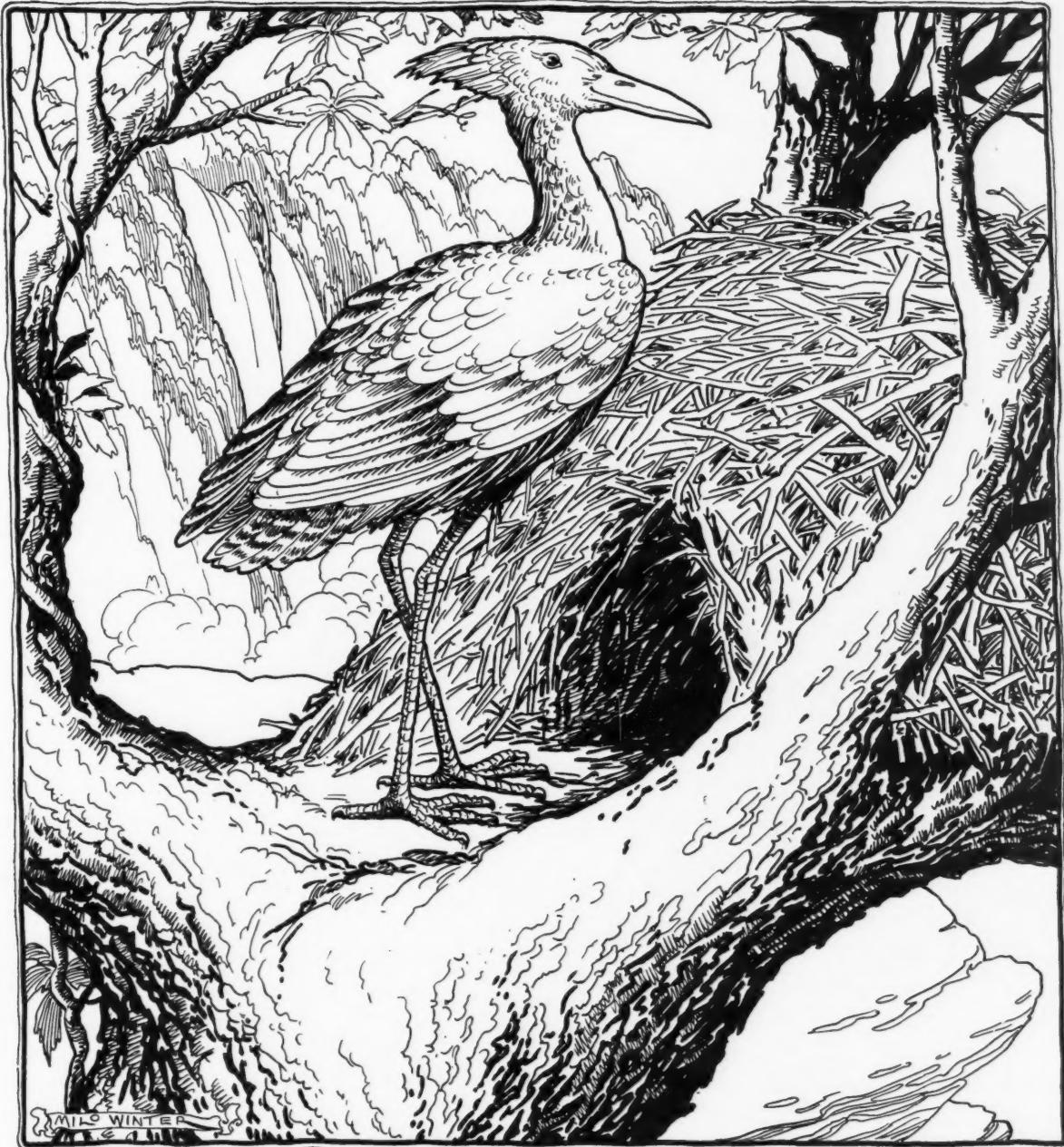
Scientists say that our ancestors way, way back—we're a very old species—used to need these strong warm nests in the olden days. We don't need them now but somehow it's a habit in our family to keep on making them.

If you ever come to Africa to look me over you may be disappointed in my appearance. Mr. Ingersoll in his interesting book "Wit of the Wild" says I am shaped something like a sandpiper and the size of a raven and am distantly related to the storks. The side view of my head, with its thick crest of feathers (worn horizontal or upright) and its long conical beak, looks like a hammer. That's why some of the natives call me by one of the names you're going to try to guess. My scientific name by the way is SCOPUS UMBRETTA. For a small wading bird, I eat all sorts of things, both dead and alive—such as fishes, frogs, worms, snails, and reptiles, you know. My friends and I prance around one another while we are feeding. People like to watch us, for we are good scavengers and are useful on African clean-up weeks!

As our flesh isn't good to eat, natives don't want to catch us. In South Africa they think we are the servants of witches. Isn't that silly? We are queer looking, though, when we come out at dusk, circle over swamps and utter strange, harsh cries.

WHO'S WHO in the ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE

Dear Children: Read about me on page 834, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before December 12. Be sure to send your name

and age and address with the page you color. The two best pages and answers by a girl win a prize, and so do the two best pages and answers by a boy. The names of the boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.



"Litho Plate" BETTER THAN SLATE **Educational BLACKBOARDS**
- make Children Happy

NOTHING has such lasting appeal for children of all ages as a blackboard. With the "Litho Plate" Educational Blackboard, your children will never tire. It provides entertainment and practical instruction for the long, dreary days when children must be indoors. Whether used for amusement or instruction, a "Litho Plate" Educational Blackboard remains the center of attraction and the novelty never wears off.

Gratify your children's inclination to express themselves and relieve yourself of the need of finding something for them to do. Let them learn while they play — the system endorsed by leading juvenile educators.

"Litho Plate" BETTER THAN SLATE
Educational
BLACKBOARDS

One popular model has 33 educational charts, three in color. The easel is made of selected oak, finished natural, and well varnished. Easel is 48" high and 21" wide. It has an unbreakable "Litho Plate" slatted blackboard and can be made into a desk with compartments for papers and pencils. Shipped by freight or express.

Price \$5.75
At Muncie

If Your Dealer Can't Supply You, Write Us

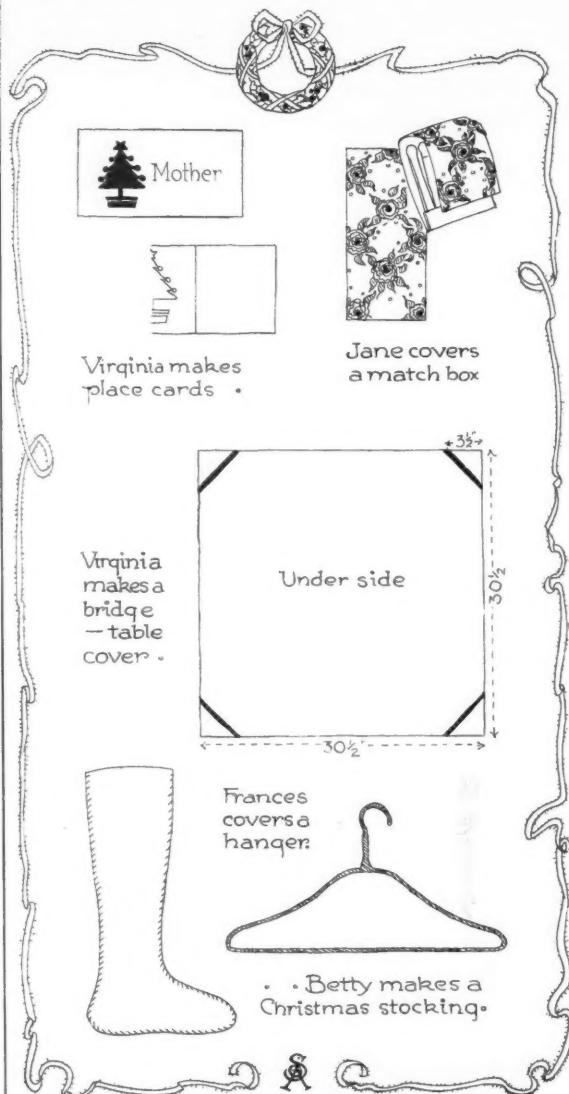
RICHMOND
SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
Muncie, Indiana

C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

(Continued from page 805)

firmness, then overcast in a blanket stitch, using gay red yarn. It was fun to do and, as the others finished their jobs, they were glad to help, too; so she made a great many.

Jane had been pasting instead of sewing. For her many nice uncles she made gay match cases by covering the little match folders she bought at the store with gay Chinese paper in various colors. She was very particular to make the corners and edges perfect so the holders would be very handsome.



After Virginia finished the table cover she made some place cards for the Christmas dinner table. For this she used Bristol board and some red and green water color paint. You know how easy it is to draw the outline of a Christmas tree? Virginia folded a bit of cardboard (you can see how in the picture), then she drew half a tree and cut out a stencil along the line of her pencil mark. Then she

(Continued on page 839)

THE SURPRISE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 778)

We all are sure that Christmas is
The best day of the year!

BOB (*applauding with the others*): Well, there are certainly lots of ways to have queer Christmases besides this shut-in kind in a mountain cabin. Joan, it's your turn now.

JOAN (*smiling as she rises*): Mine is a poem I read in a magazine once.* It is called Christmas Eve:

Little pines upon the hill,
Sleeping in the moonlight still,

Are you dreaming now of me
Who bloomed into a Christmas tree?

Baby moons of gold and red
Cuddle close beside my head;

In my tangled leaves a string
Of fairy stars are glimmering;

While my arms, for girls and boys,
Blossom with a hundred toys.

O, little pines, it's fun to live
To be a Christmas tree—and give!

BOB: Now let me sing *my* song. And all of you be sure to jingle your bells and dance and sing the chorus! [He sings to the tune of "Jingle Bells:"]

Hello! Hello! Hello!
For just a wink or so
I'll Charleston here
With you, my dear,
For I am never slow.
I have a radio
And so I always know
Just what they say
's the rage to-day
And also all the go.

ALL:

Jingle bells! Christmas bells!
Santa's here to-day.
Can't you hear the jingle bells
That tingle on his sleigh?
Girls and boys, here are toys
To last the whole year through,
In North Pole Land he made them and
He's brought them straight to you!

SANTA:

Down chimneys how I climb!
(I'm running short of rhyme!)
And gifts like these
And Christmas trees
I leave you every time—
Full stockings and a pile
Of toys to make you smile

Hooray!
We'll Spend Xmas
With

(Print Your Child's Name Here)
(Address)
(City and State)

MERRY CHRISTMAS will be merrier than ever if you will take this magazine over to mother, show her all these eager little playfellow crayons, "Blackie," "Pinkie," "Brownie," etc., and ask her politely if she will send for an "Old Faithful" Toy Set.

Tell her there are hours of happy yet quiet play for you and your little friends in the wonderful "treasure box of fun," the Carnival Set. Makes a wonder present for any youngster. And it's educational, too. We'll send it to you. Simply pin a dollar bill to the coupon above, and mail it to us today.

The Popular Carnival Set
Containing wax crayons, water colors, water dish, cardboard cutouts, scissors, No. 7 brush, two grooved wooden standards and paper clasps.

Or get them from your dealer. The "Robin Hood" box at 25c and the "Dutch Mill" and the "Circus" boxes at 50c are the same quality but smaller. Dozens of other fine crayon or water color sets from 10c up.

THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY
SANDUSKY - OHIO NEW YORK

Make Some Other Youngster Happy Xmas Morning
By Telling Us to Send Him or Her This Fine Carnival Set

The American Crayon Company
111 Hayes Ave., Sandusky, Ohio

Gentlemen:
Please send . . . boxes of "The Carnival Set" as described above.
I am enclosing \$1.00 for each box. Send to

Name

Address

City and State

Enclose Greeting Card Merry Christmas from

AMERICAN BABY HOSE



*Mothers—
test the stretch of
American Baby Hose
on Christmas Day*

THEY are easy to put on but hard to wear out. American Baby Hose stretch out and spring back as no other hose can. You can see the superior materials and workmanship at a glance. The best hose money can buy for active kiddies.

May be had in silk, silk and wool, 100% wool, Rayon and mercerized and combed Egyptian cotton, in white and every seasonable color, from size 3 to 6½. Guaranteed fast colors, 25 cents to \$1.00 per pair, at the Infants Wear Departments of good stores.

*Sold through wholesalers.
Write for names of those nearest you.*

The John M. Given Co.

Distributors

New York (377 Broadway) Pittsburgh Chicago

Made by J. H. BLAETZ, Philadelphia

A bat, a ball,
A book, a doll—
They don't go out of style!

ALL:

Jingle bells!
Christmas bells!
Santa's here to-day.
Can't you hear the jingle bells
That tingle on his sleigh?
Girls and boys,
Here are toys
To last the whole year through;
In North Pole Land
He made them and
He's brought them straight to you!

[During all these songs and pieces, TIM and TEENY's heads keep popping out from behind the screen at the left. And they keep popping back again, too. The four children are sitting so that they can't see them. Now DOROTHY turns around and faces them.]

DOROTHY: Look! Look there!

[The children all face the screen.]

BOB: Well, we'll, where did you come from?

TIM (coming out shyly, and pulling TEENY along, too): Please, Mister Santa, I'm Tim and this is my sister Teeny. You—you missed our house last year so—so—so we were looking for you!

BOB: Why, why! [He stops and looks embarrassed.] Supposing I was Santa. What do you want to see me for?

TIM: Well, you see I sell papers and Mother, she takes in washing. But we haven't made enough extra money yet to buy Teeny here a real doll. So if you could—?

BOB: Hum. [He looks at JOAN who hesitates only a second and darts into the kitchen with JACK. They return immediately with the doll and the puppy.]

JOAN: Here, Santa. You left the doll in the kitchen!

[Bob holds out the doll to TEENY who grabs it hungrily.]

TEENY: Oh! Oh! For me? Is she for me? [She begins cuddling it tenderly, murmuring loving little words to her doll.]

JACK: And Santa—here's that present you have for Tim.

[The puppy is handed to TIM.]

TIM: Gee, I allas wanted a pup. Do—do you mean—you can't mean he's mine?

[Bob and JACK nod their heads vigorously. So do the girls.]

BOB: I'm not really Santa, though. We're just sort of playing, you know. I guess we're sort of messengers for him.

JOAN: Messengers—that's what we are!

BOB (to DOROTHY): Let's give 'em—

DOROTHY: Let's. Here's some candy for you, too! [She passes the big box to TEENY and TIM. They are too thrilled for words.] And when we get back home to-morrow, you must show us where you live.

BOB: So we can be your friends.

JACK: Shall we finish our program with the carols?

BOB: Let's, but—

[A noise is heard outside—the sound of sleighbells and stamping feet. BOB and JACK run to the door at the left.]

DOROTHY (starting after them): It's the bunch! They've found us! They've found us!

[Enter COUSIN HAL with BOYS and GIRLS from the left.]

ALL: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

COUSIN HAL: Well, look at the party, will you? The surprise party!

JOAN: Cousin Hal! You here!

JACK: Hello, Cousin Hal. It isn't a surprise party; it's a Surprise Christmas!

DOROTHY: How did you find us?

COUSIN HAL: What did you do? Fall off? I thought so. The boys and girls didn't miss you until they had reached the village. So they just picked me up for the searching party. I showed them the way to the cabin. I was sure you'd be here.

BOB: Let's go, folks. The storm's over and the sleigh's here to take us back. And another Christmas is waiting for us at home!

HAL: Hello. Who have we here? [He is looking at TIM and TEENY.]

BOB: Two Christmas guests of ours who helped to sort of give us the real Christmas spirit, I guess.

HAL: That's fine. (aside to BOB) We'll fix them a fine basket to-morrow, Bob. And say, Jack and Joan, Santa has already visited your home and left some trifles in the way of cameras and radios and skates, I believe.

JACK AND JOAN: Oh, *Hal!* For us!

HAL: So it would seem. C'mon, let's go now. Too bad to interrupt this party, though.

JOAN: It was just about over, anyway. But let's all sing one carol before we go. Shall we?

JACK: Let's sing "Holy Night."

ALL: Let's!

[As they are gathering in a semicircle around the tree, TEENY runs up to the picture on the wall and blows a kiss to it.]

TEENY: Thank you, Good Shepherd, thank you for our Christmas!

[The song begins, and the curtain falls while they are still singing the last verse. You can hear them finishing it softly, in the distance.]

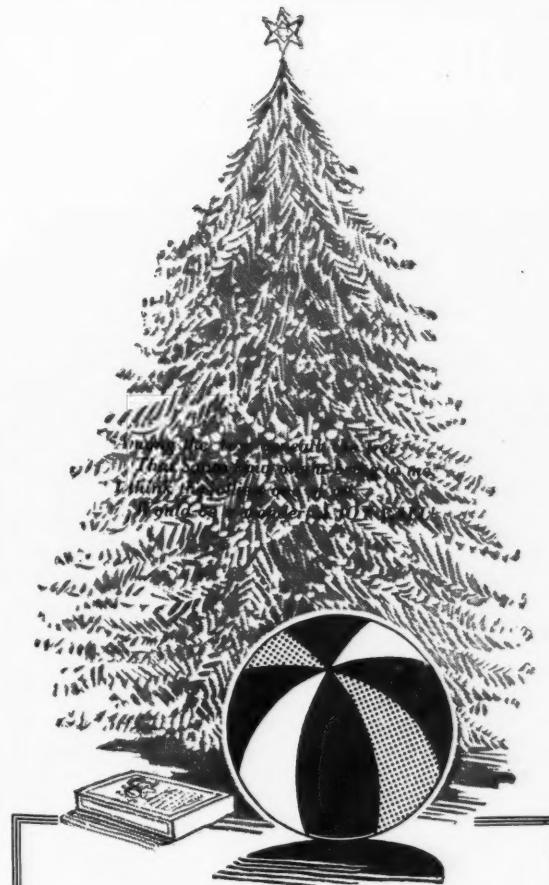


C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

(Continued from page 836)

opened out the stencil, laid it on a card cut to measure, painted it green with gay red balls, and behold, she had a place card all ready for writing in the name!

Last of all, the Sewing Circle "did up" their gifts, and such fun as that was! Virginia had sky blue paper with gold stars for pasting; Betty used red with Santa Claus stickers; Frances had green with tiny red stocking pasters; and Jane had gold paper and green ribbons. Oh, but the packages did look tempting! The girls admired them so very much that Virginia's mother had to call twice when she brought in pop corn balls and apples for a mid-morning feast.



Christmas will be Merrier

For Every Girl or Boy
whose Presents Include

A JOY-BALL

Although an all-year-round plaything, the JOY-BALL is one of the most "Christmassy" of all gifts for children.

Its giant size (12 inches in diameter) beautiful colors and wonderful "bounciness" have a lasting fascination for girls and boys of all ages.

During the cold stormy winter days many jolly "Joy-Ball" games can be played indoors without the slightest danger of damage to the furniture, wallpaper, paint-work or last but not least, the players themselves.

Directions for playing these games will be found on the snappy colored box in which the "JOY-BALL" comes.

The Joy Ball will be sent postage paid to any address in the United States, packed in attractive box complete for \$1.25. Check or money order.

Use the coupon for convenience in ordering.

The VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.

Dept. C, 13109 Athens Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

The VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.
13109 Athens Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send one Joy-Ball, for which I enclose \$1.25.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

THE GREATEST GIFT Your Boy Can Have



Whether he is 4 or 14 he will get the greatest thrill of his life, satisfy his craving for speed, with safety, and be ready at all times to do your shopping for you, if Christmas brings him a

SAMSON KAR

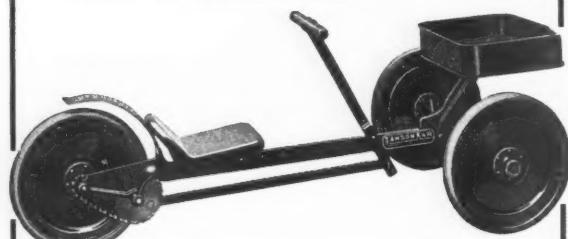
This car, operated by hand, will not tire the four-year-old; sliding seat adjusts to size for older boys up to 13 or 14. Develops every muscle in the body, runs so easily a small girl can operate it, and is built to last. Guaranteed for a year and will stand the racket for many years.

Seat is only 8½ inches from ground, so "spills" cause no injury. Single disc wheels of steel, 12 inches high prevent tipping. Tires 1½ inches diameter. Seat, handle and bottom of tray of wood—all the rest steel and iron.

Indestructible, but beautiful. Wheels are painted red, the rest of the car blue.

COMFORT, SPEED STRENGTH, SAFETY

All the children can use it as it is so easy to adjust to required size. Gives added strength to arms, lungs, legs and back. As easy to stop as to start. No over-exertion possible.



Buy from your department, toy or hardware store. Show them this advertisement. If they cannot supply, order direct, sending \$15.00. We will send all charges paid. Sent C. O. D., if you prefer.

SAMSON MANUFACTURING CO.
310 Cliff Street Springfield, Ohio

A CHRISTMAS PONY

(Continued from page 759)

behold, it was not Santa Claus at all, but only Sam, Grandpa's stable boy!

How they all laughed, because John was so surprised!

"Well, Son, how do you like your Christmas present?" asked Father.

"Mine?" cried John, hardly able to believe the wonderful news.

"Of course! Didn't you see the card on his bridle?"

Charlie was jumping up and down, clapping his little hands.

"Why, he's as happy, as though the pony were his!" said Grandma fondly.

"Of course, I am. Why, I helped give him to Johnny!" said Charlie, in a happy glow of Christmas good will. "Mamma and Daddy and I. Didn't you know I put in seventeen cents?"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of CHILD LIFE Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1926.

STATE OF ILLINOIS $\frac{1}{2}$ ss. COUNTY OF COOK

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CHILD LIFE Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Rose Waldo, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRED L. MCNALLY
Signature of business manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of September, 1926.
M. J. STANTON, *Notary Public*
My commission expires December 9, 1926.

GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

IT IS such fun to give Daddy or Mother a present that you have made with your own hands! If you've never made Christmas presents, then right now is a fine time to begin. Here are the names and the pictures of some gifts that you can make, and I'll tell you just how to make each one.

First, for Grand-dad, or Daddy, or big brother, we'll make a calendar-blotter. For this you will need some bright green blotting paper (which sells at stationery stores for ten cents or so for a large sheet), some bright red baby ribbon, a little calendar (which can be bought for two or three cents), and either a snapshot of yourself or a pretty Christmas picture. Then you will need a ruler and a pencil and a darning needle, a pair of scissors and some paste. Now we are ready to begin.

With your ruler and pencil mark off on the blotting paper three oblongs which should be about four inches wide and eight inches long. With your scissors cut out the three oblongs and then place them in a pile, one on top of the other. With your pencil make two dots on each end of the top oblong piece. The two dots at each end should be two inches apart and an inch down from the top and an inch in from each side edge. Thread your needle with the bright red baby ribbon, and fasten the three oblong pieces together by running your needle through the two dots at one end and then at the other; and cut the ribbon so as to leave four ends hanging through on the same side. Tie these into a bow at each end of the blotter. Then paste your calendar just above the bow at one end of the blotter,

and paste your snapshot or Christmas picture just above the calendar. Now the blotter is finished; and don't you think Daddy will be pleased to have it?

Second, for Mother or

Grandmother or Auntie, make some hot dish holders or some oven cloths. They are alike, only the oven

By CARA A. BRUMBAUGH

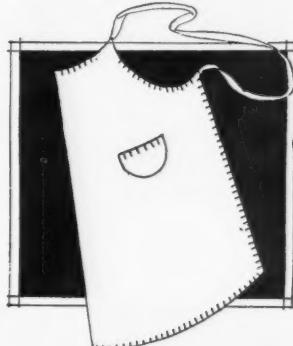
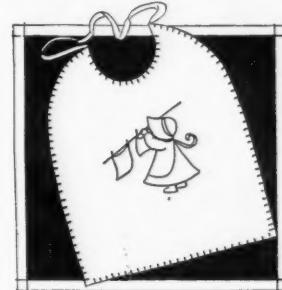
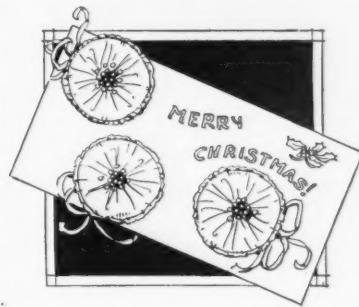


cloths are bigger. A set of three or four holders is very convenient. For these you will need several squares of pretty cloth. The cloth can be ticking or cretonne or gingham or percale or any pieces of bright, new cloth that your mother can spare. For holders, the squares will need to be about eight inches each way. You will need two squares of pretty material for each holder, and one square of outing flannel or sheet wadding for padding. The padding should be a little smaller than the outside squares, about $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches square. When your eight-inch squares are cut and ready, turn back the edges on the wrong side and crease neatly all around.

Then put the wrong side of two eight-inch squares together, with one padding square between; and keeping the edges even, baste carefully all around. Then with some bright-colored string or heavy thread blanket-stitch the holder all around the edges, and then it is all done. If you want to make oven cloths instead, your squares will need to be a little larger, about fifteen inches square.

Third, for big sister, let's make a bouquet of sachet flowers. You'll need some sachet powder, some pretty ribbon an inch or more wide, some cheesecloth and a little sheet wadding. Out of the cheesecloth cut two little circles two inches in diameter. Then cut two little circles out of sheet wadding $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Place a teaspoonful or so of sachet powder between the sheet wadding circles, and place the sheet wadding circles between the cheesecloth circles. Then turn the ragged

(Continued on page 844)



YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.



Alice is very demure in her new velvet frock reciting her Christmas poem. It has tiny puffed sleeves of net and lace trimming.

She also has a flowered taffeta dress for joyous Christmas parties. A quaint yoke forms the sleeve and the sash tied with a large bow gives it a truly party air.

Her pink dimity dress with bands of hand embroidery is quite the thing for less formal occasions.

Christmas parties are always a little merrier when little girls have pretty party frocks. CHILD LIFE can send you patterns

for dresses like these; so get your party dresses early.

Pattern No. 5444, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

Pattern No. 5176, 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

Pattern No. 5418, 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask if she will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

"Sandy Andy" Toys and Games

TRADE MARK REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.



THIS is the famous "Over and Under," the fast-action, mechanical toy which appeals to every boy. The little car races "under and over" at lightning speed, many times with one winding. Toy is 25 inches long, made of metal, and operates with strong spring motor. Price \$1.00 at toy stores.

BELOW is the Panama Pile Driver, an automatic marble toy for boys or girls. Simulates the action of a real pile driver. Toy is 16½ in. high, made of colored metal. Price \$1.25, including eight steel marbles.



"SANDY ANDY" Toys and Games may be had in all toy stores. Just now, during the Christmas season, many stores are conducting Holiday demonstrations of "Sandy Andy" Toys and Games, and have arranged special displays for the children's entertainment. Let the children visit the "Sandy Andy" display when they go Christmas shopping.

BELOW is the ever-popular "Sandy Andy" Incline, the original of all "Sandy Andy" automatic sand and marble toys. The little car runs up and down, loading and dumping sand as long as the hopper is supplied. Toy is 14½ in. high; made of colored metal. Comes in a box which opens flat to form a tray, or a separate metal tray may be purchased. Can of sand included. Price \$1.00; small metal tray is 35 cents; large one 50 cents.



Playthings for "Let's Pretend" Time!

DELIGHTFULLY realistic playtoys that make childhood's "Let's Pretend" seem real; so interesting they are always new; so fascinating they never lose their charm and attractiveness; they are true Bringers of Holiday Happiness!

Select the children's playthings this Christmas from the "Sandy Andy" assortment of more than forty new and different toys and games, including many you haven't had before. They can all be seen at the leading toy stores. Look for them when you go Christmas shopping.

The trade mark name "Sandy Andy" on each box, is placed on all the toys and games we manufacture, as your means of identification and guarantee of satisfaction.

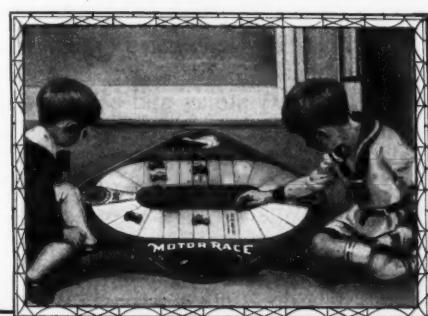
We will be glad to send any of the toys shown here, prepaid, upon receipt of price, if not obtainable in your locality. West of Denver, Colo., and outside of the United States, add 25% to these prices.

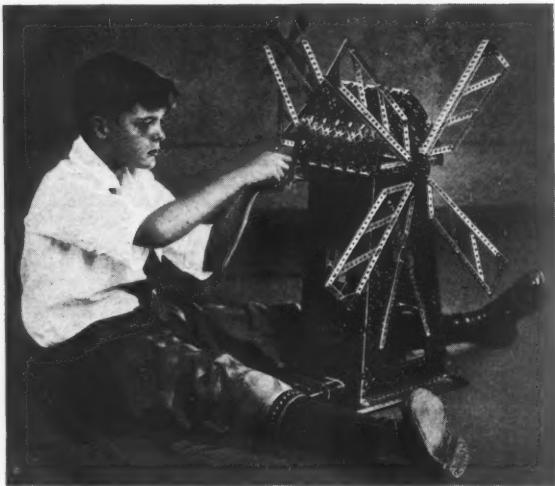
We have prepared a beautiful picture-pamphlet showing all "Sandy Andy" Toys and Games in colors, and will gladly send a copy to any reader of CHILD LIFE. It is free; just request it by letter or post card.

**WOLVERINE SUPPLY & MFG. CO.
1202 Western Avenue, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

THIS is "The Motor Race," an interesting, exciting game for children. A lively race with miniature automobiles over a real speedway. Board is 16½ in. square; lithographed on metal in beautiful colors, with checker board on reverse side. Six automobiles and a set of checkers included. Price \$1.00 at the toy store.

THIS "Sandy Andy" Vacuum Cleaner is "just like a big one!" Works by friction and suction, and gathers up bits of paper, dust and ashes when pushed across the floor. 28½ in. high; beautiful enamel finish in colors. Price \$2.50 at the toy store.





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YOU'VE never seen anything like it, fellows—this new multicolor Meccano. Part after part gleams with brilliant colors, that's why the models you build are so realistic. And all of Meccano's famous engineering quality is still there.

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You'll give the gang a surprise with your up-to-the-minute Multicolor outfit. No more colorless, dull models for you. This is the day of the new Multicolor Meccano.



The Special \$5.00 Outfit

Contains the powerful Meccano electric motor and parts and full instructions for building more than 100 models. Sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not at your dealer's.

Send for this Book—An interesting story, "How Jack Discovered the Perfect Toy." It tells you all about the new Multicolor Meccano. Sent free for your name and address and those of three of your chums. Put No. G-1 after your own name for reference.

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New! the
**MULTICOLOR
MECCANO**
THE QUALITY TOY

GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 841)

edges of the cheese-cloth circles under, and overcast the edges together, all around. Now you have a little round, flat sweet-smelling pillow.

Next you will make a ribbon cover for the little pillow. Cut a piece of your inch-wide ribbon about eight inches long and sew the ends together in a neat seam. Then gather one side of the ribbon and draw your gathering thread up tight, and fasten your thread firmly. Now you have a little flat ribbon rosette about two inches in diameter. Next fasten this rosette through the middle to the center of your little flat pillow. Then with some pretty thread, Mother might make for you, or show you how to make, some French knots, four or five of them, in the center of the ribbon. If your ribbon is yellow or orange and the French knots black, your flower will look like a daisy. Or, if your ribbon is pink or red and the French knots yellow, it will look like a rose. Two or three of these little sachet flowers of the same or of different colors, touched up with ends and loops of green baby ribbon, and pasted on a pretty Christmas card, will make sister a very dainty gift.

Fourth, for the little sister, a doll's apron is pretty, made of muslin or of gingham or percale. The pattern is made for a dolly who is about eighteen inches tall. The edges of the apron should be turned back and creased once and then blanket stitched with pretty thread. The shoulder straps can be made of tape or of ribbon.

Fifth, for the baby, a feeding bib, made from this pattern with the sunbonnet baby outlined in colored thread, will be very nice, indeed. The edges of the bib should be turned back, and then blanket stitched.

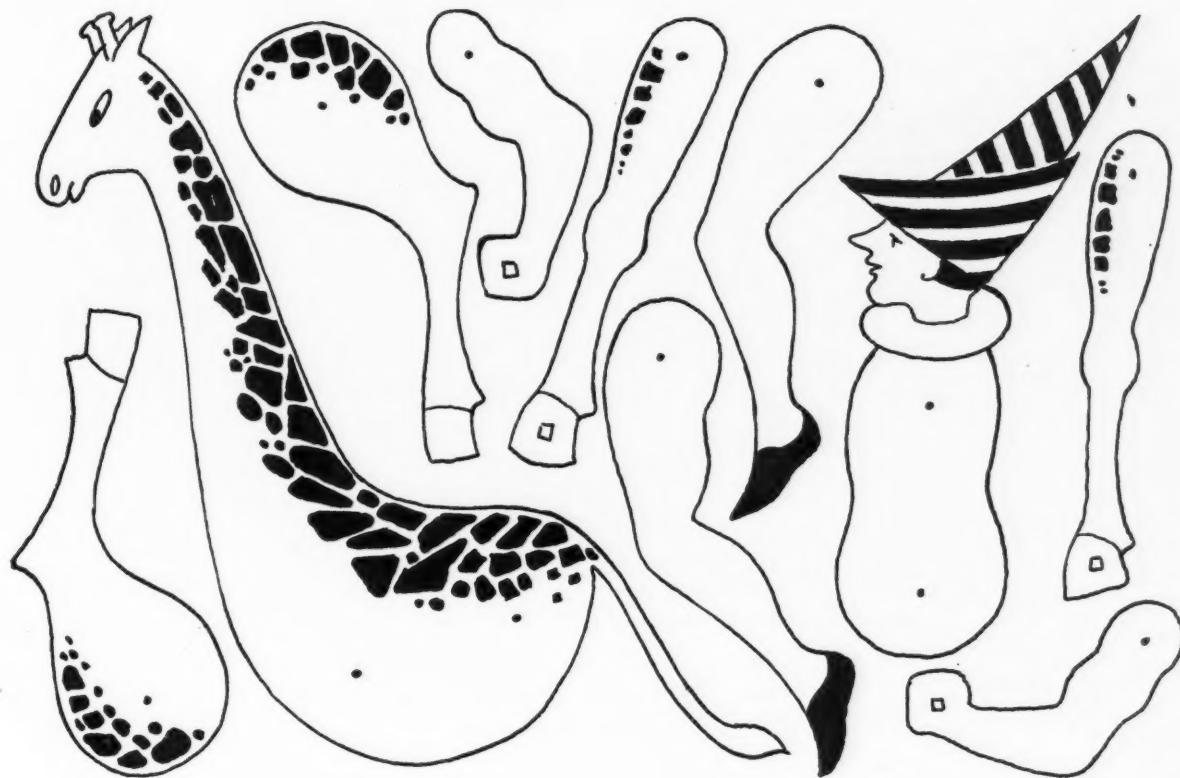
If you make one or two or all five of these gifts, I am sure you will have a right merry Christmas!

OUR POSY PATCH

(Continued from page 831)

the top about ten to twelve inches. If possible, there should be two forks off the main branch, and these should be cut back to four inches, and six inches. Fill in around the pot of ivy and the branch, so the branch stands very firm. It is best to use sand, but pebbles are good, and broken bricks will do. Now train the ivy vine to grow around the branch and on the smaller forks. Cover up to the top of the box with pretty stones and pebbles, and use some of the amusing little Japanese-garden figures to make a little pretend garden.

I always save a few tin cans, bend the rim in where the top has been cut off, make two or three nail holes in the bottom, fill the can with good earth, and then poke into the dirt as many grapefruit seeds as I can. Many seeds will sprout, and the shiny green leaves make a lovely pot of green.



MAKING ACROBATS THAT ACT

By HARVEY PEAKE

TO MAKE these clever little acrobats perform, you must trace the various parts of the two figures upon cardboard and cut them out.

Then the parts are to be fastened together as follows: make a large knot in the end of a thread, pass it through one of the upper limbs and then through the body, fastening the whole underneath with another large knot, made close up to the cardboard, so that the parts will be securely fastened to the body and will not sag loosely.

Now a straight stick, about eight inches long, is to be whittled down in square form until it is small enough to pass through the squares in the acrobat's hands and the giraffe's front feet. It must then be passed through the hands of the one and the feet of the other, when they will be ready to perform. To make them do this, you have only to twist the stick in your hands. They will then turn somersaults over the stick in the most natural and comical manner.

BEFORE THE CIRCUS

HELEN COWLES LECRON

BEFORE the circus comes to town,
We look the signboards up and down,
And talk about the funny clown,
And guess how tall

The elephant'll be, and plan
To ask some friendly keeper-man
To let us ride! Perhaps we can!
I'd never fall!



dear Santa Klaus
Bobby he is my little
brother wrote you a letter but
he can't write good so I will
tell you what he likes I sent
my letter last nite he likes
toys you pull on a string and
go back and forth when you pull
them like Willie Browns ~~Pete~~
husler Pete the red one with the
green pants all the little boys
like husler toys you pull with
a string and they work but of
course you know that he wants
that horse shoe game besides
I like dolls and beads and buggies
but Bobby he wants a husler Pete
so Please bring him one of those
santa Please bring a pretty book that
shows huslers and ponies about them

Mabel Jones
I live in the green house
next door to Willie Brown.



Santa Klaus
North Pole

The appeal of the letter above expresses
the choice of your children as well
as the "Bobbys" and "Mabels"
everywhere. Toys that
can be pulled around
on the end of a string
have a strong attraction
for small children.
Hustler Toys also go
through the motions of
steering, trotting, riding, driving,
etc., which makes them
all the more dear to childish
fancies.

Mothers like Hustler Toys because
they are unusually sturdy and do
not tip over easily—eliminating the
necessity for stooping over to "right
them every five minutes."

Parents, relatives and friends who give
"Bobby" or "Mabel" a Hustler Toy will
be rewarded a thousandfold on Christ-
mas morning by seeing the glad-hearted
tot strut proudly around the room pull-
ing a Hustler Toy or, charmed by an
ingenuous Hustler Game. When you
give a Hustler Toy you are sure that
it will bring joy.

Send for this
Beautiful
Toy Booklet.
It's FREE



Use the
Coupon
Below

HUSTLER TOY CORPORATION
Dept.C12, Sterling, Illinois

Please send me the beautifully illustrated booklet
of Hustler Toy adventure poems. (Hustler
Toys will be found in dealers' and jobbers' stores
wherever toys are sold. If you cannot obtain the
particular ones you want write their names on
the line below, enclose the price with this coupon
and they will be sent to you, postage prepaid.)

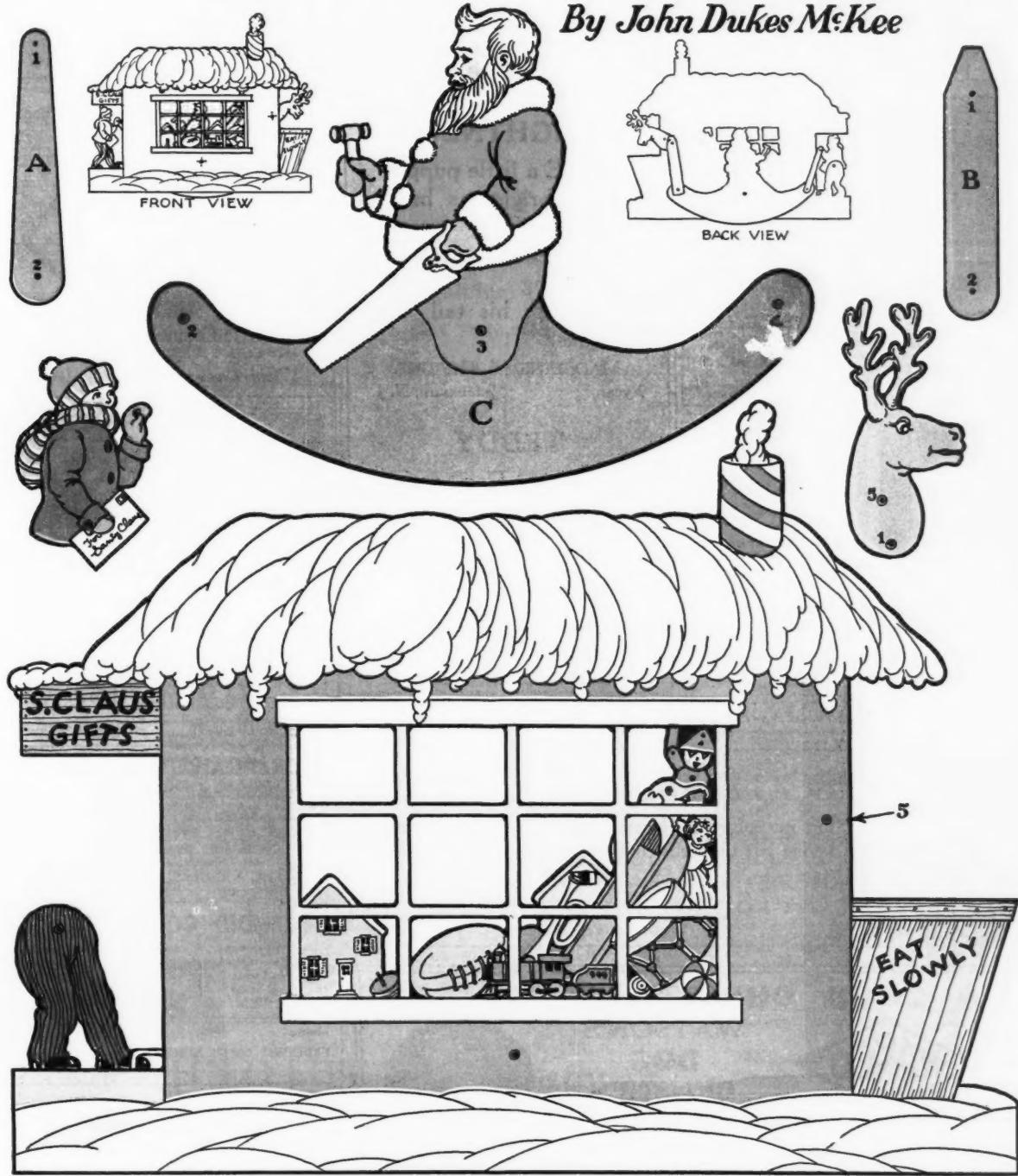
Toys _____

Your Name _____

Address _____

AN EARLY VISITOR

By John Dukes McKee



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on strong but not too heavy cardboard. Make all the pieces. When that is done, run a pin through Spot 2, piece "C," and then through Spot 2, piece "A." Run another pin through the black spot on the upraised hand of the little boy and then through Spot 1, piece "A." Now run a pin through Spot 4, piece "C," and then through Spot 2, piece "B." Next run a pin through Spot 1 on the reindeer's head and then through Spot 1, piece "B." Then run another through Spot 5, on the right-hand side of the house, and then through Spot 5 on the reindeer.

Next push a pin through the spot just below the window and then through Spot 3, piece "C." Last of all, run a pin through the black spot on the cuff of the little boy's sleeve and then through the spot at the top of his trousers. To keep all the pieces from slipping off, push small pieces of rubber eraser, or tiny bits of soft wood, down on the pins until they almost touch the cardboard. Be sure, however, to allow enough freedom for the pieces to move easily. To operate, hold toy upright against a horizontal surface and move back and forth. The little boy will knock at the door, Santa will build his toys and Donder, the reindeer, will eat his food.

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Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists.

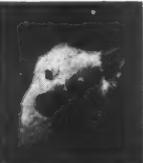
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(Police Dogs) are internationally known for their high quality and intelligence, usually available in all colors and puppies from Imported Certified Trained, prize winning parents. German Shepherds are ideal dogs for children, watchful, obedient, intelligent and gentle.

Correspondence a Pleasure
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of pet animals
Phone University 363
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Rutland, Vermont

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WATSON'S
DOG
BRUSHES

It keeps dog Sanitary—Good Natured—Hair Smooth and Clean.

PRICE LIST—Combination Boxes

BOSTON TERRIER SPECIAL
Two Brushes, styles No. 4, B-28-BT, and No. 5, B-32-BT.

The fine wire brush for cleaning the dog; the coarse wire to give him a satisfied and contented feeling. One Dollar per box.

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Also for most short hair dogs. Two Brushes, Styles B-25-C, B-28-C. One Dollar per box.

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Three Brushes, one each style, B-25-C, B-22-C, and C-32-T. A good combination for Cats, Furs, etc. Two Dollars per box.

All above Parcel Post Prepaid east Mississippi River. Add twenty-three cents west Mississippi River.

Mention Child Life when ordering—if brushes are not satisfactory, money refunded and return postage sent.

L. S. WATSON MFG. CO.

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Shomont White Collies Love Kiddies This one quality alone makes our Scotch Collies unique. They are gentle, fearless, devoted. Have every quality a dog should have—intelligence, courage, strength. Fine specimens of the breed. Excellent dogs. Indefatigable enemies of vermin. They are the "Acme of all dog-dom. Satisfaction guaranteed. No risk. Get our special bargain list now.

SHOMONT KENNELS
Box 147, Monticello, Iowa

SHEPHERD (Police) DOGS

We specialize only in high class dogs for high class people who desire exceptional beauty and intelligence above price. Our dogs range from \$75 to \$200, sometimes higher. Please do not write us for cheap dogs. Our dogs famous for breeding, beauty, intelligence, and trustworthiness with children. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. State age, sex, color preferred, purpose of buying, and approximate price you wish to pay.

SIOUX KENNELS
A. B. DeHaan, Box C, Blvd. Sta., Sioux City, Iowa

We Breed
COLLIES GOOD COLLIES
HIGHNOON COLLIES
ALL COLORS
Descriptive list upon request
The Highnoon Farms - Tyrrell, Ohio

A GERSTDALE PUPPY FOR XMAS

Reared in a private home with children. Kind, sweet tempered, affectionate. Chows, Poms, English Bulls, Cairn Terriers—\$50.00 and up. Only best of breeding and type.

Particulars on request.

GERSTDALE KENNELS - Alton, Iowa

The CHILD LIFE Dog Department

IF YOU should like to have a friendly dog we will be glad to answer any questions about them. We will tell you what dogs make the best companions, about how much they cost, and, if you like, we will recommend the best kennels

near your home for your convenience.

The Dog Department of CHILD LIFE has helped many of its little readers in the selection of these lovable pets and is able to give you good, reliable advice about them.

Just write to

CHILD LIFE DOG DEPARTMENT
536 South Clark Street - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHILD LIFE
Dog Department

536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

I may buy a dog.
Tell your advertisers to write me.

I prefer a (grown dog)
(puppy)

We have children in our home.

Ages

Name

Street

City

State



ANNABEL'S TEARS

by
Gertrude Aline Strickler

Annabel Christobel Jean Marie sat down on the edge of her . She was terribly sad, it was easy to see, for her had a look of despair. Said the Teddy- "Speak to us, Dolly, do speak, and tell us whatever is wrong. You are washing the coloring all off your and starts before long. And then the tin- stepped up to her side, saying, "Lady fair, do not be still.. Has some thoughtless toy hurt your feelings, my dear? Just tell me. I'll fix him, I will!" The little toy circus- stood on his to try to make Annabel smile, and the climbed up to the top of his and did funny stunts for a while. Said the "Annabel, lift up my and whisper it gently to me. I am sure we can make all the hurt go away, whatever the trouble may be." At last lovely Annabel spoke, "Tis enough! Just look at the on my . I am sent as a gift to a who is rough, and I simply can't stand for her knocks!" Swish! Swish! and a thump! All the looked around as a big rubber came in view. And springing to Annabel's side with a bound, he said, "Playmate, I know what to do. You give me your and I'll give you mine. I am booked for a sweet little who's too gentle for me, and I think it's fine when thumps set me all in a whirl." So Annabel Christobel Jean Marie changed with the big rubber and the smile that came back into Annabel's brought smiles to the of all . .



THE MERREMAKER MARK

Combines the Three Greatest Health-Building Plays
Slide—Teeter-Totter—Merry-Go-Round



Builds Health and Strength

The play instinct is a part of every child's nature and demands a variety of activity plays. Physical development is absolutely necessary for the growth, health, and mental alertness of children. The MERREMAKER is a health-building, muscle developer that gives glorious fun. They never tire of it. It gives them the kind of play that develops the mind as well as the whole body.

The MERREMAKER is a most practical Home Playground that combines the three most popular plays of childhood, slide, teeter-totter, and merry-go-round. It can be changed from one to the other or set up without tools—even the children themselves can do it.

It is strong and will never wear out. It is finished in bright red weather-proof enamel and the best spar varnish. It keeps children contented at home, off the street, and busy in healthful activity.

Give your children this wonderful strength building home play ground for Christmas. It will pay you many times its low cost, in their increased health, strength, and happiness.

Write for our special, new low price—Use the coupon.

The MERREMAKER Corporation
254 Cecil Street **Minneapolis, Minn.**

MAIL
COUPON
TODAY

The MERREMAKER Corporation
 254 Cecil St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me full information about the MERREMAKER Complete Home Playground and your special, new, low price.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

C.L.D.26

By Youngsters for Youngsters

DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND By David Binney Putnam

This past summer, David went with the American Museum Greenland Expedition, nearly one thousand miles north of the Arctic Circle in search of narwhal, polar bear, walrus, seal. They were aboard the *Morrissey*, and Bob Bartlett, Perry's old Captain was skipper. This is David's own account of all that happened. Numerous drawings by the Eskimo Kakutia and 32 photographs. \$1.75

DAVID GOES VOYAGING By David Binney Putnam

Here is the book which proved that a twelve-year old boy might be a more popular author for boys and girls than many an experienced writer. David's true account of his experiences with the Arcturus Expedition jumped immediately into the best seller class. This is a book that no child should be allowed to miss. Is it the tale of dreams come true. 24 Illustrations. \$1.75

DERIC IN MESA VERDE By Deric Nusbaum

A boy's story, told by himself for other boys and girls, of his life in Mesa Verde National Park, the cliff-dwellers' country of Southern Colorado. It is full of the lore of yesterday and the lure of today—exploring, archaeology, Indians, wild animals, bird-nesting. 22 Illustrations. \$1.75

* * * * * * * * *
*By the Author of
"When We Were Very Young"*

ONCE ON A TIME. By A. A. Milne

A prose companion to Milne's charming book of verse which has swept the country. A fantastic tale of fairyland that has humor, charm, a love story, a hero, a heroine and a villain. \$2.00

For Boys and Girls GAY'S YEAR ON SUNSET ISLAND By Marguerite Aspinwall

An adventure story in which five self-reliant, excitement-loving boys and girls in their teens are suddenly transported from a quiet New England village to a real desert island, the hiding place of fabulous pirate treasure. Illustrated. \$1.75

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA By Aileen Nusbaum

Beautiful folk tales, myths and legends of the Zunis, retold for children by a woman who has lived among these Indians and whose little boy Deric has been adopted into the tribe. Brilliantly illustrated.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York and London

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 802)

certain articles of his diet that he very much enjoys. The Far-Famed Puddleby group becomes professionally interested in a trained animal show at Westminster Music Hall. Finally the manager of the Music Hall invites Doctor Dolittle and his family to occupy a box. Imagine what interest the animals created the day they attended the performance! The box party consisted of three dogs, a pig, a duck, an owl and a white mouse. There was an edible souvenir for each member of the party—carrots, cheese, sardines, meat pie, chocolates and lamb cutlets. During the intermission Doctor Dolittle's party appeared in the Promenade. There Jip, the dog, because of his marvelous skill in detecting smells, was asked if he would act as consulting expert to a famous manufacturer of perfumes. The biography of Pipinella, the canary, the chorus of pelican sailors and Doctor Dolittle's adventure, when he dresses up like a woman, are only a few of the amusing incidents in the book.

My Friend Toto is a book to give a boy who wants a true animal story. It is the adventure of a chimpanzee and the story of his journey from the Congo to London. Cherry Kearton says of this ape, "As this narrative will show, Toto very quickly ceased to be my pet and became my friend. There was sympathy between us and understanding. If I was sad, Toto knew it instantly and came to comfort me; if he was frightened, he ran like a child to my arms. I did not teach Toto. He was a perfect imitator, and the things he learnt to do he learnt simply by watching and copying. Toto, as I have said, was a genius among apes, and he was a real companion to me. I would not have this book show his intelligence if it did not also show that comradeship."

No book of the year has given me greater pleasure than *The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie*. This delightful account of a lonely cat, a lonely little girl and a house which had no one in it to make the days bright and happy—until Jupie and Jean found their way there—is worth more than a passing word. There is rare fellowship between the child and her animal friends, there is skill and sympathy in the illustrations made by the author, and there is a satisfying introduction by James Stephens. We are glad that the author of *The Crock of Gold* likes the beautiful and simple story of *The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie*.

To mention all the books which we like this Christmas would be an undertaking which might stagger Santa himself. Perhaps you have found that it is not a page of Book Friends which we want, or two pages, but a Five-Mile Book Shelf! Since Christmas isn't things but thoughts, I send you "just a little handful of bloom from a teeming garden." May it bring you much happiness and may you find even greater joy in the garden itself.

THIS WAY TO CHRISTMAS!

Adventure Club - - - - - *Rose Fyleman*
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Chi-wee and Loki - - - - - *Grace Moon*
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Children's Book of Celebrated Towers - - *Lorinda M. Bryant*
CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

Deric in Mesa Verde - - - - - *Deric Nusbaum*
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Father's Gone A-Whaling *Alice C. Gardiner and Nancy C. Osborne*
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Hans Brinker - - - - - *Mary Mapes Dodge*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Hansel and Gretel - - - - - *Brothers Grimm*
Illustrated by Kay Nielsen.
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Holly-Tree and Other Christmas Stories - - *Charles Dickens*
Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Japanese Fairy Book, new edition - - - - - *Yei Theodora Ozaki*
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK

King of the Golden River - - - - - *John Ruskin*
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Last Days of Pompeii - - - - - *Bulwer Lytton*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Light Princess - - - - - *George MacDonald*
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

My Friend Toto - - - - - *Cherry Kearton*
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Once on a Time - - - - - *A. A. Milne*
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Peep-Show Man - - - - - *Padraic Colum*
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Prester John - - - - - *John Buchan*
Illustrated by Henry Pitz
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Ride on a Rocking Horse - - - - - *Ray Garnett*
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Rimskittle's Book - - - - - *Leroy F. Jackson*
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO

Round the World in Folk Tales - - - - - *Rachel M. Fleming*
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Skazki, Tales and Legends of Old Russia, Edited by *Ida Zeitlin*
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Story of Mexico - - - - - *Helen Ward Banks*
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK

Tale of the Good Cat Jupie - - - - - *Neely McCoy*
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Tom Thumb and Other Old-Time Fairy Tales
Edited by *Katherine Lee Bates*
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO

Valery Carrick's Picture Folk Tales
FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK



BOOKS

POLLY CHASE

I'M glad I'm not a sleepy book
In a coat of blue,
Sitting in a bookcase
With nothing much to do,

Sitting in a bookcase all
The creepy, scary night,
Squeezed in with other books
Uncomfortably tight.

But one day if a little girl
Took me out to look
At all my pretty pictures, oh,
I'd love to be a book!

WHO'S WHO IN
CHILD LIFE

ONE hundred and twenty-eight pages full of Christmas surprises are waiting for you here this month. Of course, you can't help reading *all* the stories and poems, plays and games and dozens of feature pages planned by many well-known writers and artists just to make your Christmas time an extra merry one.

It would be fun—if we only had the space—to tell you about all the writers whose stories you so enjoy. We should like to tell you about A. Hyatt Verrill, the great naturalist and explorer, who has written nearly fifty books about his discoveries in the West Indies, Central America, Panama, and other far-off lands; about Else Fagrell, who first told "The Tale of Topoff" to two little boys (the court marshall's sons) in the royal court of Sweden; and about Josephine E. Phillips, who wrote this thrilling new serial "The Price of the Parrot Swan" during odd moments when she wasn't strawberry preserving and blueberry picking at her summer home in Massachusetts, or sharing in the antics of a group of lively Camp-fire girls, or staging a CHILD LIFE play with her own boys and girls. We know that these jolly adventures of Rod, Bob and Jerry, with the mystery boat and the mystery man, are going to be even more popular (if possible) than Mrs. Phillips' other CHILD LIFE serial, "The Thrill of Thimble Camp," which was such a favorite!

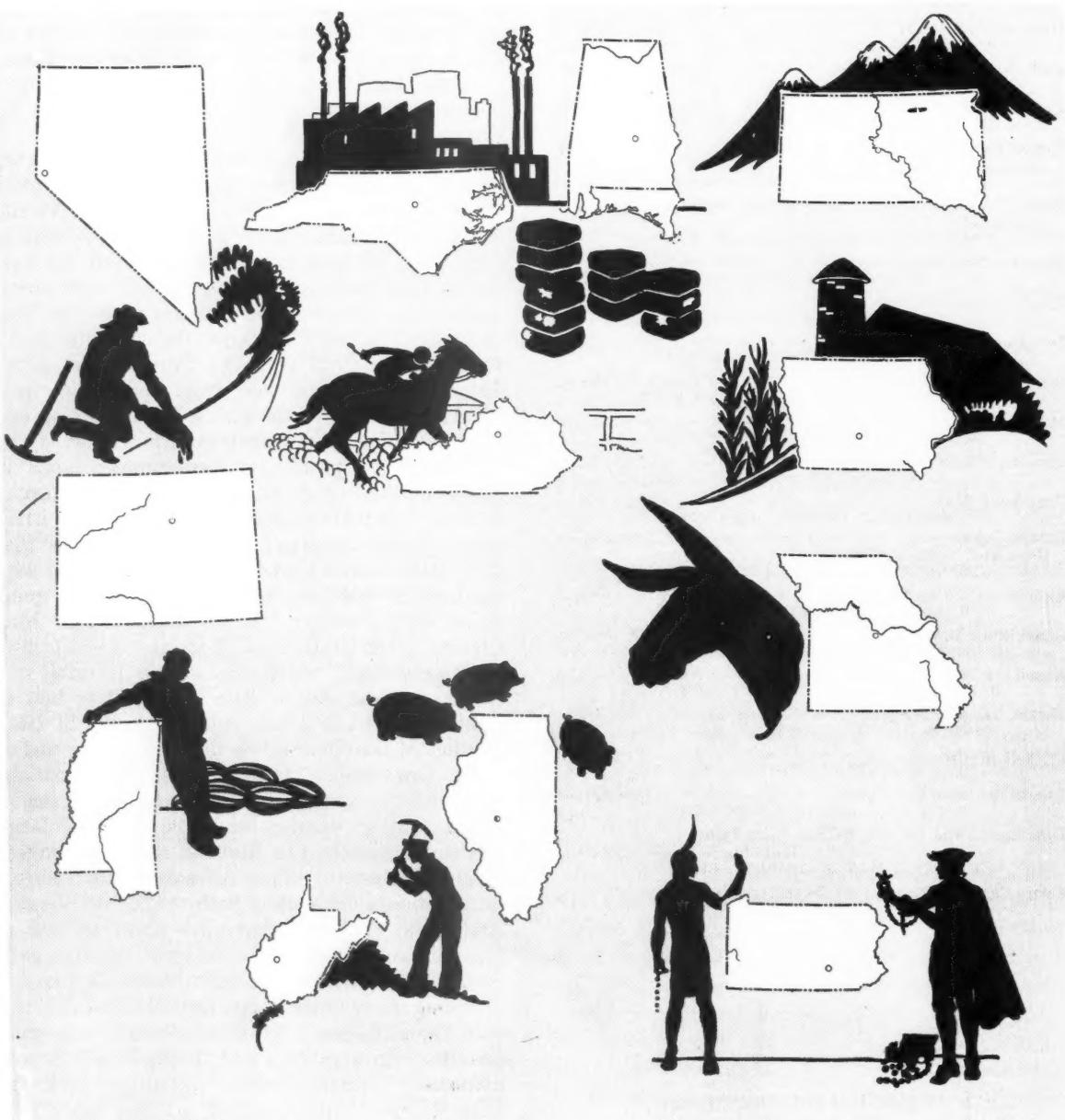
But we must save a little space just to hint of what CHILD LIFE has waiting for you in 1927. All the old favorites will be there, of course, and so many new ones! You'll all want to start the delightful new sort of a birthday album that begins in our January number, and how you'll all laugh and laugh over the new Funland story by Margery Williams Bianco—"The Adventures of Andy." Andy belongs in a class with "Alice of Wonderland," and her wild adventures make up one of Mrs. Bianco's best stories—and that's saying a good deal, for she's written so many distinctive books.

Among many other stories for CHILD LIFE this year Dixie Willson's "Mulekins" will be a great favorite. Boys and girls love "Pinky Pup," "Empty Elephant," "Little Texas," and other books by Miss Willson, who published her first story in a Chicago newspaper when she was twelve years old. Later, she rode Queen—the huge elephant at the head of a big circus parade, and had all sorts of adventures. And now she's a well-known writer, and not only writes stories but delightful poems, too.

Of course you are all eager to hear about the new serials. Patten Beard's "Roger at the Helm," and Mabel S. Merrill's "Hide-And-Seek House," are two of them and my, but they're interesting! Then Augusta Huiell Seaman has promised a new mystery story for CHILD LIFE. Aren't you glad of that?

ADVERTISING MAP CONTEST

FOR CHILD LIFE READERS



WHAT a jolly time everybody will have working out the fascinating new map contests. The illustration above shows outline maps of 12 states in the United States. If you want to enter this contest there are four things to do: First—write down the names of the states from 1 to 12; second—look through the magazine and find the names of all the advertisers who are located in these states and list them; third—make another list of all the advertisers who are not located in the states shown in the illustration; fourth—choose the advertiser whose product you like best and write a slogan of not more than ten words advertising the product.

All answers must be in Chicago by December 25, 1926. Every boy and girl who enters this contest will receive a prize. The twenty-five children who write the best slogans will receive prizes of small desk globes.

IMPORTANT

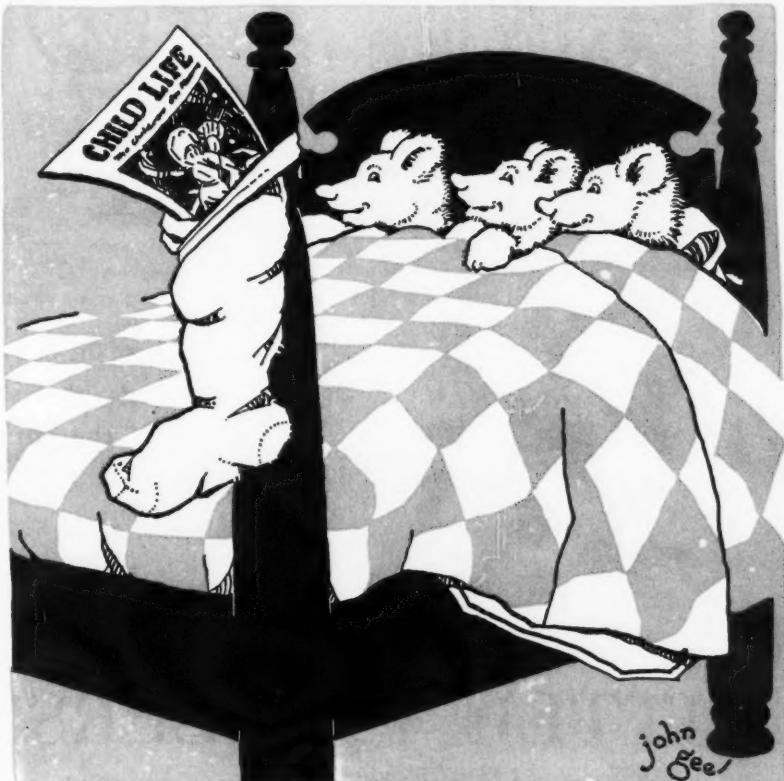
This is the third of a series of four advertising map contests to be run in the October, November, December, and January issues of CHILD LIFE. Each month trace the states shown on the contest pages and save until you have them all. Then they are to be cut up, pasted and mounted on cardboard making a complete map of the United States. In addition to the prizes each month, a grand prize of a Rand McNally Home Atlas will be given to the boy and girl who send in the neatest and most attractively mounted map at the end of the contest.

Note: The maps and globes given as prizes, are made by Rand McNally and Company.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CHILD LIFE
YOUR OWN MAGAZINE

**IS COMING TO YOU EVERY MONTH
FOR A WHOLE YEAR — BECAUSE I
ASKED SANTA CLAUS TO SEND IT**



FROM



*This is the inside of the Christmas
Gift card sent whenever requested.*

One year \$3.00 Two years \$5.00

Two one-year Gifts \$5.00

Additional gifts - \$2.50

**CHILD LIFE,
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago**

Enclosed please find \$..... for gift
subscriptions. Please send Christmas gift

cards from

Address

City State

Magazine for

Address

City State

Magazine for

Address

City State

Magazine for

Address

City State

How Those Little Pilgrim Children Did Work!

All day long the busy, little boys carried water, brought wood, and ran errands.



Black and white drawing



Black and white drawing

All day long the busy, little girls helped with the house-work and the spinning.

LITTLE PIONEERS

(*A Supplementary Reader*)

Written by MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Illustrated by LUCY FITCH PERKINS

Published by

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
536 S. Clark Street - - - Chicago, Illinois



*If you are unable to obtain LITTLE PIONEERS locally, send us 75 cents.
Write the Education Department for a Winners List of 135 delightful Supplementary Readers.*



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DECEMBER

December is a joyful month,
For Christmas time is here.
Our heads are full of pleasant thoughts,
Of fond friends far and near.

We think of glowing fireplaces,
With embers burning bright,
And all the stockings hung around
For Santa Christmas night.

LOUISE A. FOSTER,
Providence, R. I.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I am a little Armenian girl, seven years old. I have a new American father and mother and I love them dearly. My name is Azadouhi. It means *Daughter of Freedom*.

I was born in Zeitoun. It is many thousands of miles away from America, high up in the Taurus Mountains in Asia Minor. We had fine orchards and vineyards and raised figs and grapes. There were lots of blue-eyed brown-haired babies there just like me. We were very happy.

One day, though, the war came and made us very unhappy. When I was two years old my father died and my mother and all our people took a long walk to Syria to be safe. We got very tired and hungry and miserable. And when I was taken to the American Hospital and my mother gave me to the kind doctor there, I never saw my real mother again.

But I found a new mother and father, Dr. and Mrs. Gannaway, who loved me even if I was so dirty and hungry and tired.



AZADOUHI GANNAWAY

They gave me a nice home and taught me about the Golden Rule. They taught me what love means. You know there is a Golden Rule Sunday now. It comes December 5th.

I am visiting in America.

AZADOUHI GANNAWAY,
New York City, N. Y.

Age 7.

CHRISTMAS

The children are singing
For everyone to hear.
The bells are ringing,
For Christmas is near.

ORA LEE CHRISTIAN,
Athens, Ga.
Age 9.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

There were about two hundred fairies that lived in a certain town in a far-away country. One day they went out in their fairy automobiles (the clouds were their automobiles) to sew. When they were out a ways, they all dropped their needles, and while these were falling they formed a pine tree. This pine tree fell to the ground. A few of the needles fell off and formed other pine trees. Many trees grew in this way, until there were millions of pine trees. That is how the Christmas tree came to be.

MURIEL LOUISE FLINK,
Escanaba, Mich.
Age 9.

SANTA

Santa is a jolly man,
With such a funny way.
He's come to wish you lots of joy
Upon this Christmas day.

HELEN KENNEY,
Athens, Ga.

Age 8.



Trim the Tree with Tootsie Rolls

You can't eat glass balls and tinsel but *Tootsie Rolls*—oh my!

Good clean pure candy wrapped in attractive rolls that look pretty on the tree and taste good afterwards.

1c Rolls

Chocolate
and
Butterscotch



5c Rolls

Lunch Rolls
Butterscotch Rolls
Nut Rolls
Molasses Rolls

If not at the store mail the coupon with a quarter and we will send you a Family Package. Enough for several day's supply or for a children's party.

The Sweets Company of America, Inc.
414 West 45th Street, New York

Enclosed is 25 cents in stamps. Please send me a Family Package of Tootsie Rolls (Mark the flavor you want with an X.)
Chocolate () Butterscotch ()

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's Name.....

CHRISTMAS

Christmas will come soon,
When all little children have loads of fun.
Santa Claus with his big strong back,
Comes down the chimney with his heavy pack.

He is such a big, kind-hearted old soul,
And he remembers both young and old.
He has a very long list, no doubt,
But he never yet has left any one out.

PERRY RAYMOND SUMMERLIN,
Age 9. Athens, Ga.

THE THREE LITTLE SHIPS

Once upon a time there were three little ships. They all lived together, near the ocean. They wondered what all that stuff was because they didn't know much. Some fish came swimming by, so they asked the great whale what all that stuff was.

The whale said, "Why, that's a great body of water. You know, we call lots and lots of water 'a body of water.' This is one of the biggest bodies of water in the whole, whole world, because this is the ocean."

They gazed and gazed at the whale and they said, "Why, Mister Whale, what made this stuff down here? That's what we want to know, and what it's for."

The big whale said, "This right here that we're talking about is what you drink your own self."

"What makes it blue?" the little ships said to the big, big whale that was swimming by.

The big whale said, "You question box, I cannot answer that," and he darted into the water like a flash of lightning, and the ships never saw him again.

So they started out on a journey across the ocean. And many nights they journeyed until they came to a hot, hot place and they got some ice and froze themselves with ice so they wouldn't get too warm.

Finally the little boats came to the ship which was called the "Rempistowenta," one of the biggest that sailed on that ocean. They asked the big boat what would the next place be named that they came to, how big it would be, and what it would have in it.

The big ship said, "It will have people."
"What's people?"

"Human beings."

"What's human beings?" they said.

"Well, human beings are people that are nearly as big as I and almost as big as you."

"And what's you?" they said, as if they didn't know anything.

They went away and found tracks where they should go, and met many battleships and steamers, but didn't know what they were. Finally they came to Europe. "What's this place?" they asked somebody.

"Hospitnana."

"What do you talk that way for?"

"Hospicahaa."

So they put their funnels down and said, "What makes him talk that way?"

Old-fashioned people said, "Osphdnstrymt goerwndrtfmg."

Said the strange people, "Hsoutnatshryngdtsryr gnrtrhty."

So the strangers said, "Fjighnstfghytyn," which meant "good-bye."

The three ships went back again to the old place where they lived.

They came in the house, took off their clothes, and took a good nap after the many days they had been on a journey across the sea.

Now this is all of this story.

Age 6

BILL ROGERS
Manhattan, Kans.



Every baby's mother
Should do the same as mine—
Buy Baby Midget Garters,
They certainly are fine.

Baby needs the comforts
That grown-up folks enjoy,
So take home Midget Garters
For your little girl or boy.

Baby Midget

Velvet Grip Hose Supporters

Lisle, 12 cents Silk, 18 cents
At your dealer's, or send postpaid.

Just like Dad's

My Dad has Knicker Garters
To match his golfing hose,
And I said, "Gee, I wish I had
A pair as nice as those."

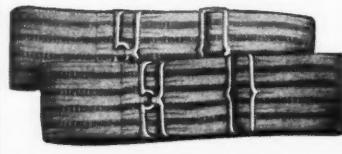
So Daddy bought some Bostons
For Mother, me and Sis,
And now all of our family
Have garters just like his.

George Frost Company, Boston

Makers of the famous Boston
Garters for Men.

Knicker Bostons in plain colors
and heather mixtures for the
knicker-clad boys and girls, and
men and women—50 cents a pair.

Knicker Bostons





Leader of her class and salt gets much of the credit

Morton's Iodized Salt, by preventing Goiter, gives children stronger bodies and clearer minds

2,000,000 school children are behind in their grades because they are under par physically.

One of the contributing causes is simple goiter—far more common than parents realize.

Yet it is one of the easiest known diseases to prevent—merely a matter of food. Goiter seldom develops when iodine is present in food and drinking water, but unfortunately it usually is absent.

Health authorities find this better table salt, to which Nature's iodine has been restored, the ideal means of preventing simple goiter. In taste and looks it's exactly like our famous salt that pours. Grocers carry both.



"When it rains,
it pours!"



**MORTON'S
SALT**
PLAIN OR IODIZED

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

Long ago in Judea, one winter night,
Three wise men from afar
Saw shining in the heavens bright
A wonderful, luminous star.

And as they sat and gazed in awe,
It slowly moved away,
And led them to a stable where
The little Christ Child lay.

MARY ELIZABETH BOYLAN,
Rochester, N. Y.



JEAN CROPSEY

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I am enclosing our Christmas picture. I am the middle one. We are singing the Christmas carol in the December CHILD LIFE. I like the stories in the CHILD LIFE and also the puzzles.

Yours truly,

JEAN CROPSEY,
Pasadena, Calif.

Age 9.



JAMES ROBERTS ODELL

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I like CHILD LIFE. My Nanna Phillips reads it to me. When we have read the stories my mother helps me color the pictures with my crayons.

Mother is sending you a picture of me. I am three years old but I am a big boy.

Your friend,

JAMES ROBERTS ODELL
2247 W. 113th Place,
Chicago, Ill.

CHRIST IS BORN

Hark! The Herald Angels sing,
Christ is born to be the King.
Born to-night in the stable bright,
Shining above Him, the star of light,
Christ the Lord is born to-night!

BETSY WINTER,
Washington, D. C.

Age 9.



Dear Santa Clause
Most all the other little
girls I play with have
real genuine Bye-Lo Baby
Dolls and I am so
lonesome without one.
Won't you please bring
me one the very first
thing Christmas morning?
If you do you will make
me the very happiest
little girl alive and I will
love it and take good
care of it always.
Your loving
Peggy

GENUINE Bye-Lo
Baby Dolls carry
Grace Storey Putnam's
name imprinted on the
back of the neck and her
signature on the tag fas-
tened to the dress. In
nine sizes, 9 to 20 inches
high, at leading toy and
department stores. If
your dealer cannot sup-
ply you write our depart-
ment 16H and we will
tell you where to get it.

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Farina's grin is his way of making friends.

You may not have Farina's infectious smile to help you along in the world—but you will find that you can make, and keep, many friends by forming the habit of sending appropriate Greetings.

Never let a birthday or any other important occasion in the life of a friend or loved one pass unheeded. A Greeting Card containing just the right message will express your thoughtfulness and friendship.

Established dealers everywhere carry a large assortment of cards for every occasion—cards expressing the very things you want to say—all ready for you to mail.

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The Greeting Card Association
354 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Enclosed is 25c. Please send me, prepaid, "Greeting Cards—When and How to Use Them."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I do not know you but I'm glad to join the Joy Givers' Club of CHILD LIFE. Rosalind Ahue told me and so I will write to you forever. Hana is a beautiful place to live in. There are plenty of boys and girls in Hana. If you will some day come to Hana, do not forget to look for Marie Gomes. I am a Girl Scout. I have a sister who will write to you. If you have friends in Chicago, Illinois, tell them to write to me. My address is below.

Your loving friend,
MARIE GOMES,
P. O. Box 476,
Kaeleku, Hana, Maui



FLORA VIEZZOLI

My dear Miss Waldo:

I think CHILD LIFE is the most beautiful magazine in the world.

The departments I like best are—Adventure Stories, Nursery Nuggets, Funland and Joy Givers' Club. I think the Joy Givers' Club is the best in the world!

I am sending you a picture of me on a pony called "Billy." It is taken near the corner of my house. I hope I shall find my letter and picture in CHILD LIFE.

FLORA VIEZZOLI,
Age 12½.
Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR MISS ROSE WALDO:

I have been taking CHILD LIFE for quite a few years but I never have written to you, because I did not know how to tell you how I like CHILD LIFE. I like it so much and it has given me so much pleasure.

I have so many CHILD LIFE Magazines. I got a book and pasted CHILD LIFE pictures in it. I am going to send this book to some children's hospital. Last year a little girl that my teacher knew was sick in bed, and I cut out some of the pictures and verses and sent them to her. She liked them very much.

I would like to be an author and write books for children and I would put pictures in the books just like the ones in CHILD LIFE.

LOUISE BONNEY
Denver, Colo.
Age 10.



SANTA CLAUS comes on Christmas Day
From over the hills and far away;
With jingling bells and a big red sleigh.
To bring me a fiery Dapple Gray.

Merry Christmas Greetings to You All!

To all his little friends everywhere Dapple Gray sends his very best wishes for the finest and merriest Christmas they have ever known. The other members of the Blue Ribbon family also send their Christmas greetings and, together with Dapple Gray, hope that they will be able to come and see you with Old Santa Claus.



Pedal Brake

Pedal Brake is for larger children who want something to "make go." The seat and wheels are handsome red, and it has ball-bearing pedal action and a real brake that stops quickly but can not upset the rider. Gray rubber handle bar grips and pedals.

Snuggle Buggy

Mothers like Snuggle Buggy. It can be taken anywhere, for it folds up in a very small space for carrying up stairs, in street cars—just anywhere. Makes a fine bed for baby in the car. (Spring holds it securely to the floor.) Just the thing for camping trips.



Get this FREE Jingle Book



Simply send your name and address and we will send you free, the pretty Jingle Book, which contains many nursery rhymes and jingles about Dapple Gray. And if you care for it, we will also send complete information on all the Blue Ribbon Line.

Pedal Gray, a larger Dapple Gray model with pedals. Plity-Pat and Pedal Pat and the Original Brake Scooter are some more of Dapple Gray's friends which we are sure you would like.

Buy the Best! Insist on genuine
"Blue Ribbon" Quality

**Junior Wheel Goods Corporation
KOKOMO INDIANA**

BLUE RIBBON
Quality Wheel Goods



Whose Fault When Children Disobey?

BRINGING up children—making them into the right kind of men and women—is about the most important thing in life.

Think how much is at stake—the whole future of those precious little lives!

Whether we can be proud of our boys and girls—both while they are growing up and after they are grown—depends more upon intelligent handling than upon inheritance. Far more depends upon the qualities we help our children acquire than upon the qualities they are born with.

Recently there has been developed a system of child training which is founded upon the latest principles endorsed by leading national authorities. It accomplishes results never dreamed of by the average parent—results which forever banish disobedience, wilfulness and untruthfulness with their consequent worry, strain and nervous fatigue.

Due to an Entirely New Method

The founder of this new system is Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia) who has written a complete course in Practical Child Training. This course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigation and wide practical experience, and provides a well worked out plan which any parent can easily follow.

Full Information Costs only a Stamp

We shall be glad to send you free of charge, our new booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members.

If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 9812, Pleasant Hill, O.



THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 9812, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your book, "New Methods in Child Training," free. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

WINIFRED MERCER,
Age 10. Wichita Falls, Tex.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like CHILD LIFE very much. I am a deaf girl. I go to school at Clarke School, Northampton, Mass. I am off to Europe with my family for a summer's vacation. I have been to Italy, France, and Austria. I am in Switzerland, now. Sometime, I'll go to England and sail from Southampton, England. When I get back to the United States I'll send you a picture of my pets and me. I live in Florida and my address there is W. Palm Beach, and I love to swim very much, and work on the farm, too. Best wishes to you from

FRANCES CARLBERG,
Age 11. Lucerne, Switzerland



GEORGE MYSELF

Dear Miss Waldo:

I would be glad to be received as a member of the Joy Givers' Club. Here is my picture and my original poem.

DEEDS

If you see a dog that's thin,
Be kind to him and good,
Make a little home for him
And give him lots of food.

Then when he is strong some day
And he just hears your shout,
I'm sure he'll be right on his way,
Just to help you out.

Age 10.

GEORGE MYSELF,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

JACK FROST
He penciled o'er the windowpanes—
Old Jack Frost, last night—
He sprinkled snow on all the lanes
And turned our bushes white;
On the roof he put his snow,
Put frost on all the ground,
So no matter where you'd go,
'Twas frosty everywhere 'round.
I guess when no one was looking
Way deep in the night,
Old Jack Frost came creeping
And made the earth all white.

Dance on the Air With KANGRU-SPRINGSHU
(Kangaroo Springshoes)

Write a Note to Old Santa Today!

New Fun and Thrills!

REMEMBER when you tried gymnastics on the bed—how you felt just like you were floating in the air? That's the same glorious feeling any boy or girl can have when they bounce and bound on Kangaroo Springshoes.

Doubles the sport of any game from tag to leapfrog. Easier to jump rope—makes it fun to run errands. Doctors recommend Kangaroo Springshoes as a real health-builder

for Boys and Girls of 5 to 12

Just strap them on like a skate. Easy and simple to use—the knack can be acquired in a few minutes. Absolutely SAFE. Can be used indoors or out. Sidewalks or paved surface not necessary—Kangaroo Springshoes go where roller skates cannot be used.

Here They Are!



KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS have upper and lower plates of metal with high grade coil springs between. Straps of good quality leather. Strong and durable—will not get out of order. ASK YOUR DEALER—or mail coupon.

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2 pairs
for \$5.00

Add 50c West of Rockies

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Enclosed is \$..... for prs. Kangru-Springshus with the understanding that money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name..... Age.....

Address..... Weight.....

City..... State.....

"How perfectly precious, how awfully jolly!
"I'm quite thrilled to pieces!" remarked
Mrs. Dolly.
"I've learned that this Christmas some kind
girls and boys.
Will furnish my house with those cute
Tynietoys."



Doll House Furniture

Miniature Reproductions of Genuine Antiques

Hand-made and decorated. Table height 3 inches—other pieces in proportion. Just right for doll houses. Tynietoys follow the exact lines of Colonial, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Chippendale originals. Metal parts of solid brass. Doors and drawers open and shut. Sold as groups or separate pieces. Send 10c extra for postage on orders under \$1.00.

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9 pieces, special price \$18.50

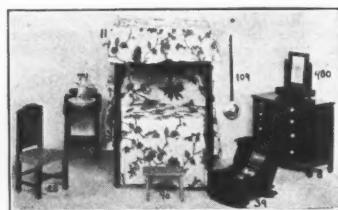
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Decorated to represent old brocade in green, yellow, blue, gray, or black and includes:

No. 20 Hepplewhite Chairs at \$1.00

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No. 30 Wing Chair decorated as above	1.75
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No. 720 Piano Bench75



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Write for FREE catalog showing 120 pieces of miniature antique furniture and a wide range of doll houses.

Toy Furniture Shop

31 Market Square, Providence, R. I.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending in a story which I hope you will publish in CHILD LIFE. I wrote this story in our school during geography period. We were studying Europe, and I was asked to report on a country there, so I picked out Germany and wrote this story. I am in the fifth grade.

I have been receiving CHILD LIFE for four years, and like it very much.

From your friend,
REGINA ROSEN,
Sharon, Conn.
Age 10½.

GERMANY

Once, long ago, I was presented with a little white stone. On asking what this stone was for, I was told that it was a magic one. If ever I wanted to go anywhere, or see anything, all I had to do was wish to do it and immediately the stone would do its duty, which was to grant my wish.

For a very long time after the stone was given to me, I forgot all about it. Then one very rainy day, as I was sitting in my room and reading a very interesting book about Germany, I remembered the magic stone. "Germany is really a very interesting country. I think I would like to take a trip there," I said aloud. So I took the stone out of my drawer and wished I was in Germany. The next instant I was walking along beneath a cloudless sky of blue. A little German girl was walking beside me. I looked down, and strange to say, I was dressed just like her. And another curious thing was that, though I had never studied the German language, I could speak and understand it.

The road was dusty and the sun was shining down directly over us, and my sandals seemed to be very heavy, so I asked the girl if she would please sit down by the roadside and rest. I also asked her to tell me something about her native country, Germany. "I do not know the exact location of the country. Can you tell it to me?" "Yes," said the girl, "but first I will tell you my name. It is Freda Gerta Dix. The country of Germany is in the west central part of Europe. It is south of Denmark, and north of Switzerland.

"Is it true that your first thought, when you think of Germany, is that the Rhine River flows through the countries, Germany and Holland? Some Americans say it does. Perhaps your second thought is that we are very good at mechanics, although I think Japan is noted as much for that reason. My people usually have blue eyes and blond hair, just like me." As she said that, she pointed to herself.

"Berlin is our capital," she went on. "Oh, it is a wonderful city to our little townsmen and women! I have never been there. I have lived here in this little country town all my life.

"Leipzig has wonderful music schools. As a whole, we are very well educated people, because as children, we only have one month's vacation in the summer."

Suddenly somebody called, "Freda, Freda!" Then Freda said, "I shall have to go now; Mother is calling me. Come to our country again. Good-bye." Then she ran away and left me by myself.

Then I thought I would like to go home. But I could not go without the wishing stone. Then I wished I was home. Once again I found myself sitting in my chair, reading about the children of the far-off land, Germany.

REGINA ROSEN,
Sharon, Conn.
Age 10½.

To Please the Children

FAIRY TALES FROM INDIA



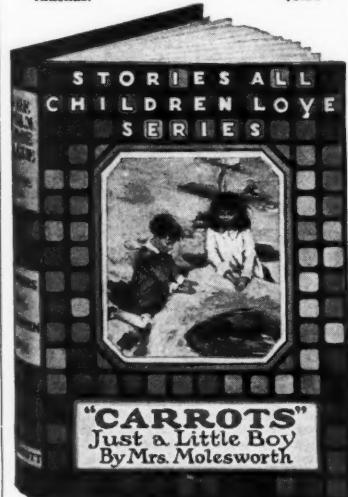
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Manager 231 W. 40th St., Baltimore, Md.



Contest Announcement

As promised in the November issue of CHILD LIFE we here announce the winners of the Bible Story Book Contest as outlined in the September issue of CHILD LIFE.

The prizes were \$5.00 in gold for the best boy's letter and \$3.00 in gold for the best girl's letter on the question "Why I Would Like to Own a Book of Bible Stories."

The lucky boy and girl to whom the prize money has been mailed are:

John Steinberg, Fairbury, Ill., Age 10 yrs.
Pauline E. Hamilton, 624 S. Market St.
Elizabethtown, Pa., Age 11 years.

The Bible Story Book by Elsie E. Exeremeter makes the Bible heroes living, breathing people that boys and girls love to know and understand.

Free circular mailed on request. Write today.

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Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages



Retain the Charm
Of Girlhood
A Clear Sweet Skin
Cuticura
Will Help You
Use Cuticura Soap Every Day

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I enjoy CHILD LIFE so much. When it comes I always sit right down and read it. I like the Joy Givers' Club best. I would like any little girl to write to me. The picture was taken on my birthday and CHILD LIFE was my best present.

I tried the cooking lesson and I liked it very much.

Your loving friend,

DENISON LAWS,
Onancock, Va.

Age 10.



DENISON LAWS
Onancock, Va.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I intend to be an author when I grow up. I have never written anything important, but I won a five dollar gold piece once by writing an essay. I thought maybe you would publish this little story on ants. I thought it would be interesting. Although not a subscriber, I buy the magazine regularly at the store.

Yours truly,

STUART SHELTON STEVENSON,
Age 12. Bridgeport, Conn.

ANTS

Although most children are familiar with ants, I think I can tell them something or rather some things about them that they don't know. Ants are very similar to bees. There are three classes of ants: the queen ant (which, by the way, is not proud like the queen bee), the drones (which are the males, and do not work), and the workers (which do the nursing, and in other words do all the work in the hive). There are also three kinds of bees: the queen, the drones, and the workers.

Ants are very fond of pets, and have a special room in their home for their guests. They have their pets and guests, sometimes beetles. These beetles are fed and treated well. They keep herds of cows. These cows are called aphids. They live on leaves and other insect food. The ants keep these as pets, and when they want some milk they stroke the cow on the back, and, liking this, the cow lets out a drop of white liquid that the ants like. It looks so much like milk that men jokingly call it "milk."

STUART SHELTON STEVENSON,
Age 12. Bridgeport, Conn.

What shall we give them this year?

Those children who love to climb.



The Answer:

JUNGLEGYM JUNIOR

U. S. Pat. 10-23-23-3-25-24

For All the Children:

At once Brothers, Sisters, Cousins, Friends. (Ages 3 to 12) Positively attracted away from danger of street to security of your own yard.

For All the Year

An enduring entertainer which will keep your children's feet off snowy, muddy chilling ground for hours when no other games are possible outdoors.

For All Their Muscles

arms, shoulders, backs, twisting, hanging, stretching, pulling, pushing.

For All the Fun:

The group can think of: "Skinning the Cat," "Tag," "Playing House," "Pirate Ship," "Fire Dept.," "Airplane," "Castle," etc.

May also be used indoors.

Strongly constructed.

Safety proved by 400 units now in use, all enthusiastically recommended by teachers, parents, physicians, social workers.

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ADDRESS

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*Take the place of roller skates
in winter*

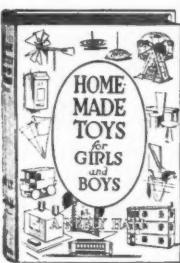
Made of hard maple with a wide concave steel runner. Corrugated rubber top prevents the shoe from slipping when the skate is fastened by its rawhide thongs on the foot. Snow skating is loads of fun for both Boys and Girls—one size fits children from 3 to 13 years old—can skate on ice too.

So Safe—a child can stand or walk in them. Not wet feet—can be worn over rubbers. Satisfy and delight the kids and help to keep them off dangerous ice ponds.

Most Toy Stores have "Falcon" Buddy Snow Skates. If you have difficulty in finding them we will see you get them if you Mail the Coupon.

American Mfg. Concern, Falconer, N. Y.
Please send me, postpaid
 pair **Buddy Snow Skates** at \$1.75
Enclosed is \$_____ for above order,
if not satisfactory you are to return the money.
Name _____
Street or R.F.D. _____
City _____ State _____

YOUR BOYS CAN MAKE TOYS



Doll Houses, Games, Miniature Theatres, Bird House, Pet Shelters, Kites, Model Airplanes, Furniture, Sleds, Wagons, Stilts, Boats, and Playhouses.

Only boy old boards, tin cans, spoons, clock-work, cardboard and inexpensive materials are needed.

A. NEELY HALL

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Start a home handicraft library and help your children to help themselves.

A copy of "Bird Homes—How to Build Them" price 25 cents, will be included with each order for two books; also, membership button of "American Bird House League," and copy of "Handicraft News."

Handicraft Publications
Elmhurst, Illinois

Dear Miss Waldo:

Ever since I have been able to write, I have written stories for my own amusement. Several times I have entered contests in essay writing. Once I won a silver loving cup, and the other time I won a money prize. I have several stories I wrote when I was ten years old and I thought that the Joy Givers would enjoy reading one of them.

GRETCHEL'S PRESENT

Gretzel nodded on the hearth rug. It was in a barren little room of her home on the Canal in Holland. Presently, she was awakened by her mother's call, telling her it was time for her to be off to the market place in Amsterdam, where she sold her cheese.

Gretzel pulled on her red jacket, white cap, and old red mittens Grandma had made for her last Christmas. By the time her mother appeared at the door with the cheese, Gretzel had buckled her ice skates down firmly to her old black boots. Taking her cheese, she was soon skating on the Canal toward Amsterdam.

The sun was just peeking over the wall of snow and ice (as it seemed to Gretzel) when she reached Amsterdam. A kindly old man bought the cheese from her. This gentleman was one of the most prosperous men in Amsterdam. Gretzel knew this.

He spoke kindly to her and asked a few questions about her life on the Canal. She was a little shy at speaking to such a great man, but she answered him politely in spite of her embarrassment. He seemed to take an interest in her from this time forth and Gretzel always found a ready market for her cheese at the gentleman's house.

It was nearing time when Saint Nicholas would come. Gretzel was rather sober at heart, but she kept up her gay spirits on the outside. The reason for this down-heartedness was because Father Hanson had been out of work for three months and there would not be any money to buy a big dinner or some new ice skates. The skates she wore now were giving way, but they had served their purpose.

It was Saint Nicholas Eve (Christmas Eve) when Gretzel made her last trip to the market place that week. The old gentleman, Von der Ache, by name, was at the market place waiting for her when she arrived. As he left the market, Gretzel noticed that the gentleman had left his pocketbook. She took it and skated after him.

"Aye, ay, Mister," said Gretzel, stretching out her arm and displaying the pocketbook. "You left your wallet down at the market place and here it is."

The gentleman thanked her kindly and added, "By the way, my little lass, I have a gift for you with greetings from Saint Nicholas. Do not open this till the morning of Saint Nicholas Day." After saying this he put a medium-sized package in her hand that was tied with a bright red ribbon.

"No, no, Mister," she protested.

But he would not take no for an answer, so he said, "Take it, child. Take it for my pleasure."

After being persuaded, Gretzel finally took it with many a "Thank you, Mister," and started for her home.

As she skated home, the Canal was deserted except for an occasional hut or cheese vender.

"Peter, Peter," she called, as she came in sight of her twin brother chopping wood in the yard. "Look what Mister Von der Ache of Amsterdam gave to me—and to you."

"Von der Ache—of Amsterdam—gave to you? Surely Gretzel, you are fooling," said the astounded Peter.

But seeing the package convinced Peter that Gretzel was not fooling, so they went



Harmonicas Make a Happy Christmas

Everyone delights in receiving a musical instrument that he can play; and anyone can play a Hohner Harmonica.

If you want to give happiness with your gifts at Christmas-time give Hohner Harmonicas—a happy thought!

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The Free Instruction Book, containing favorite musical selections arranged for the harmonica, is available at dealers or direct. M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 187, 114 East 16th St., New York.



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Her Little Tots at Home
to Read Music and Play
What They Read With a**

New Way Keyboard and Staff Reader

Patent Pending

A new, unique device, developed after years of teaching experience. Fascinating to operate. Holds children's interest. So simple the little tot can understand it—so complete advanced students can profit by its use. Sliding lettered buttons permanently fix in child's mind key names, names of lines and spaces, and location on keyboard. No teacher or experience necessary. Just a

Give It for
Christmas!
little time each day, and you can give your children a thorough music foundation. You will be amazed at the results and the enjoyment it will give. Send for one today, get the children started.

New Way Music
Education Co.
Rock Building
Kansas City,
Missouri



\$2.00
postpaid

Dealer Prices
on Request

BOYS & GIRLS Earn Xmas Money

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. We trust you until Christmas. NO WORK—JUST FUN.

St. Nicholas Seal Co.
Dept. 121-CL Brooklyn, N. Y.

in the house to tell Mother Hanson about the good fortune.

The morning of Saint Nicholas Day dawned at last and the wonderful package was unwrapped. On top was a note as follows:

"Please accept a little money with which to buy your most desired skates."

Jacob Von der Ache."

Neither Gretchen nor Peter knew how he had found out. As soon as the shops were open the twins were there buying their skates. My, what fun it was to skate on the new, shiny skates! I think if you ask the descendants of Gretchen, they will let you see the ice skates that Gretchen kept all her life.

DOROTHY GOLDBERG
Fort Worth, Tex.

(Written at the age of ten.)



BETTY BOYER

WHAT THE MOSQUITO DID

A mosquito flew into an elephant's trunk,
And he stayed there so long that he made it
his bunk.

When he got out he began to laugh
And flew right on the neck of a big giraffe.
From there he flew on a camel's back—
And slipped off, crossing a railroad track.
The locomotive, that was passing by,
Gave him a bump in his little left eye.
But the rest of the mosquito was quite all
right,
So he went right home and slept well that
night.

BETTY BOYER,
Cordova, Alaska.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have been taking CHILD LIFE for almost two years and I like it very much. I think it's the best magazine a child can have. I enjoy it very much and I like to read the letters of the Joy Givers' Club. I also like History Hall, Funland, CHILD LIFE Kitchen, and I also enjoy working out the puzzles. I think that any child who takes CHILD LIFE should enjoy it very much. I am in the fifth grade and I like to go to school.

I should like to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I like the motto of "The only joy I keep is what I give away." Please send me a membership card.

Yours very truly,

MARY WALKER,
142 A. Mobini,
Manila, P. I.

JUST as the STORK LEFT IT!



AMBERG'S
THE ORIGINAL
NEWBORN
BASKIT BABE

A little baby of your very own, in the cutest willow basket, snugly wrapped in a tiny blanket. Adorable, cuddlesome and so sweet. Wouldn't you just love to have her?

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU
AMBERG'S NEWBORN BASKIT BABE

The ORIGINAL Newborn Babe in cunning wash basket, as pictured, just as today affected by the most Superior Babies. Every dolly (except the smallest size) sleeps and cries and has a tiny rattle.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GUARANTEED ORIGINAL AMBERG
NEWBORN BABE Copyright Jan. 9, 1914. G45520

Sell For	65c	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$5.00
	6" doll	8" doll	9½" doll	13" doll in 14½" basket,
	in 8" basket,	in 9½" basket,	11½" basket,	large real blanket, fine
	flannel	flannel	ribboned blanket,	rubber diaper, socks, long
	blanket,	blanket,	fine dress,	crystal eyes,
	and rattle.	and rattle.	rattle.	matress, celluloid rattle,
				fine ribbons.

FREE Keep the stories of your dollies. Your dealer will supply you FREE with a Dolly Record Book for the stories of your dollies. If he has no more, send us the coupon below.

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The World Standard
SINCE 1879

**IF YOUR DEALER
CANNOT SUPPLY
YOU, SEND US THE
COUPON BELOW.**

Louis Amborg & Son
869 Broadway (Dept. D)
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Gentlemen:
I enclose \$1.00 \$2.00 \$5.00 (check
which) for which please have delivered to
me an *Amberg Newborn Baskit Babe* at price
stated. Please send me, FREE, copy of your
AMBERG DOLLY RECORD BOOK.

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Address.....
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The Primitive Pastime

CLAY TOYS

That All Children Love to Make



Using the Modern Material

PLASTOY
the
PLAYCLAY

A NEW PRODUCT FOR KINDERGARTEN AND HOME USE

A gray powder to be mixed with water, making a smooth, putty-like mass, that can be moulded into any shape, like modelling clay. Dries quickly and, when hard, can be carved with a knife or painted with water colors. The clay can be remixed with water and

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ILLINOIS CLAY PRODUCTS CO., Joliet, Illinois

Enclosed find 75c for which send one can of PLASTOY CLAY by parcel post to

Name.....

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HYLO
IN-A-DOOR SWING
FOR CHILDREN

NO NAILS
NO HOOKS
NO SCREWS

PATENTED JUNE 13, 1922
OTHER PATENTS PENDING

THIS SWING is the thing for all children under six years who want real action inside the home. Will not damage furniture or woodwork. A great help to mothers; a wonder gift for a child.

Send Hylo In-A-Door Swing at \$3.50

Total Money Order enclosed with order \$.....

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Street.....
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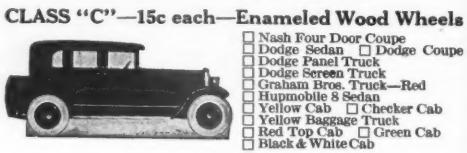
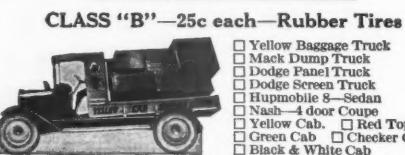
Check _____

All goods sent postpaid and insured. Money back if not satisfied with Birchcraft autos or Hylo In-A-Door Swing.

Automobiles Trucks, Busses, Sedans, Taxies A Whole Fleet of Cars for Fun!

These little automobiles bring joy to everyone. They are made of wood and will not cut or scratch the daintiest skin. Wheels 1" in diameter—will not pull off. Made in many colors, true as a picture, these miniature autos will outlast all other playthings.

Check the cars desired and send order in today.



BIRCHCRAFT INC., WAUKESHA, WIS.

Dept. C

A Handy Way to Subscribe

By subscribing for CHILD LIFE you are sure of receiving each issue promptly in an attractive colored wrapper and at the same time save \$1.20 for it is 35 cents a copy at the news stands.

*"This Coupon Brings
a Year's Happiness!"*

CHILD LIFE

Twelve numbers - - - \$3.00
Two years - - - \$5.00
2—one year gifts - \$5.00

CHILD LIFE
The Children's Own Magazine
536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

I am enclosing \$3.00 for one year
 \$5.00 for two 1-year gifts or \$5.00 for two years.
Please send CHILD LIFE with Christmas gift card

from.....

to Name.....
Street.....

City State

Name
Street.....

City State

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I am sending a poem to CHILD LIFE. I enjoy reading CHILD LIFE and wish to become a member of Joy Givers' Club. I liked Dizzy Lizzie because it was so funny. I think "Types of Children" is so interesting, for it tells us how they do in far-off lands. I hope to see my poem and letter printed in CHILD LIFE.

JAMES GLENN HUTCHINSON

THE OAK

Close by our house is an old oak. That's shaded many preacher folk. Under that tree the children swing While the birdies sweetly sing.

The trunk is large and rough and round. Rising stoutly from the ground. The roots are like big, big feet, Trying their best to touch the street.

JAMES GLENN HUTCHINSON,
Age 9. Wrightsville, Ga.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a little Panama girl, eight years old. I can read and write both English and Spanish and I have only been in school two months.

I have been on a boat four times from Panama to New York, and the last time I went was last summer.

I have little triplet sisters who are three years old. I like CHILD LIFE very much.

Yours cordially,
LOLA E. BOYD,
Panama, R. P.

THE DREAM FAIRY

Betsy was tossing restlessly in her bed. She could not get to sleep. But Lulea, the dream fairy, saw her and sprinkled some dream dust on her wet cheeks.

Soon Betsy was asleep and was dreaming about dancing with the fairies at a grand ball. Soon, someone kissed her cheeks. It was her dear mother who had come to tell her that it was morning.

BARBARA WEBB,
Honolulu, T. H.



BARBARA WEBB

Dear Miss Waldo:

I hope you will send me a membership card because I love CHILD LIFE so. I can hardly wait until it comes to read Mrs. Seaman's serial story.

We have a country place on the other side of the Island. Our family stays there each summer. I hope you will publish the story that I have written. Will you please publish the picture?

Your CHILD LIFE reader,
BARBARA WEBB,
Young Hotel,
Honolulu, T. H.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have taken CHILD LIFE a long time and would like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club. Will you send me a membership card?

I'm sending a picture of myself and I'm writing a story.

Yours truly,

ROSE A. MOSLER,
Age 9.
Los Angeles, Calif.



ROSE A. MOSLER

THE LITTLE LOST PRINCESS

Once upon a time a baby girl was born to a king and queen. The king wanted to celebrate her birth and gave a big party. In the midst of the laughter and merriment, there slipped into the nursery a dragon and stole the princess. Just then one of the guests asked the king if she could see the baby and the king took the guest into the nursery and, seeing that the baby wasn't there, he called the nurse and asked where the princess was. The nurse, of course, didn't know where she was. The king sent word that any man that found the princess should have half the kingdom. Dukes, lords, and knights tried but failed and the king and queen were in despair.

Fifteen years later, a country boy who had heard many tales, wanted to try to find the princess; so he went to the palace and asked if he could go in search of her. When the dukes, lords, and knights heard what the lad said, they laughed, but the boy didn't pay any attention and started right away.

The king gave him an old horse, then laughed. On his way he met a lady. She was a fairy, but he did not know it. She said to him, "Where are you going?" He said, "I'm going to rescue the princess from the dragon," and she said, "I shall give you some armor and a sword that will cut through anything, and I shall make your horse run fast."

He thanked the lady, put his armor on, and his sword in his belt, and rode away on his horse. When he came to the cave, the dragon was asleep, and the boy took the princess on his horse and rode to the palace.

When the king heard that the princess was back, he was overjoyed and had the wedding right away and the princess and prince lived happily ever after.

ROSE A. MOSLER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

JUST LIKE THE GROWN-UPS!



A
Merry
Christmas
gift that Santa
Claus will be
glad to bestow
and every child
will be proud
to possess.

NOTE:
Orders placed
immediately
will insure re-
ceipt in ample
time for Xmas
giving.

Not a mere toy, but a very practical and beautiful Xmas gift that will delight the heart of any child who will receive one of these Children's Desk Sets in fine Morocco Leather; Stationery Rack with groove for pen, Rocker Blotter, Inkwell, Paper Cutter and 10" x 13" Desk Pad; in Blue, Brown, Red or Green, daintily hand-tooled in pure gold; as finely made as the grown-ups' desk sets..... \$10.00

THE BOOKLOVERS BINDERY, Inc., (Department C)
28 West 57th Street, New York

I enclose \$10. for which please send to the following address—I Children's Desk Set in Red
 Brown Green Blue

Name.....

Address.....

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LOOK!
It's Like a Real Cash Register
and it Adds Too!

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
"UNCLE SAM'S"

REGISTERING AND ADDING SAVINGS BANKS
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

3 COIN MODEL

YOU'LL MARVEL AT THE WAY IT WORKS

Registers Each Deposit (Ringing Bell)
Totals The Deposits
Locks Automatically
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A FASCINATING PLAYTHING

And it's a PRACTICAL and DURABLE BANK—Substantially built—Beautifully Ornamented and Finished. Guaranteed for a Lifetime.

Be sure the name UNCLE SAM is on the bank

Your Dealer has UNCLE SAM'S Banks in Penny, Nickel, \$2.00 Dime, Quarter, Half-Dollar Models at.....

Three Coin Model (Holds Nickels, Dimes, and Quarters) \$3.00
(Special Models for Canadian Coins)

2 COIN BANKS ring ONCE for NICKELS,
TWICE for DIMES, FIVE TIMES for Quarters

Penny
5½" x 5" x 4"
Dimes
5½" x 5" x 4"
Nickel
5½" x 5" x 4"
Quarter
5½" x 5" x 4"

IF YOUR DEALER HAS NO MORE, SEND THIS COUPON

PLAYSTORE REGISTER

The kind every kiddie longs to have. Uses "make-believe" money, and rings it up just like a big register. Drawer opens each time. Cost \$1.25 plus with "money".

Let your dealer show you the
PLAYSTORE REGISTER

THE DURABLE TOY & NOVELTY CO.
869 Broadway
New York City

The Durable Toy & Novelty Co. (Dept. 12)
869 Broadway, New York City

Please send me UNCLE SAM'S BANK of model indicated:
 Penny; Nickel; Dime; Quarter at \$2.00.
 Three Coin (for Nickels, Dimes and Quarters) at \$3.00.
 Playstore Register at \$1.25.
I enclose \$2.00 \$3.00 \$1.25

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THIS is the life. Cold sparkling days. Crunchy snow under foot. Fellows all out on the hill.

But what good is snow unless a fellow has a Flexible Flyer? No other sled's as speedy; no other sled's as easy to steer; no other sled's as slick-looking. That's why every boy prefers a Flexible Flyer.

Place your order with Santa Claus early. And see that it's a genuine Flexible Flyer.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for free cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.
Dept. 35
PHILADELPHIA



Look for the Flying Eagle trade mark on the sled you buy.

The Sled that **Really Steers.**

MOTHER, PLAY WITH ME

Mother, I'm a birdie,
You're a little bee!
See if you can catch me
In the cypress tree!

Let us fly together
To that farthest hill,
To the oak upon it,
Green and cool and still!

Mother, if to-morrow,
When I'm gone away,
You are feeling lonesome,
Just you start to play

I'm a little birdie,
You're a little bee,
Flying fast to catch me
When you reach my tree.

LORON SQUIRE
Paso Robles, Calif.
Age 7½

TOM'S LESSON

"Mother," cried Tom, running into the kitchen where his mother was churning butter, "may I go fishing with Burt and Fred and Earl?"

"But, Tom," began Mother, "your fishing pole is broken."

"Yes, but Mother," persisted Tom, "I thought Father was going to get me another."

"Yes, but Father said you must earn it. And if you want to earn it now you may chop up that dead tree in the yard."

"Aw shucks, Mother!" he ventured.

"Tom! Do as I told you to," replied Mother shortly.

Tom went out the door and down to the gate. He looked up the dusty road. He saw nothing.

He returned to get the ax. Then he went about his work, somewhat sulkily.

"Hi, Tom," shouted a voice from the gate. Tom looked up and saw Burt, Earl and Fred with Billy, the puppy.

"What's the matter? Can't you go?" inquired Fred.

"No! Mother won't let me."

"Why not?" questioned Fred.

"Cause I broke my fishing pole an' Dad said I had to earn the other," replied Tom reluctantly.

Just then Tom's dog came up and looked inquisitively into Tom's face, as if to say, "Aren't we going, Tom?" Tom saw this look and answered, "No, Rover, we aren't."

Then the boys went on to the fishing pond.

Tom again started his work and was soon through. Then he went up to tell his mother he was through. Tom reached the house and called, "Mother, where are you?"

"Here, dear," responded Mother. "What do you want?"

"I'm through," answered Tom.

"All right. Now you may go and get some peaches for yourself and Rover."

Tom got the peaches and went out in the yard to eat them and play with Rover. Soon he saw Burt and Earl coming home with Fred following, drenched to the skin.

"Well I'll be —" ventured Tom, "What did you do? Jump in after the fish?"

"Naw," cried Fred angrily, "I fell in. An' we never even saw a fish." And the boys went on home.

Tom went upon the veranda where his mother was sitting, and told her of the conversation.

"Mother," said Tom, "I'm glad I stayed home because I earned my fishing pole and can go fishing with Father."

RUTH MARIE RICKARD
Elyria, Ohio

Every Boy's IDEAL Airplane



A Wonderful Model Airplane!

Just the Thing Every Boy Wants!

A STRONG, sturdy Model Airplane of the Monoplane Type; 3½ feet wing spread; guaranteed to fly under its own power when correctly assembled. Made largely of aluminum; has hand-carved wooden propeller, rubber-tire disc wheels, engine cowling, ribs, bulkheads, radiator, landing gear, tail, rudder and other fittings just like a real airplane. All parts complete in a box with detailed assembling and flying instructions. Any handy boy can put it together in two hours. Just the thing every boy wants for Christmas.

Sold in Toy Stores, or sent direct upon receipt of price, if unobtainable in your locality. (Denver and West, price is \$6.50.)

Price
\$6.00

48-page catalog of Model Airplanes 5c

Contains full information about models of Famous Airplanes and Parts, Supplies and Materials to build them with. Send for a copy now.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.
Established 16 years—Satisfaction Guaranteed
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Can You Use More Money?

THE CHILD LIFE MERCHANDISING DIVISION is in a unique position to help a few ambitious mothers to secure additional luxuries the feminine heart desires—to give to their children advantages they would otherwise forego, to earn the automobile they dream of—by devoting spare hours to unusually interesting work for some of the manufacturers who advertise in CHILD LIFE.

Just fill out the coupon below— We will do the rest

Sales experience is not necessary—only the ability to meet people in a friendly way.

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE
Advertising Manager, CHILD LIFE

Merchandising Division, CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois

I am interested in your plan by which I may turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me about it.
Name
Street
City
State
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"The Land of Wonder-Wander Whither Children Love to Go."
—EDWARD FIELD

All aboard, all aboard! to Wonder-Wonder shores, One by one in colors you, this pass before you on your way. At birds of prey and songsters gay, at animals wild you pass, at flowers, trees, fields, and just plain little things. Flags that are strong, flags that are new, flags from every land, flags of every hue.

This land of romance and poetry, of history, literature and legend is the land of the

Electric Questioner

How you will love this game, which one moment can puzzle you with a riddle and the next open for you the Door of Nature's realm, or tell you fascinating facts of far-away places and strange peoples... Its endless variety puts the whole world at your finger tips. It delights... as it teaches. There never was a game like the Electric Questioner.

It operates on a single flash light battery which is furnished (no electric connections.)

\$3.50 at all toy and department stores

KNAPP ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Dept. 72 Port Chester, N. Y.

Also manufacturers of Knapp Miniature Motors
American Industry in Miniature

If your dealer is out of stock we will send it to you
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New Way to Make Money at Home

Do you need money? National organization, Fireside Industries, has a few openings for new members. Wonderful, easy way to earn money every day right in your own home. Fascinating, pleasant work. No experience needed. We teach you everything.

FREE Book Tells How

Beautiful FREE Book explains how to become a member of Fireside Industries, how you earn money in spare time at home decorating Art Novelties, how you get complete outfit without one penny of extra cost. Write today, enclosing 2c stamp.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 9-W, Adrian, Mich.

Dear Miss Waldo:

A year ago last Christmas Mother and Father gave me a copy of CHILD LIFE Magazine. I always turn right to the Joy Givers' department. I want to join the club. Please write to me as soon as possible.

Your new friend,

DONNA HELEN VAN WINKLE,
Age 10.
Hailey, Idaho.



DONNA HELEN VAN WINKLE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU ARE GOOD

Once in the good olden days, when elephants' tusks were electric candlesticks and elephants wore chairs on their backs and false faces on their heads and carried alarm clocks on their tails, there lived a good little spider. In those days children were afraid to stay indoors when their mothers went out to rake the leaves or anything. But this was a good little spider, and his name was Jimminymonk. He was very good.

I'll tell you what he did. When he went to the store for lollipops, he gave the man two alarm clocks and the druggist gave him a pot of gold in change. And he gave his gold to boys and girls who didn't have any.

Once when Jimminymonk got home with his lollipops, it started to rain—but not real water rain. It was a rain of pearls and diamonds and other jewels. They were very pretty.

This rain of jewels fell on Jimminymonk's web home. But Jimminymonk's home was very strong, and it did not break.

"Oh, what has happened to my web?" exclaimed Jimminymonk.

The web was piled high with jewels. As the jewel rain fell it formed a house of jewels for Jimminymonk. There were doors and windows. The house looked so pretty that Jimminymonk cried, "A jewel house! I am so glad!"

But he thought of a plan to make himself still happier.

Do you know what he did? He picked off one of the jewels and touched it with his finger, and up sprang seven companions for him. And they all lived together in his house of jewels. And he lived—a very happy spider.

And that's what happens when you are good, very good. When you start out good, you are always good, and you are always happy.

ALLAN L. BETHEL, JR.,
St. Louis County, Missouri
(Written when six years old.)

YOUR CHILD'S SKIN

A Graduate Nurse writes this Open Letter to Mothers:

"I am a graduate, registered nurse, and I feel it a duty I owe to mothers whose little ones suffer from chafing, rashes, itching, scalding, eruptions, scaldbad, eczema or any skin irritations or soreness, to tell them that in all my experience as a nurse I have never found anything equal to Sykes Comfort Powder to heal and soothe the skin. Habitually used after a child's bath, it absolutely heals and prevents skin soreness and rashes."

MABEL E. MILLER, R.N.,
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During the last thirty years, mothers and nurses have found nothing equal to Sykes Comfort Powder to heal and protect the skin of infants and children.

30c and 60c
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Any mother or nurse who has never used Sykes Comfort Powder can prove this at our expense by sending the coupon for

Our Liberal Trial Box FREE

THE COMFORT POWDER CO.
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Please send me free of charge a trial box of Sykes Comfort Powder.

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GROWING BOYS AND GIRLS

need an abundance of vitaminized food to sustain strength and promote healthful progress.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

THE RICH FOOD-TONIC
abounds in body and bone-building properties that every child needs. Give your child Scott's Emulsion regularly.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 24-65



Write to Santa Claus' Helpers



Christmas Gift BOWS & ARROWS

Do you want a real bow and arrow—like Robin Hood's—or Deerfoot's?

Here you are! "Sioux Indian" bows—strong, straight shooting, beautifully finished—in all sizes from the great, strong bow with which Father can shoot bears, to just the right bow for You, for Brother and Sister—Mother too.

Doctors say Archery is the ideal sport—broadens the shoulders, develops nerve and muscle, takes you outdoors every day—is ready whenever Father or Mother finds even a few minutes to play with you.

Ladies' "English Yeoman" set with 5½ foot bow and 3 arrows, post paid, only \$7.50 Boy's "English Yeoman" set with five foot lemonwood bow and 3 handsomely colored arrows, post paid, only.....\$5 "Sioux Indian" set with 4 foot bow, 3 two-feathered arrows and quiver, post paid only.....\$3.50

"Sioux Indian" set for smaller boys, including tough, durable bow and two rubber tipped arrows, for indoor as well as outdoor shooting, post paid, only.....\$2

Child's Toy Archery set with 3 foot bow and 2 rubber tipped arrows, post paid, only.....\$1

Complete list of Archery Tackle for Home, School, Country Club and Playground, on request. Archers Handbook, only.....25c

These sets make ideal Christmas Gifts. Order now, giving archer's age, height and weight.

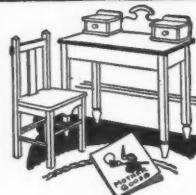
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded on return of goods in original condition in 5 days

THE ARCHER COMPANY
Dept. C 12 Pinehurst, N. C.
(Formerly New Orleans, La.)

Children's Furniture

Suitable for the little tots and up to 12 yrs. of age.

Child's Desk
shown on right is 24 in. high to desk surface; top 18x30 inches. Decorated in ivory with beautiful Decoupage transfers. Front of drawers painted blue; very attractive. Desk, \$10.50; chairs, \$2.75 each.



Child's Book Case

Beautifully decorated similar to the Desk. An attractive and useful companion piece for the child's room. 24 inches wide, 9½ in. deep, 36 in. high. Price, \$7.00. Unfinished \$5.00.

All prices F.O.B. factory. Send for circular or order direct from this ad. We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

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BABY'S TREASURED GIFT

Non-Tarnishing Pewter Porringer

No Chemical Action From Food



Ideal for Children

Enclose \$3.00
Engraving 50¢ a Letter Extra

THE CELLINI SHOP
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HERE are Santa's Helpers—ready to do their part toward making Christmas happy. A page of delightful gifts to choose from.

* * *

Write today to Santa Claus' Helpers whose names will find throughout the pages of this Christmas issue of CHILD LIFE. Then you'll be sure to have a Merry Christmas!

The Write Gift for Children

Individual Name
PENCIL SETS \$1.00
De Luxe Set: **\$1.50**
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Finest genuine sheepskin leather case with coin pocket, richly embossed. Any name engraved in 18 kt. gold. Contains pencils and penholder in assorted colors, point protector, ruler, sharpener. Absolutely supreme in its class.

Junior Set: 3 pencils, embossed leather case; name engraved.....65c
Send check, money order or U. S. Postage.

IMPRINT PENCIL COMPANY, INC.
112 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

FILMS—BOYS—FILMS
Largest and Finest Stock in the Country.
Tom Mix—Chaplin—Johnny Hines—Baby Peggy
All the Best Stars
200 foot lengths \$1.50 postpaid. Complete stories. 1000 feet \$3.50 per reel up. List Free.
Write for our SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

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From your own electric light socket
\$1.00
Guaranteed for 1 year
Money refunded in 5 days if not satisfied

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BULBS
Hyacinths, extra large, per doz. - - \$2.50
Darwin Tulips, choice mixed, per doz. .75
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HOLLAND AMERICAN SEED CO.
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First Walking Shoes
to give small feet full freedom of development. Broad, straight lasts; soft, pliable soles; flat spring heels. Smooth inside; no nails.
Sizes 4-8. White \$3.95
Washable Elk, Pony Hide and Tan.

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BY H. R. EVANS

Refreshing tales from the North Woods. Vivid, intimate stories of Animals, Birds, and Fish from the valleys of the Pacific Coast by one who has spent six years among the scenes of which he writes. Fifteen full-page illustrations from original photographs. A splendid Gift-book for young or old. \$1.50 net.

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ANIMAL STORIES, by Richard A. Collier. Three hundred true stories of animals. Illustrated Gift-book, \$1.75 net.

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ZULU BLOWING GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS

A thrilling, new harmless game for children. Arrows can be blown accurately from 50 to 300 feet. Zulu is harmless, noiseless and a lung developer. Can't get out of adjustment.

Mothers like it, too, because it doesn't clutter up the house.

ORDER YOURS NOW!
Entire set with targets.

Large size \$2.25 Junior size \$1.25
Six Foot Boy Scout Blow Gun Outfit \$5.25
Post Paid in U. S.

Zulu Toy Mfg. Co., Inc. Battle Creek, Mich.

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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Solves Mother's Xmas Problem

A real Indian moccasin. Kiddiemox are the most practical and attractive gifts for youngsters. Flexible—slipping on and off. Uppers soft and pliable. Chrome leather. afford proper support. The natural shoe for growing feet. Sizes 2 to 5 at \$2.55—5½ to 8 at \$2.75, in tan, smoke or white elk. Pay postman or send P. O. order or check. Money back guarantee. Catalog FREE.

BERKSHIRE MOCCASIN CO., Dept. L Holliston, Mass.

TOY MOP
Just Like Mother's Dust Mop for Little Folks

A useful Toy made with bright colored yarns.

50 cts. Delivered

Howard Dustless Duster Co.,
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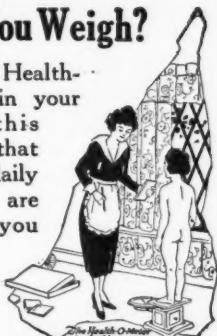


Write to Santa Claus' Helpers

What do You Weigh?

Ask to have a Health-O-Meter put in your bathroom this Christmas so that you will know daily whether you are growing as you should.

\$15.00 delivered
east of the
Rockies



CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS
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Learn How to Attract Success Instead of Forgetting It. Saves loss, disappointment, heartache. Wonderfully inspiring book by a man who **Lives it and Knows.** "How to Attract Success," by F. W. Sears, M. P., commonly known as "The Book Without an If" also as "The Book With the Bank Account." No "If" anywhere in the text. Contains only positive statements. Best Christmas present you can make yourself and friends. \$1.00 postpaid anywhere in world. 6 copies \$5., or sent to any U. S. Post Office you pay postman price plus postage on delivery. Satisfaction or money back.

Centre Publishing Co., 828 7th Ave., X-24., New York, N. Y.

HERE are Santa's Helpers—ready to do their part toward making Christmas happy. A page of delightful gifts to choose from.

* * *

Write today to Santa Claus' Helpers whose names you will find throughout the pages of this Christmas issue of CHILD LIFE. Then you'll be sure to have a Merry Christmas!



The Doll Everybody Is Asking For



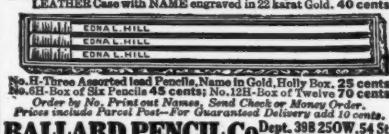
ONLY \$2.00 SKOOKUM PACKERS ASSOCIATION
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DELIGHTFUL XMAS GIFTS

NAME beautifully engraved in Gold—FREE
FREE with each Set—Pencil Sharpener, & 6-inch Ruler

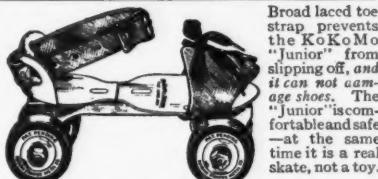


No. 1—Six Pencils (assorted colors) and surface shades. Coin Pocket
Leather Case with NAME engraved in 22 karat Gold. 75 cents
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No. H—Three Assorted Lead Pencils. Name in Gold, Holly Box. 25 cents
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Order by No., Print out Names. Send Check or Money Order.
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Broad laced toe strap prevents the KoKoMo "Junior" from slipping off, and it can not damage shoes. The "Junior" is comfortable and safe—at the same time it is a real skate, not a toy.

The KoKoMo "Junior"

A keyless and clampless skate as well built and strong as KoKoMOS for larger children. Self-contained ball-bearing wheels—steel tread or rubber tires—and truss frame construction. Won't bend in the middle. Adjustable to sizes from 3 to 6 years. Ask your dealer or address.

KOKOMO STAMPED
METAL CO.
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KoKoMo

New Family Game

Children love games with daddy and mother. Have you games? For one, try PLASKUL. If dealer hasn't PLASKUL send 75c to

PLASKUL GAME CO.
Marietta, Minn.



GUIDES BY LEANING
TO RIGHT OR LEFT
Pat. 1925

KNE-KOSTER

More Than a Toy

Builds Health for Your Boy or Girl

It excites curiosity due to its patented steering arrangement.

It gives all around exercise. Brings every muscle into play.

The model for \$5.00 that your money has ever bought. With runners—set of 4—\$1.25. Turns your KNE-KOSTER into a sled.

Mail Coupon Today

KNE-KOSTER COMPANY
2727 Michigan Ave. Chicago

Kne-Koster Co., 2727 Michigan Ave., Chicago
Ship KNE-KOSTER Prepaid.

Enclosed find \$5.00 Send C. O. D.

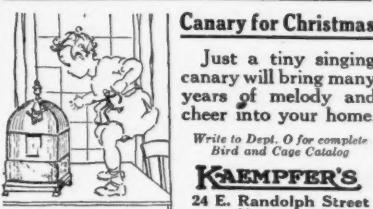
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Name _____

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Canary for Christmas

Just a tiny singing canary will bring many years of melody and cheer into your home.

Write to Dept. O for complete Bird and Cage Catalog

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24 E. Randolph Street
Chicago, Ill.

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Set 1—A strong 3' Polished Hickory Bow, 3 Rubber Tipped 18" arrows, and colored feathers. Mounted in 4" constructed box with 3 colored targets—\$1.75 Postpaid.

Set 2—A 4' Bow of Imported Lemonwood, Vellum Handle, 4 Rubber or Metal Tipped 21" Arrows gray and colored, and feathers mounted in 4" constructed box with 3 colored targets—\$3.50 Postpaid.

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Mothers think the world of it The Child's Own Music Book

Contains more than 350 children's songs, words and music, and 125 piano pieces and piano duets, at a cost of less than one-half cent each. Paper binding \$2.00; Handsome cloth binding \$3.00. At all music dealers, or sent direct. Write for free catalog of Music Books.

MUMIL PUBLISHING CO. 1140 Broadway
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Get this Special Picture Puzzle Package for \$2.98



Send only \$2.98 for this attractive Christmas package containing one (2-picture) historic puzzle, 9x12", and one large 12x20" U. S. educational map puzzle. Beautiful colors. Fine workmanship. Total value \$3.74, sent postpaid for only \$2.98.

All Sent for \$2.98 Postpaid

Each patriotic puzzle makes 2 familiar historic pictures. Maps are jigsawed on state lines. Used in leading schools. Both puzzle sets are separately boxed and neatly wrapped in transparent glassine. Use this coupon for quick Christmas delivery. Send today.

Mail This Coupon Now

MADMAR QUALITY COMPANY
203 North Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.

Gentlemen: For enclosed \$2.98, please send postpaid your special Christmas package of one historic (2-picture) puzzle, size 9x12", (value \$1.37), and one U. S. Map Puzzle, 12x20" (value \$1.87).

Send to _____
Street _____
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Containing 6 Tricks—viz:
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Vanish. Rose Van. Penny
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With full instructions, also
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Cabinet Complete, 50c Postpaid

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BOYS & GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY

Send for 25 XMAS PACKAGES. Each pack containing 48 assorted Xmas Seals, Cards and Tags. Sell for 10 cents each. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00, or send for 50 packs of Christmas Post Cards, 6 in a package, sell for 5 cents. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00. We trust you.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. 4, Beverly, Mass.

**To Hang Up Anything
in the Playroom**

Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points

Moore Push-less Hangers
Safety Hold Heavy Articles

10c pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



CARROLL LYNN CHURCH

Dear Miss Waldo:

This is what I did when I went to the Municipal Pier. I went on the merry-go-round quite a few times and then on the whip. I had never been there before and it seemed quite wonderful. Then we had our lunch. We stayed a little longer and then went back on a big boat that took us to Lincoln Park and then went home and that was the end of a very nice day. I like CHILD LIFE very much, especially the paper dolls and the CHILD LIFE kitchen, and my best story is "The Adventures of Tom Tripp."

Please send me a membership card, for I want to be a Joy Giver. I am sending you a picture of my dog, "Duke," and myself.

Lovingly yours,

CARROLL-LYNN CHURCH,
Chicago, Ill.

Age 11.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I enjoy CHILD LIFE very much. I like Tom Tripp the best of all. I am enclosing a picture of myself and my little sister. I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club. Here is a little story I made up.



LEILA E. ROSE

THE SEASIDE

One day two little girls went out to play on the beach. It was their birthday, for they were twins. Betty was one and May the other. But they were sad because they did not have CHILD LIFE. But when they went home they had CHILD LIFE, so they were happy.

Lovingly,

LEILA E. ROSE,
North Dighton, Mass.



MARY E. GALVIN

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like CHILD LIFE very much. My mother gives it to me every Christmas.

I would like to belong to the Joy Givers' Club. I am sending you my picture which I hope you will publish with my letter.

Lovingly yours,

MARY E. GALVIN,
Lowville, N. Y.

Start A Business For Yourself-



M R. W. D. BLAIR (at the top) says, "I did not go into subscription work to make a living only. I made a careful observation and could see that a substantial business could be built up." After two years work he has built up a business which nets him a very desirable income.

CHILD LIFE offers you an opportunity to start a business for yourself while keeping up your regular work. Many busy mothers are making a nice income even though they have only a few leisure hours a week.

Right now is the very beginning of the heaviest subscription season of the year. You can add materially to your income and make the beginning of a real business for yourself by handling subscriptions to CHILD LIFE during November, December and January. Next year you will have the renewals and can add new business.

CHILD LIFE has many part time representatives who make from \$5.00 to \$50.00 a month. The income depends entirely on the amount of time that they devote to CHILD LIFE.

We should like to tell you about our plan that you, too, can start a business of your own.

CHILD LIFE Subscription Club
536 S. Clark Street,
Chicago, Ill.

NAN McCULLOCH, Secretary

Please tell me your plan for starting a business for myself.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State

